BRITANNIA and EVE

OCTOBER
1937

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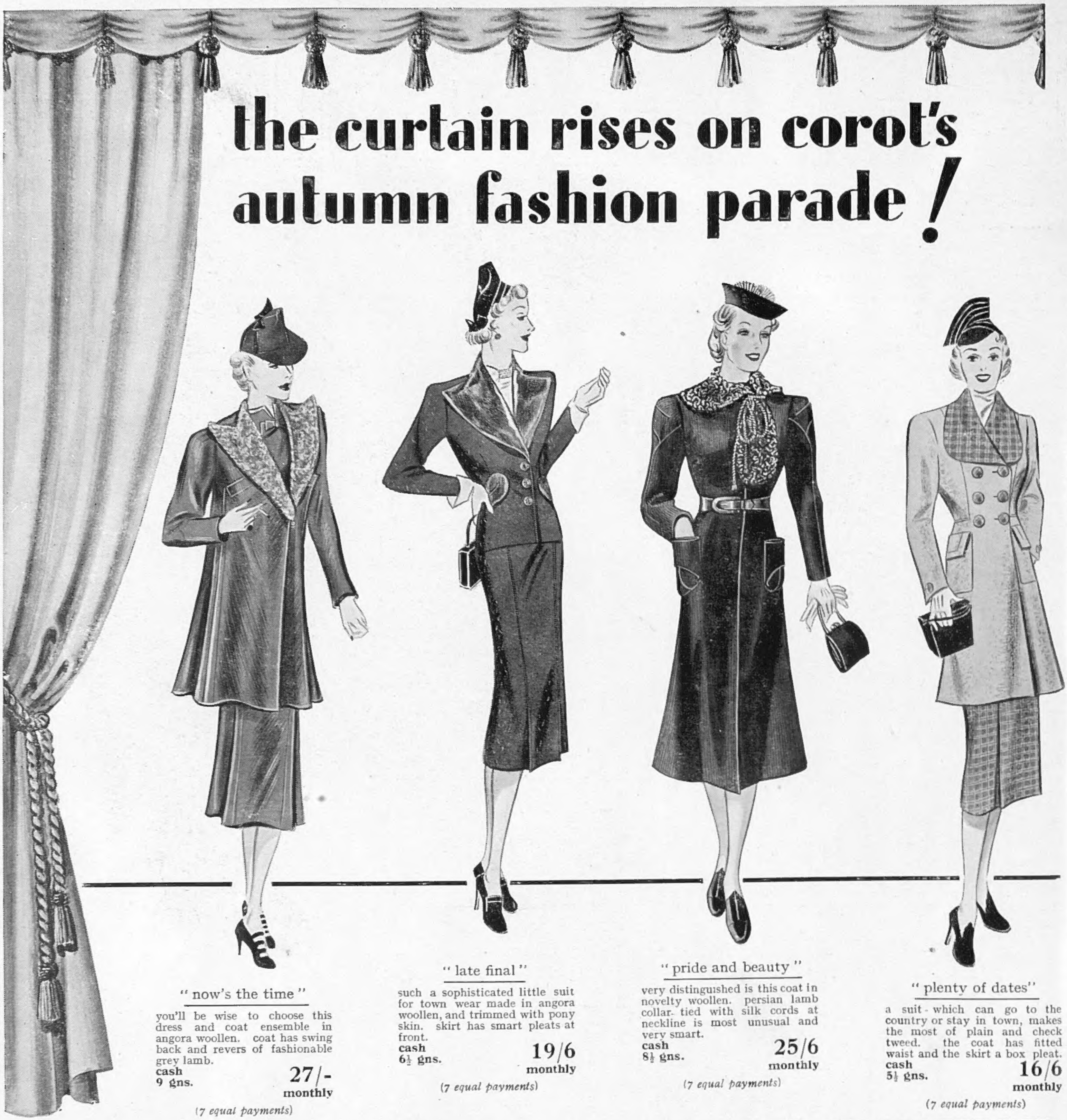

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(b. 118)

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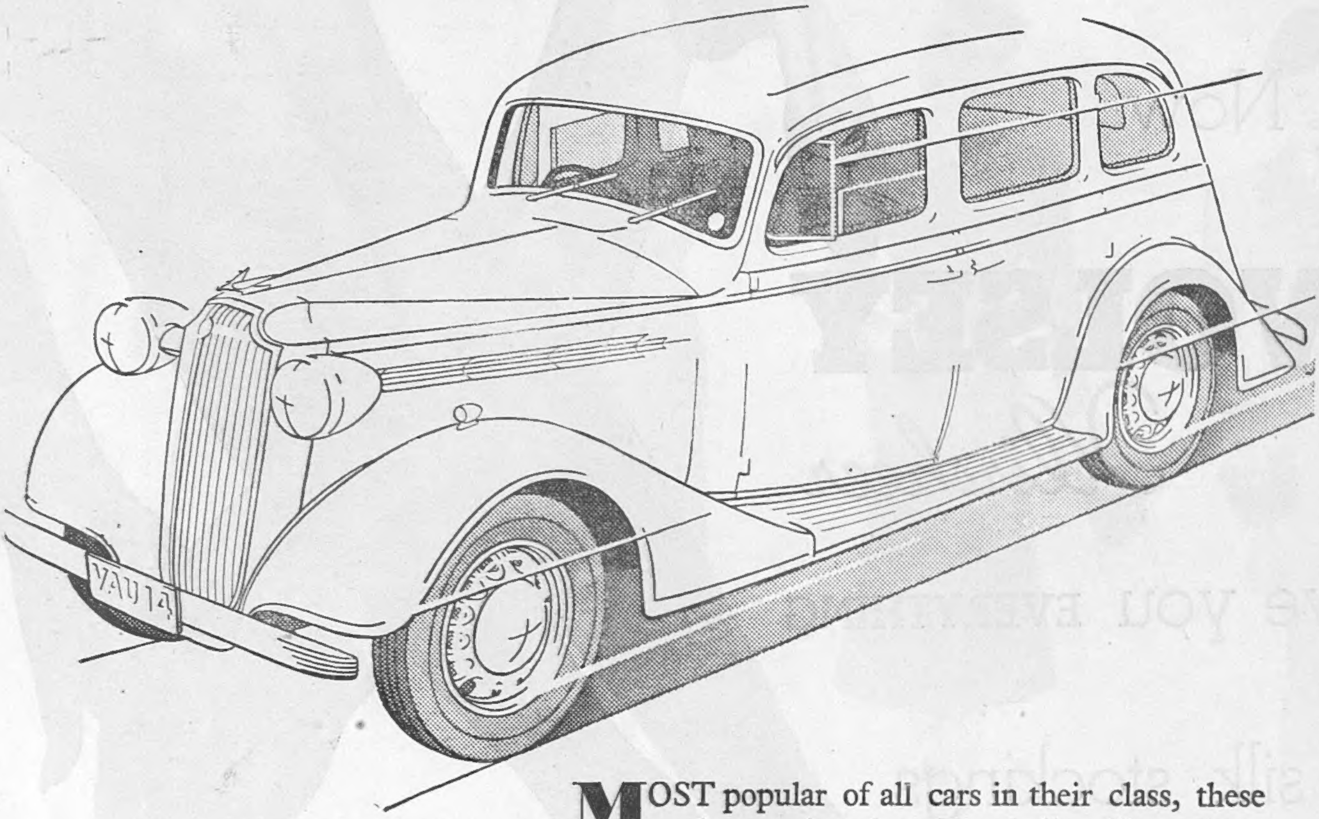

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 15, No. 4. OCTOBER, 1937

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*All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia & Eve" will be found in the "Index to Advertisers" on page 154. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.*

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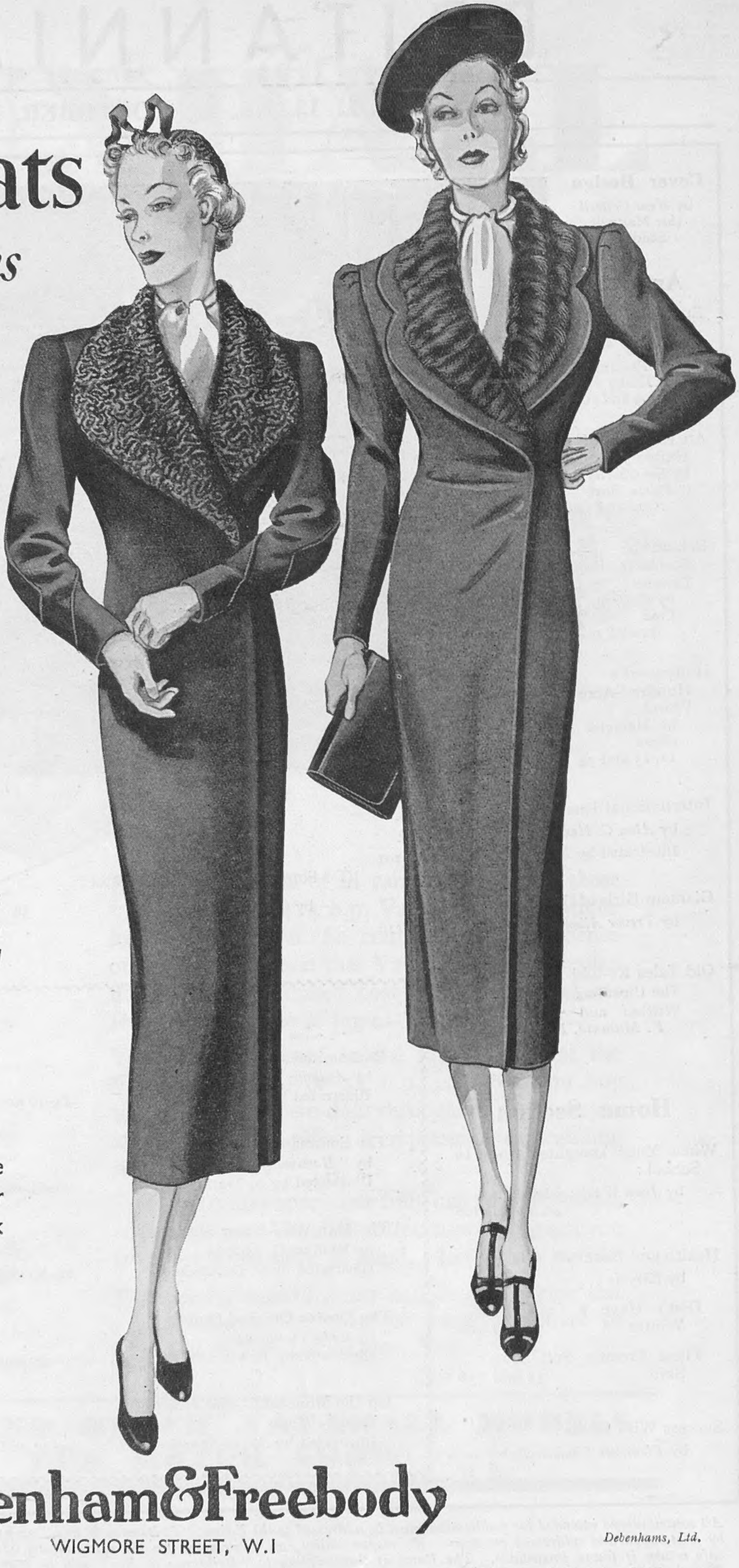

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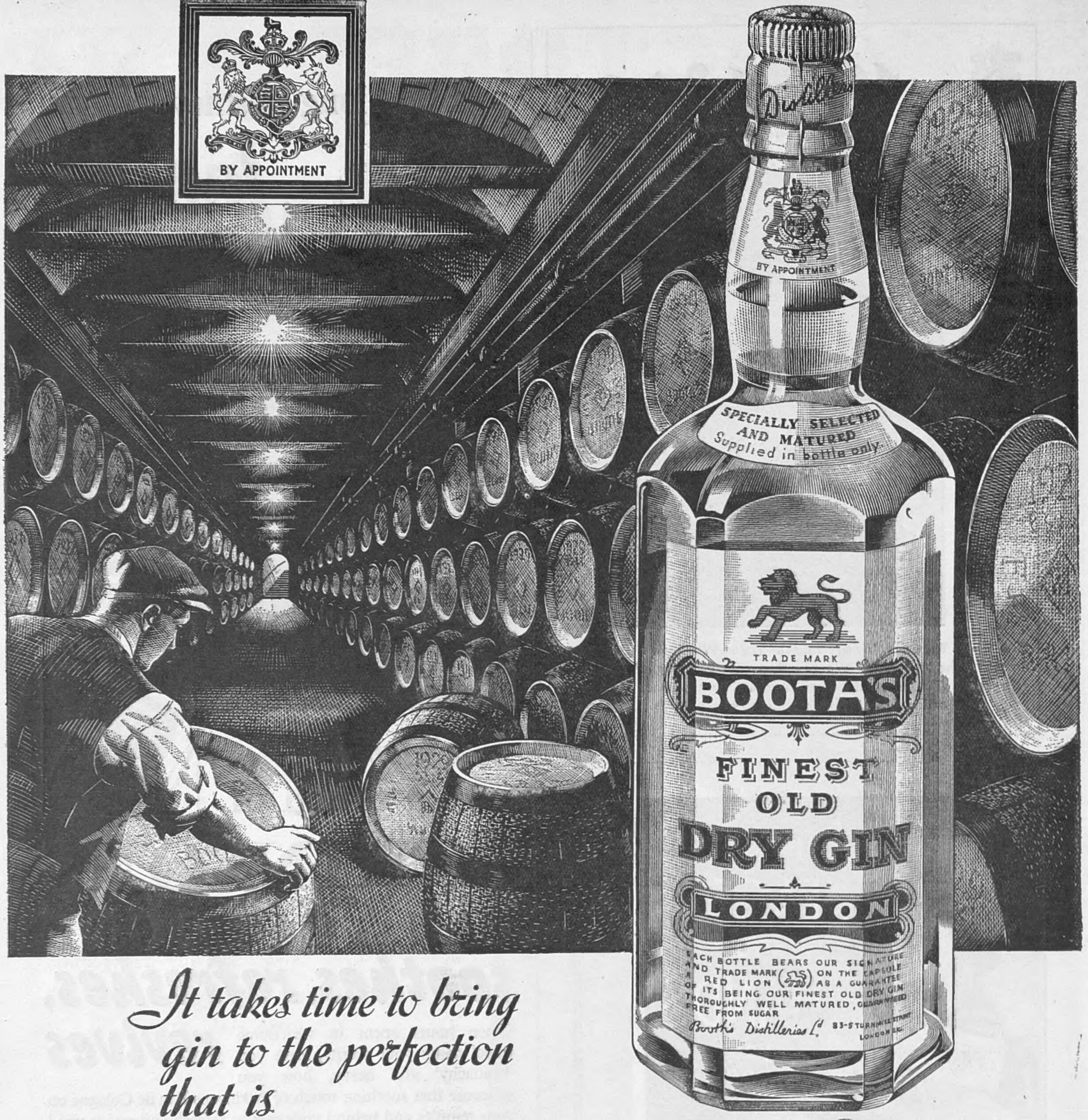
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Dorland

# OCTOBER

Dauntless, flaming, sensationally gusty—and between-whiles disconcertingly quiet — comes October, month of fruition and farewells. Month of small beginnings, too.

* * *

Store the apples on a sunny day. Gather them with light fingers in gloved hands; one basket for sound fruit, one for unsound. Wipe and place them, with an inch between each apple, over the air-space between shelves. Or wrap each fruit in oiled apple wrappers (you can buy them) and pack in cases. Don't bruise.

Pears should always be stored on shelves; they so quickly decay.

And, while the leaves are shaking gold over the purple Michaelmas daisies, think of Spring's indoor bulbs.

Lovely effects can be obtained by placing multi-coloured large pebbles in glass tanks to within two inches of the top; filling with water and surface inserting bulbs. These will soon send their roots down to cling between the stones. The roots keep the water pure; this is maintained always to the top; lilies of all kinds, hyacinths, tuberoses flourish like this.

***Friday, 1st.***

Pheasant shooting begins. Woods are invaded by guns.

College doors open for the Oxford Michaelmas Term.

*At Wembley Empire Pool*: Men's Finals in the Professional Tennis Championships. 7.30 p.m.

*At Covent Garden.* 8.30 p.m. Still de Basil's Ballets Russes.

***Saturday, 2nd.***

Football on every self-respecting playing-ground.

Ice-hockey and skating at the Empire Pool, Wembley.

" Dogs " at the usual places.

Make whoopee or sleep long, for to-morrow:

***Sunday, 3rd.***

SUMMER-TIME ENDS.

Put clocks back. Look forward to cricket on the hearth, and fireside evenings.

***Monday, 4th.***

Foot-health, Fashion and Footwear to be seen at the International Shoe and Leather Fair, Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, till the 8th.

New Moon rises 11.58 a.m. Consequently, will probably not be noticed for days, until it is quite old.

***Friday, 8th.***

*Cambridge Full Michaelmas Term begins.* At Cambridge they work. They produce the world's best physicists, Einstein excluded; men who are on familiar terms with the Cosmic Ray, and consequently put their shirts on backwards. Incidentally, for all their absent-minded ways, physicists dictate what's to be, or not to be, ***in armaments.***

***Saturday, 9th.***

Boughs are daily rifled  
By the gusty thieves,  
And the Book of Nature  
Getteth short of leaves.

***Tuesday, 12th.***

Michaelmas Law Sittings begin.

Newmarket Racing. Four Days.

Prospects are all for a happy day; but look out, or you'll spend more than you ought, racing or elsewhere.

Fruit and Vegetable Shows, New Hall and Old Hall, Westminster.

***Wednesday, 13th.***

Cambridgeshire Handicap, Newmarket.

Oddly enough, luck to-day will be all with the old hands and those who are advanced in years.

Prague Philharmonic Orchestra, 8.30 p.m., Queen's Hall, conducted by Raphael Kubelik, son of the great violinist.

***Thursday, 14th.***

*International Motor Exhibition, Earl's Court, Warwick Road, opens—till the 23rd.* 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily, excluding Sundays.

400 different cars from 58 British, American, French, German, Italian and Belgian manufacturers, at prices from £100 to £3,000—just the last word.

The Motor-Boat Section includes forty or more pleasure craft up to 35 ft. in length, for inland waterways or sea-going, with engines—oil or petrol—mounting in power from 1½ to 140 h.p.

And a Caravan and Trailer Section which runs Fancy-riot.

To show that they can compete with this and more, Ford Motors are holding a separate exhibition on their own, same dates, at the Albert Hall.

***Sunday, 17th.***

Hey presto! afternoon concert at Covent Garden, in Sir Thomas Beecham's favourite style.

***Monday, 18th.***

Starts—a week's dismantling of the Ducal home of Clumber, Worksop, Notts.

For sale by auction, daily, its Adam ceilings, mantelpieces, panellings, doors, Spanish leather panelling, candelabra, cradles, furnishings. Everything to make a home, of a quality in wood, silk and workmanship, not obtainable elsewhere. Tables in amboyna and other woods that are things of the past.

Also rare books and first editions from the celebrated library, bound in Russia leather and bearing the Garter Armorial Stamp of the 4th and 5th Dukes of Newcastle.

They flourished mightily until sixty years ago.

***Tuesday, 19th.***

*Dairy Show, Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, opens.* Four days.

Cattle from England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales. Pigeons and poultry from all these and from Holland.

Devon farmers' wives still win the butter-churning contests. It's a toss-up each year between Scotland and Somerset which carries off the Cheese prize for Cheddar. Cheshire cheese: still won by Cheshire.

Milking tests take place the day before the show opens. And the cow that won the prize last year was a Lincolnshire Red Shorthorn from Cambridge.

Same day, for same duration, opens the overflow of the Dairy Show at Olympia, with *Ice-Creams.*

***Thursday, 21st.***

" There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Launch your venture between 11.30 a.m. to-day and 4 a.m. to-morrow, and this will be true of you; all the more so if it concerns horses and ships, photography, painting or the law. But it will also be true of all ventures launched in a sporting frame of mind, particularly as the moon is at the full.

***Tuesday, 26th.***

Newmarket Racing. Four days.

Orchids and Berried Shrubs, Old Hall and New Hall, Westminster.

There is no beauty to come near an orchid. Blue orchids are a manifestation of Heaven. God's dream. Go and see orchids. They will bring the knowledge of another world into your life. But don't lose your heart to them.

***Wednesday, 27th.***

Cesarewitch, Newmarket.

Whichever way you bet, the odds are that you won't be pleased.

***Saturday, 30th.***

August to October Game Certificates expire; take note.

***Sunday, 31st.***

GIGLI sings at Albert Hall. 3 p.m. Greatest living tenor. Learnt his singing as a choirboy. For all that, has a profound knowledge of music. Son of a cobbler. Himself, too poor, as a boy, to buy shoes. Has now bought the village his father cobbled in, and surmounted it by a castle—his own—on the hill. What it is to have a voice! But Gigli has more than that; he has brains and heart behind it.

### By Ferdinand Tuohy

# Europe's "Number One" Women

YOU can be " Number One " most things these assessing, competitive, " personality " days. Al Capone started it, since when the craze has run the gamut to the walls of the Vatican—the Pope on a recent occasion having referred to Communism as " Public Danger Number One."

When the U.S. police childishly coined the phrase " Public Enemy Number One " in relation to Al, and, upon Al being put away, proceeded to transfer the title to Dillinger, Baby Face Nelson, *et seq.*, they unwittingly launched a vogue that is very typical of the world as it is, and one which should only expand as the enthronement of the Individual is carried to greater extravagance by the levelled multitudes of to-morrow.

Already the label is being tagged on far beyond crime. " Number One " in notoriety, in popularity and the reverse, in tennis, golf, on the screen, in the air, in pillorying no less than in praise, in art, in public service, in sex appeal. Countries have even begun to sift for their Number One Personalities. Thus, at Amelia Earhart's death, there was divergence as to whether that bright, courageous soul or the First Lady in the White House was America's Number One Woman. Thirty years ago, " Princess Alice's " was mere pinnafored publicity compared with what this later Roosevelt lady earns daily in print and on the air, in skedaddling all over the Union, lecturing and functioning. Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt has assuredly jacked up " the woman idea " in the United States, if it needed jacking up. Yet it is good to know that the Americans plumped for " Lady Lindy," the Boston welfare worker of a decade ago, sought out by a publisher who wanted a pioneer air saga to be lived by a woman, then written, who later married his authoress, and who now mourns her.

It can be an entertaining, at times almost an instructive process to try to figure out whom you would put on a list of Europe's " Number One " Women. By which I do not mean a search for Earharts, rare spirit because she had modesty and charm besides courage and ability. No. As we have seen, you can now be Number One in all kinds of walks and spheres, and not even be nice Number Ones, at that. Rather what one is driving at is the feminine high-light of her country, and it doesn't matter how she did it, so long as she's there—or several, as the case may be.

Let us start at random—in Estonia. Here we encounter a remarkable lady called Ed. One can say that if Europe had a few more Mrs. Eds, it would be a good thing.

1

2

3

4

5

1. *Greta Garbo* (*Sweden*
2. *Mme. Litvinov* (*Russia*).
3. *Mme. Selma Lagerlöf* (*Norway*)
4. *Mlle. Maryse Bastié* (*France*)
5. *Princess Juliana* (*Holland*).

*6. Mlle. Paula Wessely (Austria)*

*7. Fräulein Leni Riefenstahl (Germany)*

*8. H.M. the Queen (Great Britain)*

Mrs. Ed presides over an official economic parliament sitting parallel to the political affair and, as President of the Housewives Union, fixes prices and watches over supply and demand, the result being a very happy one, in that Estonia has no unemployment and is the cheapest country in Europe. I hasten to add that it is overwhelmingly agricultural and numbers but a million-and-a-half population, *i.e.*, any attempted English Mrs. Ed would swiftly be in a sanatorium with nervous breakdown.

While in this part of the world, what clearer than to instance Madame Litvinov, daughter of an English Knight? Viewed internationally, she is certainly the most prominent Russian woman, for having been hostess at the Moscow Foreign Office for nigh on ten years and travelled the capitals and Geneva, with her husband, into the bargain. The Soviet, of course, has its heroines—Number One Parachute Girl; Number One Factory Shock Brigade Girl—as it has its welfare and educational women leaders (Lenin's late sister), but as for their names. . . .

However, with the former Miss Ivy Low we are on safe enough ground, for Mme. Litvinov has been more than hostess: a woman of force and intelligence, she has done something to lessen acerbities as between Whitehall and the Kremlin.

We cross to Sweden, and I claim Garbo for Europe, where I should not claim other European first-liners who have gone Hollywood. But Garbo, greatest of them all, intends to come back to Europe, has bought a property in her native land, regularly visits it, is European. As against this, Marlene, unable to get on any longer with the Third Reich, intends to make America her home.

Norway provides in Selma Lagerlöf the only winner as yet of the Nobel Prize for Literature. It did have the Ice Queen, but she, too, has gone Hollywood, apparently "for keeps." Denmark is difficult. Possibly in no country do women play a more all-round, man-equal rôle, and yet a name of sufficient prominence does not easily suggest itself. In Poland, it would no doubt be agreed that the wife of the Prime Minister, Mme. Skladowski, is "Number One." A Parisienne, Madame concentrates on child welfare but is active in public life generally. Her most serious rival, so far as one can determine, would be the Beautiful Blonde Spy, more often a *Polka* than appertaining to any other clime. *Polkas* can certainly be intelligent and wide-awake. In Warsaw, I once heard them described as a mixture of punch and holy water. In 1914 the Polish woman was "definitely" a stronger character than the male, but that was explained as being due to the men having lost their kick under so many generations of the Cossack knout; the balance between the sexes may since have been redressed.

Holland, of course, has a surefire winner in Juliana, whose broadcast about her state of health is understood to have caused Sir John Reith momentarily to contract to six-feet-five.

Seriously, the Dutch heiress has accomplished that valuable thing—put herself over in advance with her future subjects, and this is no toadying to the royal idea. I have talked with Dutch of several different strata, and all are pleased as schnapps with the essentially modern, cheery, and human young pair, and will be more pleased soon, when that broadcast comes true. Among other things, she is revolutionising life in Dutch society with her free and easy ways: in fact, to tell the simple truth, Juliana—no doubt under the spell of her un-Teutonic, blithe and debonair partner—is steadily emerging as the utter negation of the young Dutch woman as heretofore conceived.

Enjoying life, witty,

(*Contd. on p.* 104)

*9. Mme. Lupescu (Rumania)*

*10. Señora Dolores Irriburi (Spain)*

*11. Mme. Horthy (Hungary)*

*12. Countess Edda Ciano (Italy)*

# An Emperor *in* Exile

### *By Sir Charles Petrie, Bart.*

*A portrait of the Archduke Otto of Habsburg, taken at the Castle of Steenockerzeel in the Belgian Province of Brabant, where he lives in exile with his mother and seven brothers and sisters. (Above.) The Archduke talking to a member of his suite in front of the Castle at Steenockerzeel*

ROMANCE has always made exiled monarchs peculiarly its own, and the present age is no exception. Possibly the one who to-day appeals most to the imagination is the young Archduke Otto of Habsburg, whose name occurs from time to time in the newspapers, but whose personality is unknown to all save a few who have come into contact with him.

Francis Joseph Otto Robert Marie Antoine Charles Maximilian Henry Sixtus Xavier Felix Renatus Louis Gaetn Pius Ignatius, to give the Archduke his full name, was born on November 20th, 1912. At the time of his birth, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, with the old-world ceremonial of its stately court at Vienna, still stood four-square as it had done for centuries, but before the boy's second birthday the war had come, and by the time he was six, his father's monarchy was a thing of the past. The storms which assailed him in childhood have never ceased to rage round his head.

Otto's father was the Archduke Charles, who became heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne on the murder of Francis Ferdinand at Serajevo. He was still on the sunny side of forty when he succeeded the aged Emperor Francis Joseph in the middle of the war. Charles was the most honest and conscientious of men, and had he come to the throne in time of peace he would probably have carried out the reforms necessary to hold the Habsburg dominions together, but circumstances were too much for him. He did, indeed, make a determined effort to bring the war to an end by negotiation, and Mr. Lloyd George actively seconded him, but the French and Italians on the one side, and the Germans on the other, would have none of it, and the attempt failed. His was not, alas! the character to dominate such a situation, and the war continued on its ill-omened course. When the crash came in November 1918, the Emperor's efforts for peace availed him nothing, and he had to take the road into exile.

Otto has naturally little recollection of the days of his family's greatness, and his conscious life has been passed far from his native land. Only twice since those early days has he been in Austria. The first time was when in Switzerland he was, as a child, allowed by a complacent sentry to steal across the frontier and pick a few flowers from the soil of the country over which his ancestors had ruled for so long, and the second was a few years ago, when he spent a couple of days in the Tyrol in disguise. For the rest, his career was but one long journey, dictated by financial stringency or political considerations: Switzerland, Madeira, Spain, Luxembourg and, finally, Belgium, were among the places that knew the young heir of the Habsburgs during these years.

In 1922, the Emperor Charles died in the Azores, whither he had been sent after his second attempt to regain the Hungarian throne, and Otto was present, a boy of nine, at his father's simple funeral when, we are told, "he did not weep, for his sorrow was too great, but he was very white as he tried to smile and thank the faithful few who had assembled to pay their last tribute to the memory of a saint."

The controlling influence during Otto's adolescence was his mother, the Empress Zita. On her husband's death she was left with seven little children and the expectation of an eighth, and with pecuniary resources barely sufficient to keep them all from poverty. That the Empress has made political mistakes cannot be denied, though they have been grossly exaggerated, but she has been an admirable mother in the most difficult circumstances. From the beginning Otto has been brought up to believe that one day he will be restored to the throne, and he has been educated to that end.

A great deal that is by no means true has appeared in the Press of the world about the excessive deference with which Otto is treated at Steenockerzeel, the picturesque moated castle seven miles from Brussels, which has been the home of the Imperial family for the last eight years. The truth is that lack of money alone would render impossible much that has been so (*Continued on page 72*)

### By Godfrey Lias

The courtyard of the magnificent new Palace of the League of Nations at Geneva.

(Below) M. Josef Avenol, the Secretary-General of the League of Nations. Attached to the new Palace is M. Avenol's private villa, La Pelouse, where he keeps a beautiful garden.

# Behind *the* Scenes *in the* League

MOST people, probably, think of the League in terms merely of the Assembly or the Council. Nor is this surprising, for the other organ of the League—the Secretariat—functions mostly behind the scenes, beyond the headlines of publicity. Yet if it were not for the labours of the 650 or so civil servants, men and women from fifty-odd nationalities, who compose the Secretariat, the work of the Assembly and Council would soon be at a standstill. A great gap would also be left in the amount of useful information at the disposal of administration all over the world.

All sorts of walks of life go to make up the personnel of the Secretariat. Leaving aside for the moment such exalted individuals as the Secretary-General, the Deputy- and Under-Secretaries General who generally come from the diplomatic service of one of the Great Powers, there are many hundreds of humbler folk—lift attendants, chauffeurs, shorthand typists, translators, book-keepers, librarians, draughtsmen, archivists, interpreters, précis-writers, messengers, telephone operators, lawyers, office cleaners, night-watchmen. There is also a hospital nurse and a gardener.

On appointment every member of the Secretariat staff signs a declaration " to regulate [his] conduct with the interests of the League alone in view and not to seek or to receive instructions from any Government or other authority external to the Secretariat of the League of Nations." Higher members of the staff make this declaration in public at a session of the Council. The lesser fry merely sign it.

One wishes it could be said that the promise is always faithfully observed, but the way the obligation is continually being stressed by the Assembly Committee in charge of staff matters gives occasion for doubt. Unfortunately, national Governments do not always make observance easy. Signor Mussolini, for instance, has openly repudiated—long before the sanctions dispute—the idea that Italian citizens can be allowed to put the interests of any international institution before those of Italy.

Only the privileged few who preside over the affairs of the League can really say how far nationality still holds the field in the Secretariat. That there have been difficulties in the past, however, is well known. The following (unreported) instance, which took place at a meeting of the Assembly some years ago, is a case in point. The name and nationality of the individuals concerned have been omitted for obvious reasons.

A certain Assembly delegate was due to make an important political pronouncement. As he had formerly worked in the Secretariat, he rashly handed over the rough copy of his speech to Mr. Somebody in his old department to have typed for him. Shortly afterwards, the telephone bell rang in the hotel occupied by his delegation. Was it true, asked a voice from a distant capital—curiously enough, the one from which Mr. Somebody came—that So-and-So was going to say such-and-such at the Assembly meeting the next day ? Because, if so, it might cause international complication.

After hasty consultations, the speech was modified ; nobody to-day, therefore, can say whether the international repercussions suggestion was a bluff or an honest warning—whether, therefore, the member of the Secretariat staff who gave the show away saved the world from a serious crisis or prevented the utterance of some useful home-truths. What is certain is that if the promise to put the League first had been faithfully observed, the distant capital would never have known about the speech until it was delivered.

Whatever lapses there may have been in the past, or may still be to-day, it is generally agreed that in the League Secretariat technical departments the important consideration is the job. The amount of work done by these departments is immense and, though very few people have ever come across it, of vital importance to the world. Whatever may be said for isolation as a political policy, it is impossible to avoid contact with other nations in politics, in trade, in travel, in the air, across the sea, over the land. All the thousand and one points of contact between the nations are under constant review by the Secretariat staff, so that Geneva is gradually becoming a clearing-house for useful information in regard to world problems of all kinds.

In pre-League days no country thought about anybody but itself when it compiled statistics. The idea that a uniform system would enable comparisons of great value to be made had apparently not occurred to any Government department. To quote from a (*Continued on page* 104

*The main entrance to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City, California. This huge lot, covering more than 75 acres, is one of the largest in the industry, and is undoubtedly the finest equipped studios in the world. (Below) The music bungalows, the laboratory, the property department, and one of two huge water tanks on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot*

# Hollywood's Hundred-Acre World

## *Inside One of Hollywood's Gigantic Studios—a World in Itself*

### *By* Margaret Chute

HOLLYWOOD is bespattered with several worlds, each complete in itself—hundred-acre worlds, where busy communities live interesting lives, utterly independent of the bigger world beyond the studio gates. Inside the fences edging the studio grounds miniature cities have sprung to life; cities with their own police and fire departments, cities fully populated and under the control of an unofficial Mayor, who is, in this instance, the Head of the Lot.

During the years in which I have been a privileged guest-citizen in Hollywood's Hundred-Acre World, I have amused myself by trying to think up something, *anything*, that could not be supplied inside half an hour at the outside; more probably inside ten minutes. Once, in my ignorance, I requested a spray of fresh orchids, the purple kind. It was lying by my plate in the studio restaurant ten minutes later. How was *I* to know that the studio had its own greenhouses, its own gardens, and a large staff of expert horticulturists and florists?

Another time I put out a feeler of a different kind. Could I have, please, a playbill of a certain production at Drury Lane, in London, in a certain year (or near it) with the name of Mrs. Siddons on the bill? That, I felt nearly positive, would floor them. It was less than fifteen minutes later that Natalie Bucknell herself, brilliant chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Research Department, stood by my side. In her hand was a playbill of the type I had requested. Why, she wanted to know, had I any reason to doubt the studio's ability to produce such a simple thing as an English playbill? If I had cared to demand it, she could give me designs of houses in Ancient Rome or the kind of conveyance in which Cleopatra took her morning drive. She would be happy to show me the authentic type of uniform worn by the legions of William the Conqueror; it was merely a matter of putting through a telephone call to one of the staff in her department. Just as simple as that.

After her departure I was told a story which illustrates the completeness of these eye-opening studios, where each section of the community works in close co-operation with the rest, and where each is given a free and generous hand to do its super-best, no matter what the cost. With such skilful attention to minute details in the background, it seems the millionth chance that an error can occur. Here is the story of the way the studio rose to meet a sudden emergency, in a way that made its executives feel they might rightly pat themselves on the back.

A certain group of important and noble visitors, sixty in all, were to be entertained at luncheon by Mr. Louis B. Mayer, head of the studio. The function was of sufficient note to be worthy of some permanent commemoration. This, it was decided, should take the form of a small bronze medallion, suitably decorated and with a dated inscription. Each medallion, threaded on a narrow dark leather thong, was to bear its future owner's name. Thus they could be used in various ways by their recipients during the years ahead. The order for sixty of these bronzes, their engravings, and their leather attachments was placed with a firm famous for turning out that kind of thing. Plenty of notice was given; a promise was

**1.** *Fred Thompson, thermometer twirler at the M.G.M. studios. He does this to test the humidity of the atmosphere so that the correct temperature of the big laboratories can be maintained*

**2.** *Harry Garvey, who spends his working hours rushing new electric light bulbs round the studios in place of old ones that have expired*

**3.** *Harry Pelton, who weighs and checks the silver reclaimed from the film-developing tanks. The silver is sent to the mint and turned into coin*

# *Eight Strange Hollywood Jobs*

received that the bronzes would arrive in good time. The man in whose hands the organising of this big luncheon had been placed went about his work with a peaceful mind. At six o'clock on the evening before the luncheon was to take place a member of his staff reported that the restaurant manager, busy with his plans for the morrow, had not yet received the 60 medallions. Having checked with various departments, he had ascertained the hideous truth—*that they had not arrived!*

The firm in whose hands the order had been placed was in San Francisco; the works were already closed for the day. It was fatal to take a chance and trust that the wretched things, even if ready, could be rushed down by air next morning in time to be lying in front of each guest's plate at 12.30 the following day. But to fail to produce them was unthinkable. So the man who was organising the show acted, quickly. His decision was—"Let the Studio do it!" Inside half an hour the original designs, the list of names, and the wording, had been found; full instructions had been given to the people inside that hundred-acre world that they were to complete the job to time—*or else!*

The foundry set to work; the leather

*(Continued on page* 74)

**4.** *Chris Gegan, who transports films in cans from the library to the projection rooms*

**5.** *Verda Moir, who looks after the wigs, beards and moustaches. The world's strangest library*

**6.** *Alberta Bryson, who types dialogue from the films, exactly as it comes to her from the strange-looking machine. Dialogue is checked by this method*

**7.** *Luther Stahl makes spider webs on the set. Demonstrating the machine he does it with to Robert Montgomery*

**8.** *Floyd Whittenberg, employed solely to carry portable telephones to tables in the studio restaurant*

*Illustrations by*
*Clive Uptton*

# Pantomime

## *He was "The Marquis" to the Villagers—the Perfect Actor for the Part*

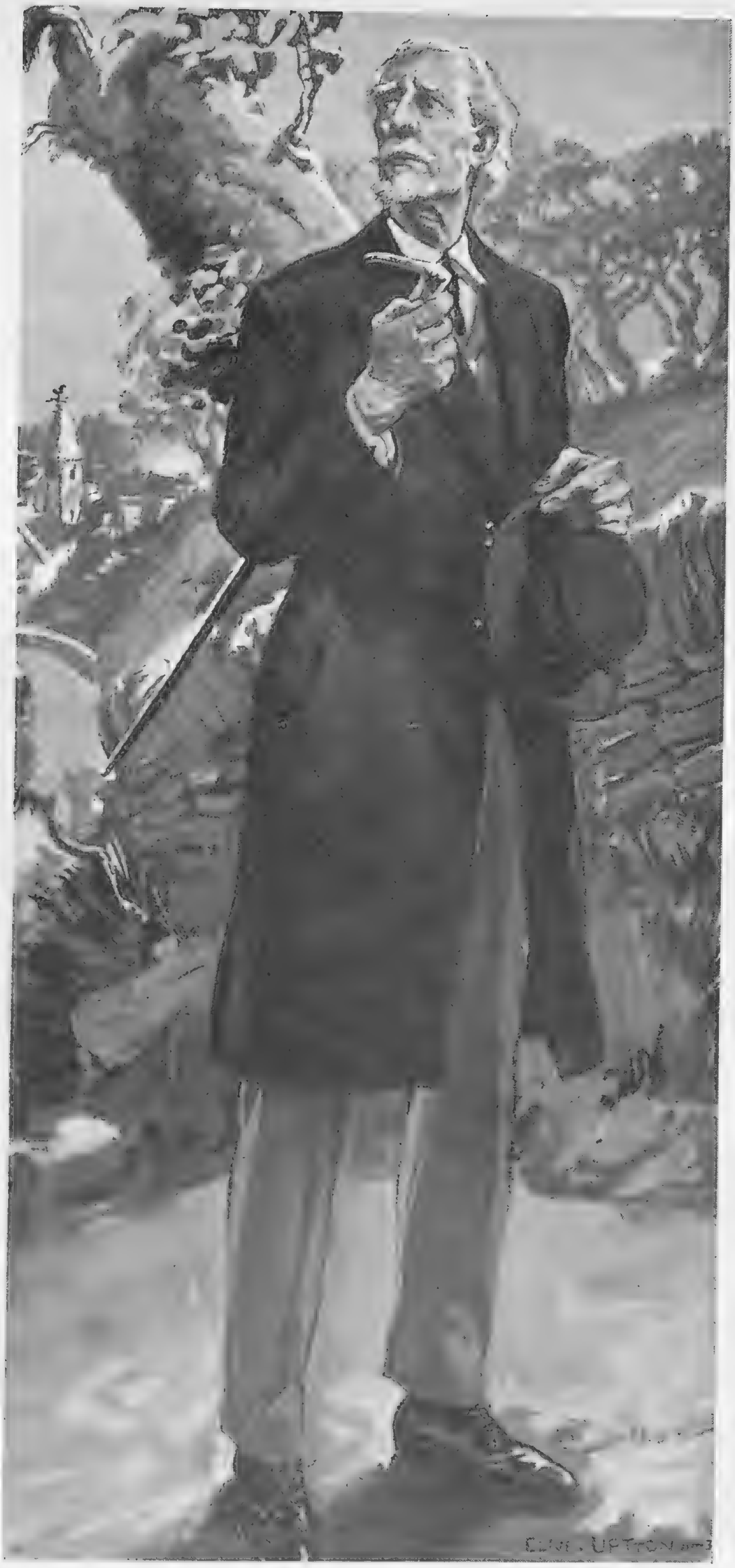
### *By Anthony Richardson*

IT was impossible not to be charmed by the Marquis de Falleroy Montignac-Caston. After all, things, places and persons, which become institutions, make a demand upon anybody's sympathy and interest. And the Marquis was an institution at Monckton Pyne.

He was seventy-one. He was very tall and straight. Whenever he was seen in public—which was twice a day, eleven of the morning in Silver Street and in his own especial corner of the "Four Horses" bar, in Harbour Road, at twelve noon—he was invariably dressed in the same long black jacket and wore his black hat. His trousers varied, being sometimes of a tweed material and at others flannel. Very little of the trousers showed beneath the black jacket, which was not unlike a frock coat of an almost mythical period. His hat was broad brimmed and shallow in the crown. He carried, moreover, on all such occasions a black ebony stick with an ivory handle, fashioned in the shape of a forefinger. In contrast to his coat his face was white; a peculiar smooth whiteness, wrinkled only about the eyes with the smallest of creases. His moustache and close-cropped beard were also white. His eyes were grey and wide and innocent to look upon. The hair upon his head was long.

He was as much a part of the Dorset village as were the wooded heights of Pen Hayes above the town. He was known to everyone, though few knew him. Perhaps old Sam Squiller, who kept the "Four Horses," had as much of his confidence as anyone, but that's not saying much. Yet, on the other hand, practically everyone knew what he was. He was "the Marquis": a Frenchman—in his own country really quite a personage: he owned—he was never backward in pressing the point—large estates, including a castle, or more precisely a château, in the department of Var: that his property provided him only with a mere pittance was due to the evil machinations of certain ill-disposed members of the family: his continued presence in England was attributable to the fact of his holding fierce political opinions, which endangered his very life abroad. So much, then, for Monckton Pyne's general knowledge of Monsieur de Falleroy, Marquis of Montignac-Caston. But what was not generally appreciated was the simple fact that he was a magnificently courageous old man, and that this particular noontide he was deciding upon the best means to do away with himself.

The Marquis was ready to die and was determined upon death. He hadn't at this precise moment resolved upon the actual method, but he was amply satisfied that his decision was justified. He was not tired of living in the sense of ill-health or the weariness of his years—he could still do his ten miles cheerfully across the heather of Pen Hayes without undue fatigue—but his sense of rightness was perturbed, and viewing himself artistically he felt, as a production, it was the right moment to ring down the curtain. All of which is, perhaps, an elaborate way of saying that he felt he had been found out.



*THE Marquis drew himself up and looked about him. A man and a woman in khaki shorts and with rucksacks on their backs were receding down the hill*

Spendle, the new manager of the County Bank, had had a great deal to do with it. Spendle, that weedy little man, had sent for the Marquis. The postman had delivered the buff envelope, with its ominous printing on the flap, directly into the Marquis's hands, in the very porch of "Mon Repos." The Marquis had taken the letter, turned it over and then dropped it on to the brass tray that rested on the porch bench.

The gesture had conveyed disdain, almost contempt.

"There are no other letters for me?"

"No, zur."

The Marquis had sighed.

"I was expecting to hear from abroad—from my own land. *Alors—n'importe!*"

The postman had grinned and gone his way. He had been asked at least twice a week, over a period of ten years, the same question. To the best of his knowledge no foreign stamp had ever crossed the threshold of "Mon Repos." But, according to the postman, the old feller was a bit mazey in his ways and had to have his little joke.

Later, the Marquis opened the letter. It was typewritten and short. It requested his presence at the County Bank that morning. That was all, but its import was only too clear. A little matter of an overdraft.

He arrived at the bank, purposely ten minutes late. Putting finances on one side, he was, he constantly assured himself, in the position of patron to Mr. Spendle. That Spendle considered both him and his account a very great nuisance was a matter beneath his dignity. When one has a position to keep up, one must make others realise how important that position is.

"I wish to see the manager," said the Marquis, and he looked down his long straight nose at the cashier.

Once inside Spendle's small and private office, his dignified manner increased. He sat very upright in his chair, his hands crossed on the ebony stick and his black hat on his knee. He kept his feet well beneath the covering edge of his long coat, because he knew both shoes were split just before the toe-cap. His eyes were steady on Spendle, and he hoped he looked as indifferently bored as he tried to be.

Spendle came to the point at once.

"You are three pounds over the arranged limit and I must ask you to put your account in order."

Spendle could afford to be a little brutal, though he was not an unkindly man, but shrewd as he doubtless should have been. Besides, he was new to the branch and felt his responsibility.

"I see," said the Marquis. "An oversight on my part."

"I have to impress upon you again," said Spendle, "that the account must be kept in credit."

"It will be arranged," said the Marquis.

Then Mr. Spendle had asked that simple but devastating question:

"How?"

"I will see to it."

"Yes, yes," said Spendle, and no doubt his irritation was excusable. "I am sure you will do what you can—but *how*? It's a fortnight to your remittance——"

"Allowance——"

"Well, allowance, then, and you've got to live—really, we must be practical."

The Marquis had stiffened in his chair. There was something terrible, appalling, deathly chilling in the way some people forced a practical issue. He could feel

FOUR HORSES
FOUR HORSES
C.U.

the fear like a clammy hand groping round his heart, but he stroked his silky moustache with a delicate forefinger.

"I think you ought to raise some capital," said Spendle.

"Capital?"

"Sell out something. What about those estates of yours over the other side?—there's a château or something, you've told me."

"Ah! yes," said the Marquis. "The château."

"Well?"

The hand was very cold about his heart now, pressing hard, the nails biting in.

"I can enquire," said the Marquis.

"Well, something must be done," said Spendle. "I'm only trying to point out the best way for you. I suppose there *is* a château?"

"It has been there for three hundred years," said the Marquis coldly.

"Well, it isn't a ruin or anything like that, I mean, is it?"

"I have not been to France for thirty years, Mr. Spendle."

"You could write."

"Yes, I could write."

"Would you care for me to make enquiries for you?"

"That," said the Marquis, rising, "would be essentially my affair."

"Very well," said Spendle. "No offence meant, I'm sure. But I'm a business man and I have to make certain how things stand, that's all."

He studied the Marquis steadily and then glanced down at the shoes beneath the frock coat.

"You shall have every satisfaction," said the Marquis. "Good morning."

The sun was shining as he made his way up Silver Street. He must, he felt, forgo his usual visit for his glass of beer at the "Four Horses" this morning. It would be a breaking of tradition, but the look in Spendle's eye had broken something more than that.

The steep road that led to "Mon Repos" seemed steeper than ever, and the sun was scorching on his back. His toes felt cramped and burning in his shoes and he leant more heavily than usual on his stick—almost, he felt, as if he had been winded.

Winded was the word. There was an idiom about taking the wind out of one's sails. Spendle had done that to him. It was not altogether what Spendle had said, but the look in his eye that had done it. A nasty, suspicious, penetrating sort of look, that had said as plainly as any speech: "You old rascal! You're lying."

Of course, he'd been lying. It was a habit of over thirty years, a dreamlike quality of lying and living up to the lie. Sometimes, these days, it was difficult to discern the truth from the fiction, even to oneself. One can live a fantasy almost into a reality.

There were several people about in Silver Street that he knew. The young doctor driving down in his car waved a greeting. The Marquis bowed stiffly. Hickory, the stable-man from Pen Hayes House, trotted past on a young fresh horse and touched his cap. The Marquis nodded. The landlord of the "Ship and Anchor," standing shirt-sleeved in his doorway, raised a heavy eye to the roof-tops gleaming in the sun.

"Beautiful morning," he said.

"Yes, indeed," said the Marquis.

A flight of pigeons wheeled over the chimneys, turned wing-tip to white wing-tip, like the folding of a venetian blind, and disappeared.

"You don't look yourself this morning," said the landlord.

"I am in excellent health," said the Marquis, and quickened his pace. The landlord rubbed his nose with the back of his hand. It was funny how some folks could be out of sorts on a morning like this. He watched the tall, slender figure of the Marquis as he marched up the hill with precise small steps.

"Poor old buffer!" said the landlord, and retired into the green obscurity of his hall-way.

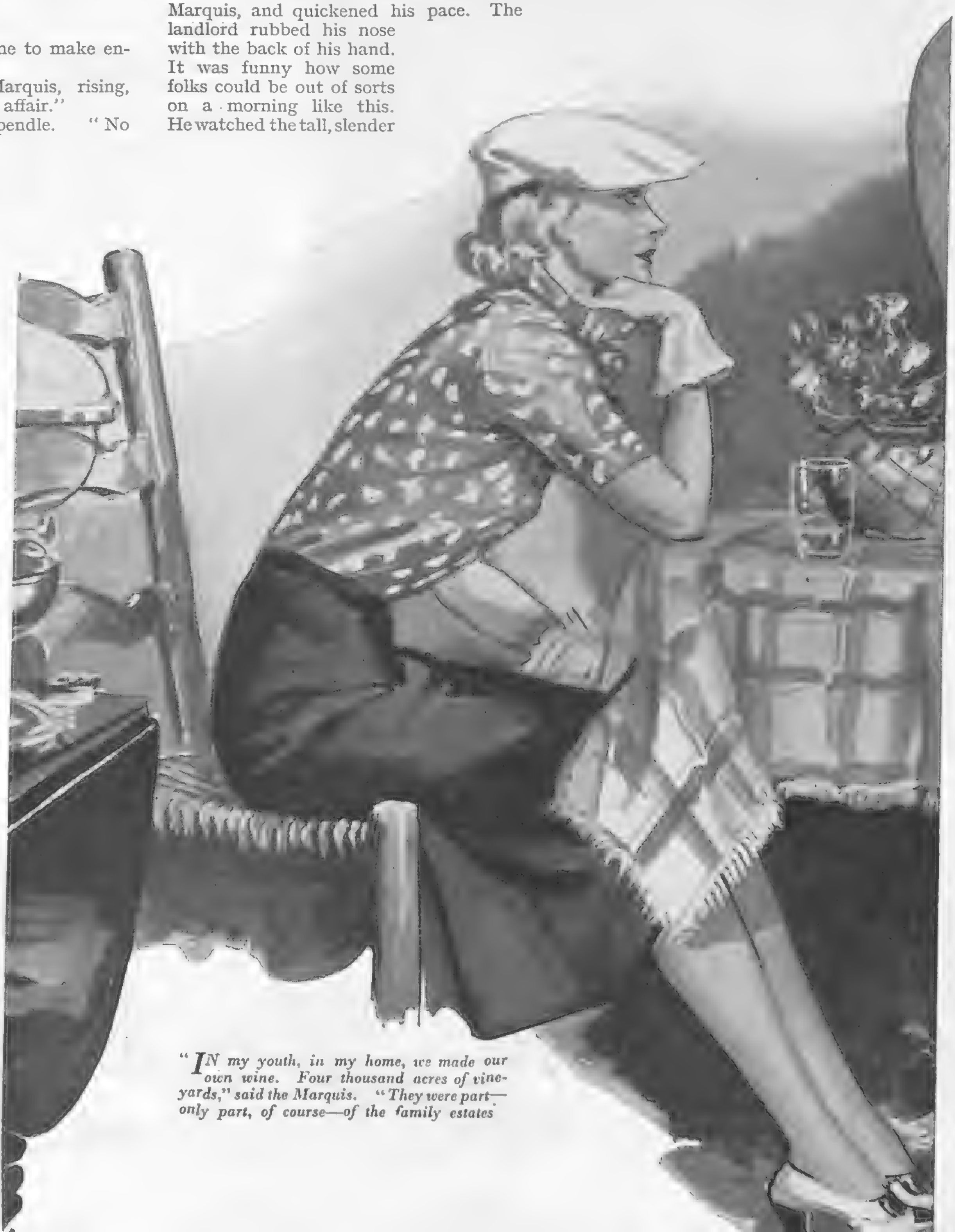
As he passed the post office, Shifter Moore came out folding a ten-shilling note with his thick grimy fingers. There was a flower in Shifter's cap and the handkerchief around his brown sinewy throat was of a brave red colour. He grinned cheerfully at the Marquis as his finger reached the peak of his rakish cap.

"Just drawn my weekly money, sir. Will you be taking a glass o' beer along o' me, sir?"

The Marquis stopped and placed his stick in a military fashion under his left arm.

"What is it you say?"

"Been a-drawing of my money, sir." He winked hugely. "Pensions be better'n poaching, in a manner o' speaking."



*"IN my youth, in my home, we made our own wine. Four thousand acres of vineyards," said the Marquis. "They were part—only part, of course—of the family estates*

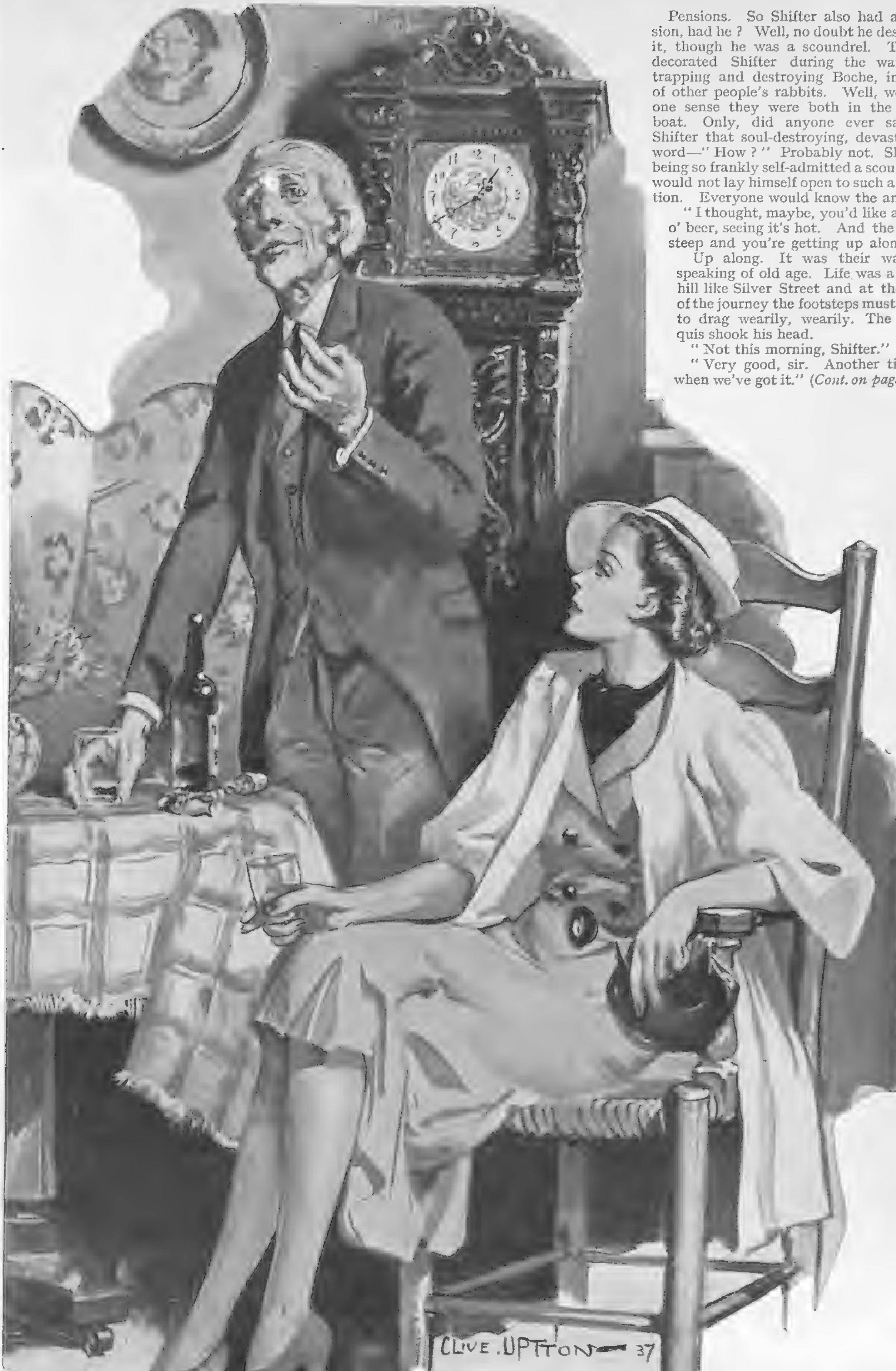
Pensions. So Shifter also had a pension, had he? Well, no doubt he deserved it, though he was a scoundrel. They'd decorated Shifter during the war for trapping and destroying Boche, instead of other people's rabbits. Well, well, in one sense they were both in the same boat. Only, did anyone ever say to Shifter that soul-destroying, devastating word—" How ? " Probably not. Shifter, being so frankly self-admitted a scoundrel, would not lay himself open to such a question. Everyone would know the answer.

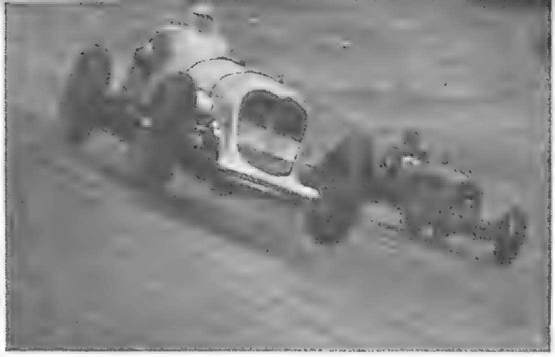
" I thought, maybe, you'd like a glass o' beer, seeing it's hot. And the hill's steep and you're getting up along."

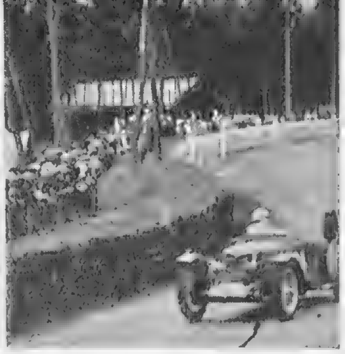
Up along. It was their way of speaking of old age. Life was a great hill like Silver Street and at the end of the journey the footsteps must begin to drag wearily, wearily. The Marquis shook his head.

" Not this morning, Shifter."

" Very good, sir. Another time—when we've got it." (*Cont. on page* 128)







# International Duel

## By Alan C. Hess

*Mr. Alan Hess, the writer of this article, is known to thousands at home and abroad as a racing driver and as a leading radio commentator on motor racing. In the article which follows he draws on his very wide experience of a fascinating form of sport to tell readers of what actually goes on behind the scenes in a big motor race*

THE large office is hung with hundreds of framed photographs of racing cars, with here and there a signed photograph of a white-overalled and helmeted driver.

Round the vast oak table are seated seven men.

Four of them are drivers in the Masetti racing team, in addition to whom there are Toni, the Pits Manager—a portly and jovial enough fellow normally, but a perfect martinet during the racing season, believing as he does in rigid discipline—Luigi, the Team Chief, and Signor Masetti himself, the Grand Patron, to whom all these other men are as dear as his own son, who longs to be one of them but is prevented on his father's insistence.

Luigi is talking of the coming Grand Prix de Pointellou.

"You understand," he says, "we must avenge last year's defeat by the Mercédès. We have our plans made. The cars will be fitted with twenty-gallon tanks, so that they will run right through without a stop for refuelling—that will take the Germans unawares for a start!—" (he chuckles at the prospect) "and I want you to be as careful of your tyres as possible. No hectic cornering, no sudden braking (except, of course, in an emergency), and good steady acceleration.

"You, Giuseppe, as our No. 1 driver, will take on the fastest of the Mercs., and will try to set the pace so as to crack them up. I expect it will again be Rudi Holtzen, so we shall see a repetition of last year's Luveralli-Holtzen duel . . . but this year, I hope, with different results."

Luveralli grimaced wryly at this subtle reference to his "incident" in the previous year's Pointellou race, when after a thrilling duel with Holtzen, lasting for thirty-odd laps, he had struck a patch of oil dropped by another car on the Gate Bend and had slid straight on, all wheels locked solid, into the hedge—without damage to himself, but considerably to the detriment of the front end of the car.

Suddenly hearing his name again, his reflections were cut short.

"Giuseppe will be allowed 200 more revs. all through than you other two, which will give him an extra 14 m.p.h.; but remember, Giuseppe, only 200 unless we give you the 'Flat Out.'

"We will leave for our Euxelle quarters on Tuesday, 11th. Practice begins on Thursday, and I want you all——"

IT is an ideal day for motor-racing—fine but cloudy, with little wind and just sufficient humidity in the atmosphere to assist carburation.

From shortly after daybreak, crowds have poured into Pointellou, on foot, in noisy little sports cars, on bicycles and in special motor coaches. For it is on the outskirts of Pointellou that one finds the circuit over which is run, each year, the Grand Prix motor race, which constitutes the town's chief claim to fame.

For weeks prior to the race there is a crescendo of excitement in the normally sleepy and obscure township. The two hotels are booked up *en bloc* by the same people from year to year, and such accommodation as exists in Pointellou itself and in the farms and villages around the course is eagerly snapped up as the day of the race draws near.

Officials from the club organising the race, national and foreign Pressmen and representatives of interested fuel and accessory companies mostly make Pointellou their headquarters, but team chiefs

*Illustration by Moser*

and the competitors themselves as a rule prefer humbler and quieter billets around the circuit or in the immediate neighbourhood of it, such as the Algretti headquarters at Euxelle, for only in such remote surroundings is it possible to find the necessary privacy for the tuning and preparation of the cars and for the planning of driving tactics for the coming Grand Prix.

During practice it has been apparent that the race will again develop into an international duel between the German Mercédès and the Italian Masettis.

They have been miles an hour faster than any of the other cars, and although all the drivers have held their cars in check, it has been stated openly that the Luveralli-Holtzen duel which made last year's race so memorable is to be renewed to-day.

Thus there is an air of tense expectancy as the twenty-one competing cars are pushed to their allotted positions on the starting line.

The tribunes, gaily sporting the standards of all the nations represented in the race, are a-buzz with excited voices. A trivial dance tune is blaring from the loud-speakers, and hawkers with programmes, dark spectacles, and ice-creams are doing a brisk trade.

Suddenly a klaxon horn signal breaks in upon the already noisy scene.

Immediately the music is drowned by a raucous roar from the cars' exhaust-pipes as the engines are warmed up for the start.

Conversation becomes impossible, and those on the grand-stand content themselves by watching the bustle and preparation being enacted on the roadway beneath them.

A number of cars have their tails jacked up and it is seen that their rear wheels are rotating. This is being done to warm up the oil in the gear-boxes and back-axles.

Some cars, already sufficiently warmed up, are having their sparking-plugs changed, for the kind of plug used in gradually warming up a supercharged racing engine would not stand up long at racing speeds.

Now the drivers begin to take their places in the cockpits, and mechanics and team managers yell last-minute warnings and advice to them.

Four minutes to go. . . .

THE race has been in progress for over two hours. Of the seventeen cars still running, only two really matter to the spectators.

Holtzen's Mercédès leads by three seconds from Luveralli in the Masetti.

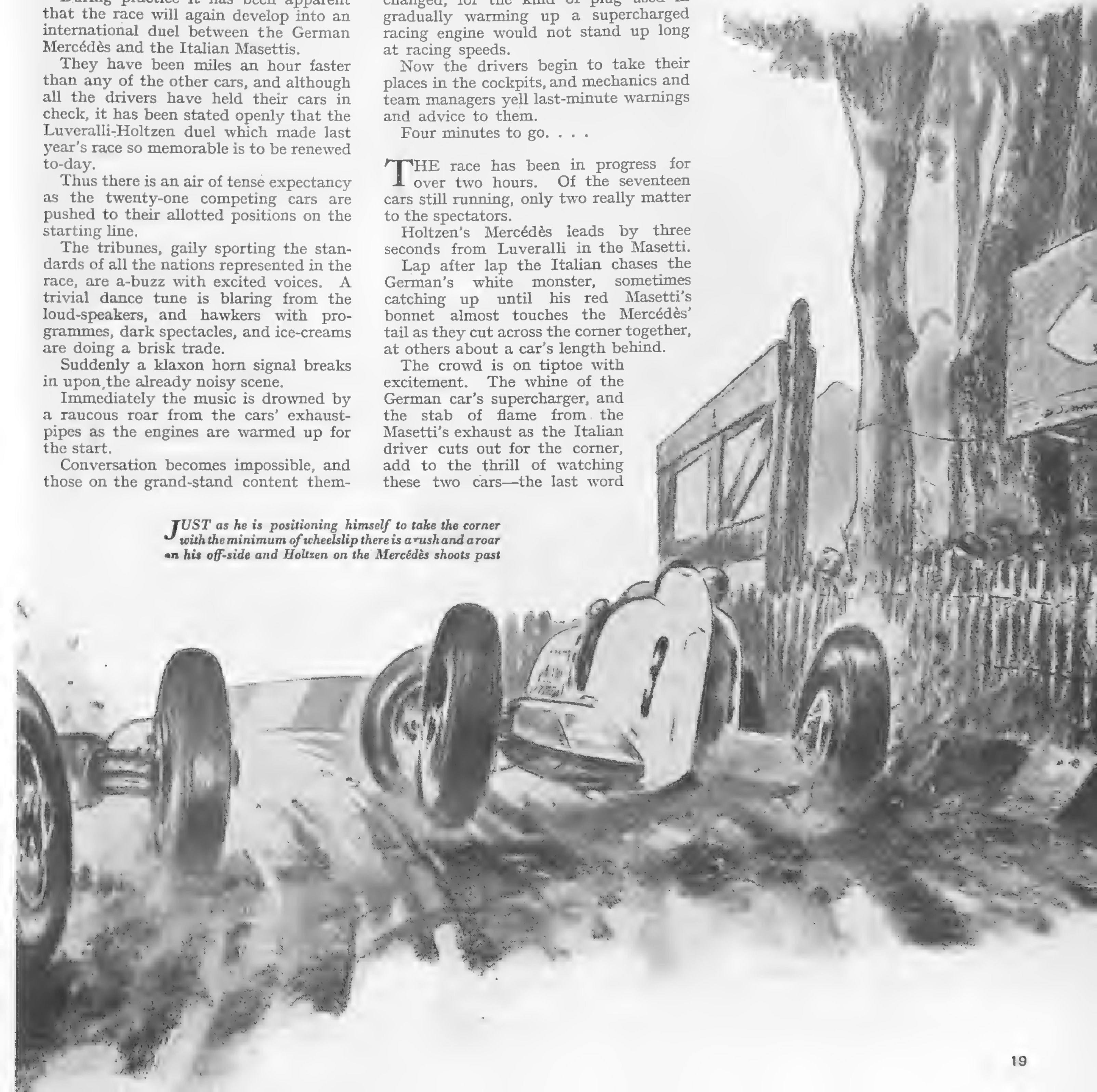
Lap after lap the Italian chases the German's white monster, sometimes catching up until his red Masetti's bonnet almost touches the Mercédès' tail as they cut across the corner together, at others about a car's length behind.

The crowd is on tiptoe with excitement. The whine of the German car's supercharger, and the stab of flame from the Masetti's exhaust as the Italian driver cuts out for the corner, add to the thrill of watching these two cars—the last word in wind-cheating streamline. A vast crowd—estimated at 196,000—throngs the various vantage-points around the course.

Ever since before dawn some of them have been there.

Bottles of wine, French bread, improvised paper hats, camp stools, sausage, official programmes

(*Continued on page* 101)

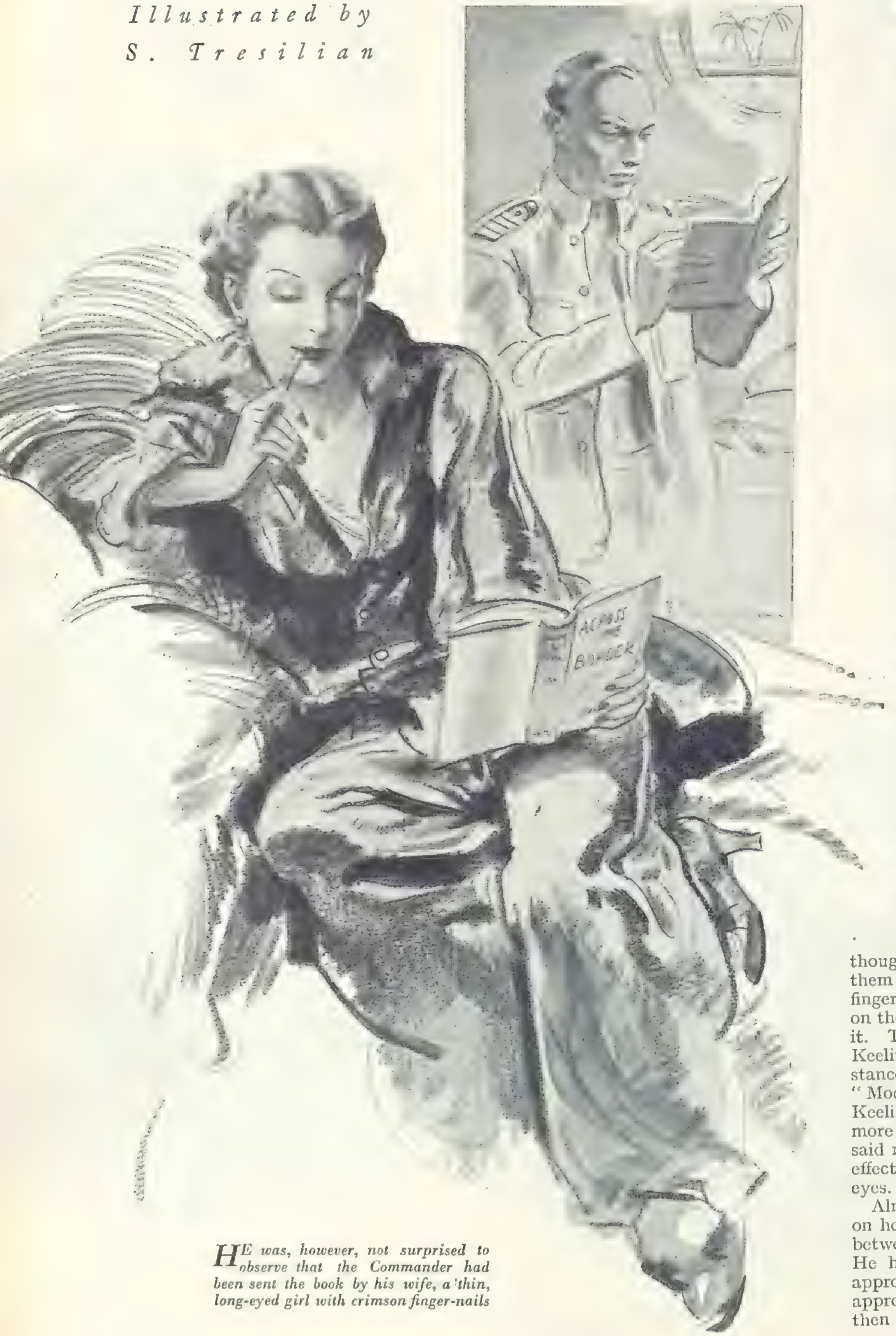


*JUST as he is positioning himself to take the corner with the minimum of wheelslip there is a rush and a roar on his off-side and Holtzen on the Mercédès shoots past*

# The Commander's Wife

## *A Fishing Adventure in which a hard Captain takes his Medicine . . .*

*Illustrated by S. Tresilian*



*HE was, however, not surprised to observe that the Commander had been sent the book by his wife, a thin, long-eyed girl with crimson finger-nails*

CAPTAIN LANSDALE closed the novel he was reading and jerked it irritably across the deck of his day cabin.

"Bilge!" he ejaculated aloud.

He lay back in the chintz-covered armchair with his feet on another chair and his white tunic unbuttoned. The draught from an overhead fan stirred the fly-leaf of the rejected novel where it lay. It quivered a little, like the wing of a dying bird, and was still.

Captain Lansdale wanted to dismiss the story from his mind, but found it difficult. His second-in-command had lent him the book. He said it was a very clever novel. It may have been, but Captain Lansdale had no use for that type of cleverness. He was, however, not surprised to observe that the Commander had been sent the book by his wife, a thin, long-eyed girl with crimson finger-nails. She had scribbled her husband's name and her own on the fly-leaf—"Jan from Tansy," and a date underneath and an exclamation mark. Why an exclamation mark? Some secret they shared. Some laughing intimate secret . . . He lifted his feet off the chair and sat upright.

For a while he sat staring at the brass rim of the scuttle, which reflected the sunlight off the sea with a winking, mesmeric effect. His eyes were blue and rather prominent; the mesmeric scuttle-rim gave them a fixed glassiness, like marbles. The dome of his head was almost bald and he grew his hair long to cover it. Sometimes when he was reading prayers to the ship's company on the quarter-deck, the wind caught these long wisps and lifted them a little. The older members of the ship's company called them frapping lines.

Why did women paint their lips and finger-nails crimson? It was, he thought, a disgusting fashion. It made them look as if they had dipped their finger-tips in blood and then wiped them on their lips. Certain types of women did it. Types he disapproved of. Mrs. Keeling, the Commander's wife, for instance. His wife disapproved of her too. "Modern" was her verdict when the Keelings first came to call. She meant more than she said. He agreed. He said nothing about the faintly disturbing effect of her long, green, slightly oblique eyes.

Almost from the moment he set eyes on her he could feel a subtle antagonism between them. She resented something. He had given her a cool stare of disapproval, because—well, he did disapprove of her. Her eyes defied him, and then her smile had mocked him. Mocked

By
"Bartimeus"

him with her inaccessibility. She had read something in his stare besides disapproval; something forbidden that flashed through his thoughts and escaped. No woman he had ever met had affected him like that. Extraordinary to think that all the time that conventional tea-party was in progress, while they passed teacups and chatted, politely formal, this conflict should have been going on in the troubled depths of their consciousness.

He wondered uneasily what had brought it all back to him. He supposed it was the novel. A most improper book . . . ! Supposing his wife had sent him a book like that ! He would have been appalled. He rose restlessly to his feet. Was it the book or . . . Could it be that the tropics were getting him down ? That was rubbish. He had had more years of the tropics than he cared to count, and he had nothing to reproach himself about. Nothing . . . He picked up the book and stood looking at the inscription on the fly-leaf.

"Jan from Tansy." Tansy. A strange name. And that enigmatic exclamation mark . . . It was like a note of laughter. Derisive laughter. He could almost hear it ringing in his ears. Her eyes slanted when she laughed. He remembered her saying something about a Russian grandmother. The Russians were a queer people. Immoral. Not that Mrs. Keeling . . .

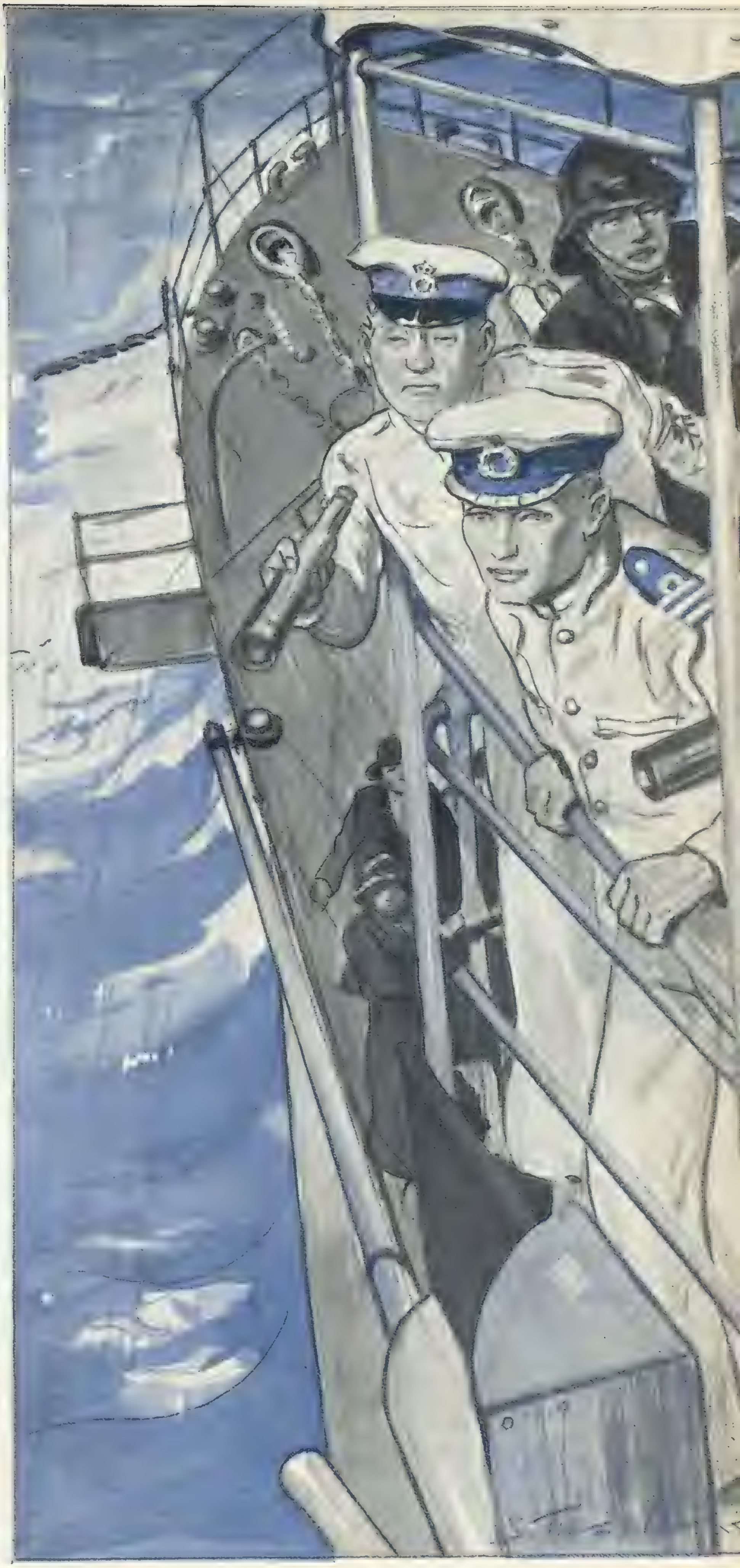
His glance wandered from the date she had written to the calendar above his desk. Odd, but it was to-day. He closed the book and thrust it into the bookshelf. He would give it back to the Commander that evening. Perhaps say something to indicate that he didn't approve of his second-in-command's taste in literature. Or rather the taste of his second-in-command's wife, whose finger-nails offended him in some obscure way. He walked to the door of his cabin and stepped out on to the quarter-deck.

The hands were "making and mending," and there was nobody on the quarter-deck except the officer of the watch, who was watching something ashore through his telescope.

Captain Lansdale stood for a moment staring at the island in whose lee he had anchored the previous afternoon. It was a low-lying coral atoll with a fringe of palm trees along the edge of the beach. His orders had been to look in there on his way to the base. The Commander-in-Chief had information that schooners employed in illicit drug-running called there. Actually there was a schooner in the harbour when the cruiser arrived. Captain Lansdale sent the officer of the guard and an armed boat's crew to search her. Rather a high-handed proceeding, but he wasn't concerned with the susceptibilities of the schooner's coloured crew. Actually they were too startled and alarmed to protest. Of course the search party found nothing on board except a harmless cargo of copra, and in the dawn she shook out her sails and slipped away below the horizon.

Captain Lansdale intended to remain at anchor for a couple of days to give the engine-room complement a stand-easy, because they had had rather a lot of sea time lately. There was nothing to do ashore. A few officers and some of the younger members of the ship's company had landed to bathe and picnic. The remainder were stretched out under the awnings asleep.

He walked to the gangway and looked out to seaward. The sky was cloudless and reflected a



*"WHERE'S the skiff?" Crombie indicated her with his glass outstretched. "He said he'd signal if he wanted a tow back. He hasn't signalled . . ."*

deep indigo in the water that stretched, ruffled by a gentle breeze, to the arc of the horizon. Here and there a line of reefs showed purple through the blue. They stretched for several miles in the direction he was looking. Except the island off which they were anchored, nothing was visible: no ship moved across the blue disc of the sea, no smoke stained the clear curve of the horizon. The nearest land was, he knew, seventy-four miles north-east of them, another coral islet like this one, a pin point in the immensity of the ocean. To the southward there was no land. Nothing till you came to the Antarctic.

Captain Lansdale's staring, unimaginative eyes came back from the horizon to his own ship. They travelled over her foremast and bridge and the ship's side and out along the lower boom, where three boats lay at their painters—a motor boat, a cutter and the skiff. The boat keeper in the cutter was dozing, with his arms folded and his chin on his chest, his sun helmet tilted over his eyes.

The ship's bell in amidships struck the hour and Captain Lansdale glanced at his watch incredulously. Only two o'clock. He felt as if he had been sitting in his cabin for hours since he finished lunch. It would be another couple of hours before the ship awoke to life again and his steward would bring him tea. After evening quarters he usually studied German for a couple of hours. He was also writing a memorandum on the training of young seamen which he intended to send to the Commander-in-Chief. He had plenty to occupy him. But he was a man of regular habits and it was his routine to work in the dog watches. He usually read between lunch and tea: naval history and the autobiographies of eminent admirals and generals. He had read every book published about the Great War: officers in command of His Majesty's ships had, in his opinion, a great deal to learn from that class of literature and he rarely departed from it. But that afternoon, because he had given the ship's company a half-holiday, he had taken one himself—if you could call reading an improper novel a holiday. Something in his reflections suddenly made him knit his brows with impatience. The thought of returning to his cabin was distasteful: it was as if there was someone there waiting for him whom he had no wish to see. Or rather . . .

He turned abruptly inboard and called for the officer of the watch.

" Get the skiff alongside. I'm going to go away fishing for a couple of hours. Have the mast and sail in the boat."

The Lieutenant, who was rather afraid of Captain Lansdale and secretly thought him a little inhuman, stood stiffly to attention, his telescope under his arm, and acknowledged his orders with a brisk salute.

Captain Lansdale walked back to his cabin and passed through into the sleeping cabin beyond. He changed into a tennis shirt, grey flannel trousers and canvas rubber-soled shoes, and finally slipped on a thin flannel blazer. From an assortment of headgear he selected a worn felt hat, and then, remembering that it was still early in the afternoon and the sun dangerous, changed it for a sun helmet.

His fishing rod was behind the door in his day cabin, with a metal spoon attached to it by a wire trace. He picked up a box containing spare spoons and traces and stood for a moment looking round the cabin. His glance rested for a moment on the novel where he had pushed it into his bookshelf among German grammars and war books. He turned and walked out on to the quarter-deck.

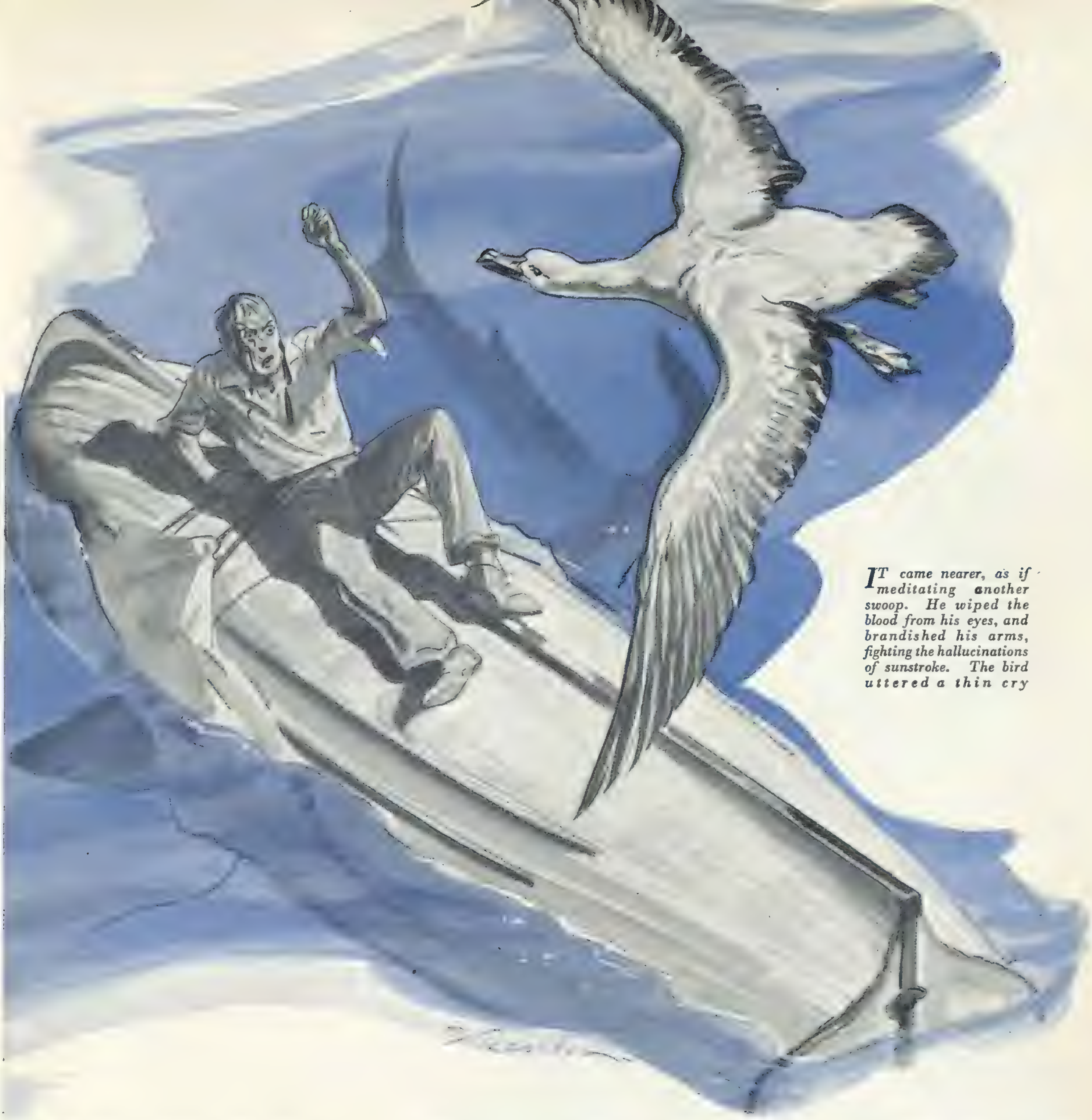
Crombie, the officer of the watch, reported the skiff alongside.

Captain Lansdale stepped to the gangway and looked down at the boat. The mast was stepped and the sail in readiness for hoisting. There were a pair of sculls in her and the tiller was shipped. The side boy stood looking up at him, holding the boat alongside the ladder.

" Tell the bridge to keep an eye on me in case I want a tow back. I am going to sail over to the reef. I'll wave my arm if I want to be fetched."

" Aye, aye, sir."

Captain Lansdale passed over the side and descended the ladder. Crombie saluted and the quartermaster and corporal of the watch stood side by side



*IT came nearer, as if meditating another swoop. He wiped the blood from his eyes, and brandished his arms, fighting the hallucinations of sunstroke. The bird uttered a thin cry*

at attention. The side boy took the rod and gaff and laid them almost reverently on the thwart.

" All right," said his Captain. " Hop out."

The boy obeyed. He rather hoped that he would have been told to stay in the boat. He would have liked to have written home and said he'd been off sailing alone with the Captain. It would have been a good deal pleasanter than keeping the afternoon watch on a make-and-mend afternoon. The quartermaster was a Busy Jimmy who had come from a Boys' Training Establishment and kept him hard at it all the afternoon putting an eye splice in a bit of frayed hemp by way of improving his seamanship. It occurred to him as he reached the quarter-deck that he might write home and say that he had brought the skiff alongside for the Captain and that the Captain had admired the way he'd done it and said to him——

" Side boy ! " The officer of the watch interrupted this flight of imagination, ordering him to nip up to the bridge and tell the Yeoman of the Watch that the Captain was away in the skiff and they were to keep an eye on her in case the Captain signalled for a tow back. As the boy trotted forward Crombie glanced to windward and asked the quartermaster what the glass was doing.

The quartermaster said it was falling.

Crombie strolled to the deck log and ran his finger down the readings of the barometer for each hour since he came on watch. He supposed the Captain knew the glass was falling. He had a barograph in his cabin and had only to glance at it. Masters, the Sub, whom Crombie had relieved at noon, turned over to him that the glass was falling very slightly. But the Navigator had gone ashore to bathe and had glanced at the log before he went over the side without making any comment. Crombie supposed it was all right for the Captain to go off to the reef in the skiff. Anyhow, it wasn't his job to wet-nurse him. He walked over to the other side of the quarter-deck and, raising his glass, resumed his observations of a native fishing in the surf with a cast net. A little line of clouds began trailing up on the wind from behind the island.

CAPTAIN LANSDALE, who, as a matter of fact, had omitted to glance at the barograph as he left his cabin, was skimming before the wind in the direction of the reefs. The breeze had strengthened since he went into his cabin to change, and here and there a reef showed white for a moment as if the smiling sunlit sea had suddenly bared its teeth. He altered course slightly, steering for deeper water.

It was pleasant, he reflected, sailing away from the ship by himself. Perhaps he stayed on board rather too much. One got into a groove ;

(*Continued on page* 120)

# Glamour Girls

Meggie Eaton, the lovely soubrette at the Windmill Theatre

Daphne Day, who was in the Follies at Dorchester House and the chorus of "And Here We Go"

RING up the curtain on the glamour girls of the leg shows, while the orchestra beats up the opening number and sets feet tapping, legs kicking, in corybantic rhythm and revel!

The "tired business man"—his wife thinks him a myth—must be entertained; young bloods with old school ties, fresh from the Rugger scrums, diverted; unromantic lives shot with the illusion of romance; complacent and luxorious ones shaken out of their lethargy by a pageant of provocative beauty.

Beyond the footlights is everything they have wanted and rarely or never found: the dream girl, snappy product of art and nature; music, colour, intoxicating movement in a world of make-believe; a smile, a glance, the batting of a mascara'd eyelid, some projection of personality which gets across and must be meant for you, *you*, watching obscurely from the stalls.

It is the confronting of the everyday and matter-of-fact by the enchanting and unachievable. Only the glare of footlights between; but 'twixt *this* world and *that*—for all but the favoured few who are privileged to forgo the dream for the reality—a gulf unbridgeable through a whole lifetime.

And for the dream girls themselves? Nothing much, maybe. Hard work, heart-breaking auditions and rehearsals, little disappointments and jealousies, never enough money, hairdressers' bills, dress bills, bills for manicure and beauty gadgets, an inexpensive home, some riding or tennis, a run out in a car in the cool night air after the show, an occasional cocktail party or night club, a few days by the sea, an air-liner trip to Paris. Maybe . . . .

But sometimes . . . drama of which the audience, sitting pretty, knows nothing. Pagliacci. Laugh, clown, laugh! The tear, and the fear, behind the painted mask.

Here, for instance, is pretty—and how pretty in Victorian poke bonnet and split crinoline!—Pamela Davidson, thrilled to have got a break with Windmill Revudeville. Between numbers she trips into a little back-stage room to tell me about herself, and it is as if a gorgeous butterfly flitted into a monk's cell.

Went to a Cheltenham academy at the age of twelve: convinced she would never be any good as a dancer: persisted, and joined a pantomime at Swindon: then a circus at Bristol, because she could ride and tumble: then Sarony's concert party at Llandudno.

"I was just mad on tap dancing . . . saw every Astaire film, sat there not

Madeleine Gibson, who played in Mr. Cochran's revue "Follow the Sun"

*The Drama behind the Footlights—Back-stage Stories of the Non-stop Revues—Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies—Tiller Girls Who Marry and Have Babies*

# of the SHOWS . . .

*By*

Trevor Allen

Adalet, the wonderful Turkish dancer in "Nuits de Folies" at the London Casino

"Edna," one of the lovely show girls in "Revudeville" at the Windmill Theatre

missing a flick of it, all thrilled and excited . . . vowed I'd be a tap dancer, too."

No one in front knew that this slim, lovely-limbed girl of the chorus with the pretty, eager face was the daughter of the Rev. Harold Davidson, ex-rector of Stiffkey. It was a closely guarded secret behind. A few days later, while she was dancing, came news of her father's tragic accident in the Skegness lion's cage.

Off with the motley, on with the mourning. She thrust the gay poke bonnet and crinoline aside, left in a hurry, stood in tears by his grave, then returned to the show with a sadness, a numbness in the heart which the footlights and limes do not, dare not, betray. She had a deep love for him. The sensational trial and unfrocking he underwent only intensified it. To her he was just Daddy, who always tried to help dancers and chorus girls. Now she was one herself, and he had passed on, oh! so tragically.

Another iridescent flitting into the little back-stage cell: this time Bobbie Cooper, as charming and lovely. No black-edged break to her story, but a halo of back-stage romance. A London girl, she played juvenile at eleven, went through a dancing school, got into Palladium pantomime, went on the road, lived in theatrical "digs" in the provinces, played in almost every town in the country.

Then she came to the Windmill, met a singer in the show, fell in love with him. Wedding bells, but no honeymoon. Back in the show, bride and bridegroom, the same night. Business as usual. Off duty she is open-air: rides in the Row and Richmond Park, never feels too tired for it after the day's, the week's, work.

And what work! Five shows a day, 2 p.m. to 11.30, six scenes a show, thirty changes, six days a week. Mornings, sometimes, filming at a distant studio. For a time these Windmill girls, in their spare time, even formed their own unofficial flying club at Brooklands, and took flying lessons. Meggie Eaton, premier leading lady, was specially crazy on stunts and loops, and may yet get her certificate. Yes, they do *work*.

They once fixed a pedometer on Edna Wood, and found that she danced three miles in a day. That meant she had danced approximately 15,000 miles during the five years or so she had been at the Windmill—say, from London to China and then some.

There are sixteen troupe girls here, five show girls—the lovelies who demonstrate that, in the matter of covering, brevity is the soul of *It*. Most of them have stayed four, five years. Doris Barry, film star at the age of five, hailed as a future Mary Pickford, ballet dancer with Markova, has been there since Mrs. Laura Henderson founded non-stop revue at the Windmill five and a half years ago.

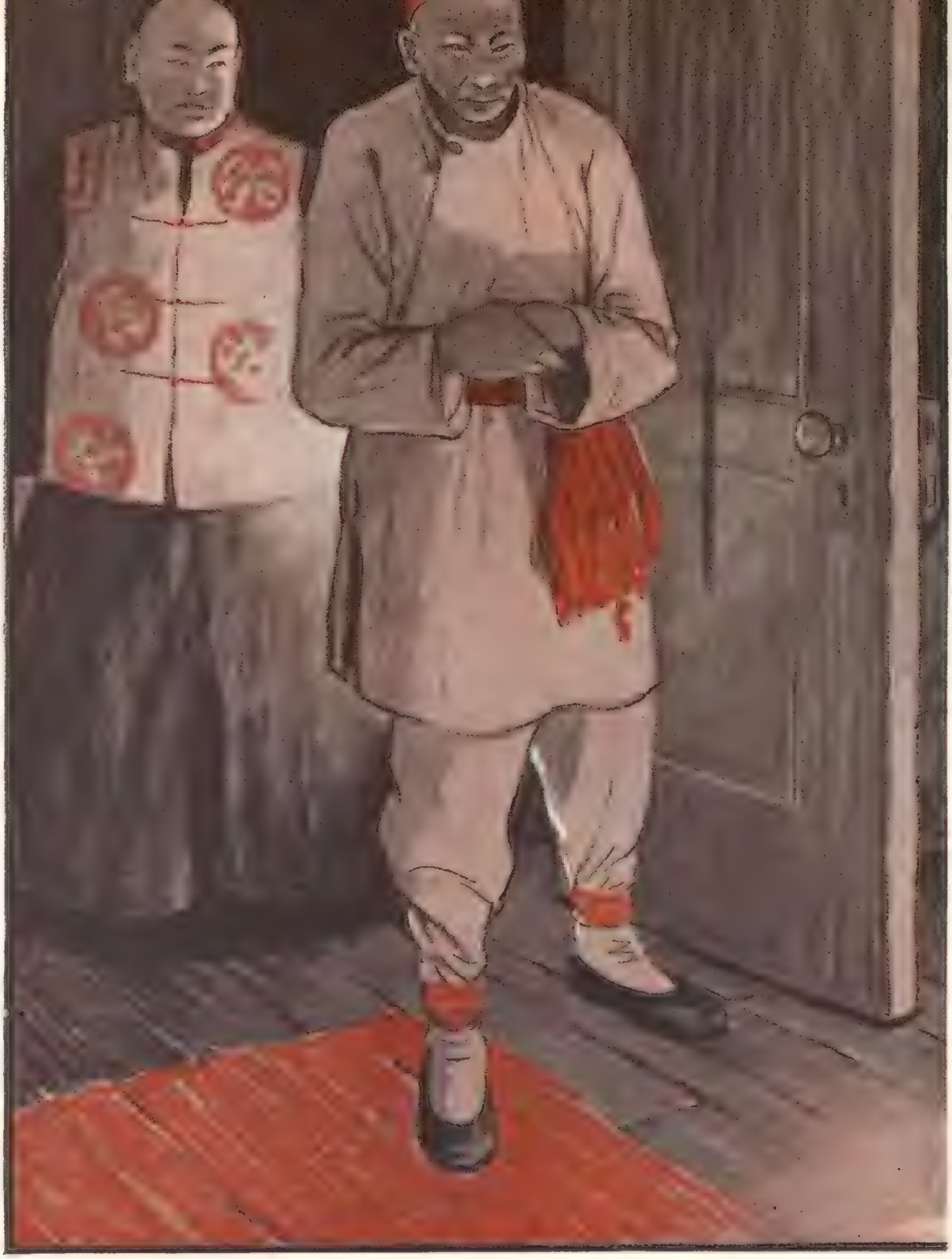
They stick *(Continued on page 110)*

Miss Betty Hartnell, as she appeared in "Beauté des Femmes" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, where she gave more than 4,000 performances

# The Man who

### *How a Plot was frustrated in that International City of the East*

Illustrated by
George D. Alexander



JIM ANGERS found the whole conversation rather boring. The girl was so obviously stupid, and so painfully anxious to seem unimpressed by her travels! She was a fluffy, blonde little thing, with a rosebud mouth, blue eyes, and a quantity of hair that looked as if it had never been brushed. She was delicately but indefinitely perfumed.

"An awfully charming girl," Tommy Raines had told him. "You'll like her. She's on a cruise with her aunt. They've got just two days in Shanghai, and they're frightfully keen to learn about the night life. So I promised I'd introduce them to someone who knew Shanghai backwards."

"Why pick on me?"

"Because you do, old boy. You're absolutely the last word. Besides, you'll like Ellen Hull. She's awfully charming."

Angers reflected that "awfully charming" was what Tommy Raines found most girls. Six years in the consular service seemed to have given him no more discrimination regarding the feminine sex than he had had when he first got out from England. Take this Ellen Hull, for instance; chattering away at him out of the depths of her profound ignorance:

". . . I certainly would never consider the Chinese dangerous—I mean, not as a people. They may be individually, of course; I can quite understand that they might bear grudges, and be willing to stab a white man in the back for something he'd done to them. But all this talk about Europeans in the concessions living on the edge of a volcano seems to me greatly exaggerated."

Her voice went on, but Angers' mind wandered off. A bellboy from the hotel had just come in and handed Raines a telegram. Raines had interrupted his conversation with Ellen Hull's aunt in order to read it and was now staring at it as if hypnotised. Angers wondered what the telegram said. Suddenly Raines folded the yellow paper and walked towards him.

"I beg your pardon, but may I interrupt for a moment? Jim, you know Gerald Campbell, don't you?"

"You mean the secretary of the Council for the International Concessions?"

"Yes. Have you seen him lately?"

"Not that I remember. Why?"

"He's disappeared. Hasn't been seen for three days."

"What about it?"

"Nothing. Price is a bit upset, that's all."

"He would be!"

Angers laughed shortly and turned to meet the mocking glance of Ellen Hull.

"They keep tabs on white people pretty well in this city," he said.

"So I notice. Who's Price?"

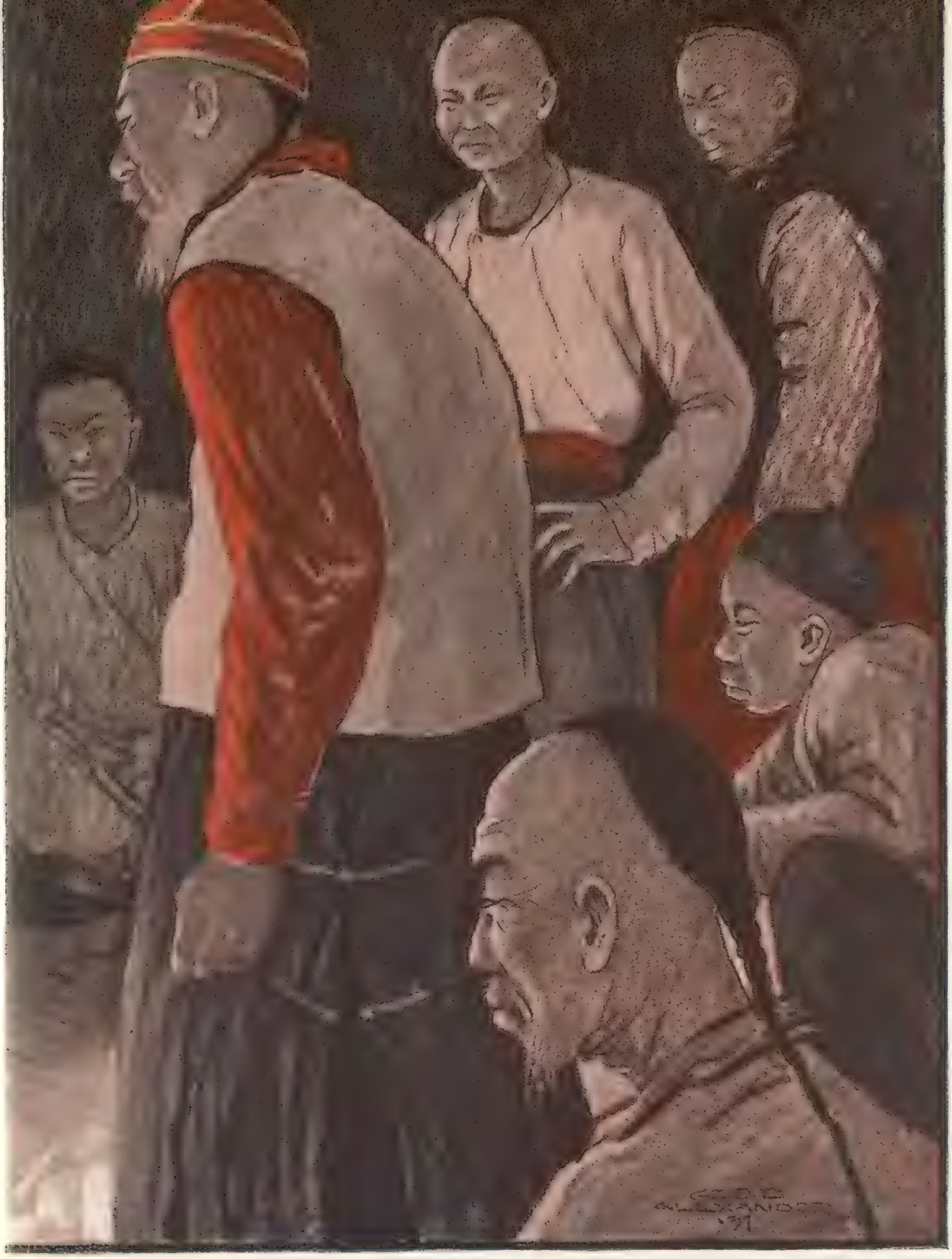
"President of the Council."

"I see."

Ellen Hull managed to put such a lot of derision into the last two words that Angers flushed. He was getting rather tired of this silly little girl's attitude of constant disparagement. What, after all, did she know of the East; of China in particular; and of Shanghai more particularly still? There were, as he well knew, parts of the native Chinese city that had never been heard of even by residents of the concessions—much less by anybody from the outside. And there had been, even within the last few years, one or two unexplained disappearances of Europeans. The trouble with most of the white people living in Shanghai was that they did not realise that they were not so much living on the edge of a volcano as

# knew Shanghai

### By William C. Jackson



*THE man who had been speaking looked keenly at Angers. "It is necessary, then, that you shall hear some of the plans on which we have decided, brother," he said*

sitting on top of a barrel of gunpowder which might explode without warning at any minute and blow them all sky-high. But it was obviously useless to explain this to anyone like Ellen Hull. She'd only laugh or make some sarcastic remark about the white man's burden.

Instead, Angers asked her if she'd have another cocktail. She refused. He began to talk about her trip, and in a little while it was time for dinner. Angers said good night to Ellen Hull and her aunt, and thanked Raines for what he was polite enough to call a very pleasant time. Then he returned to his flat.

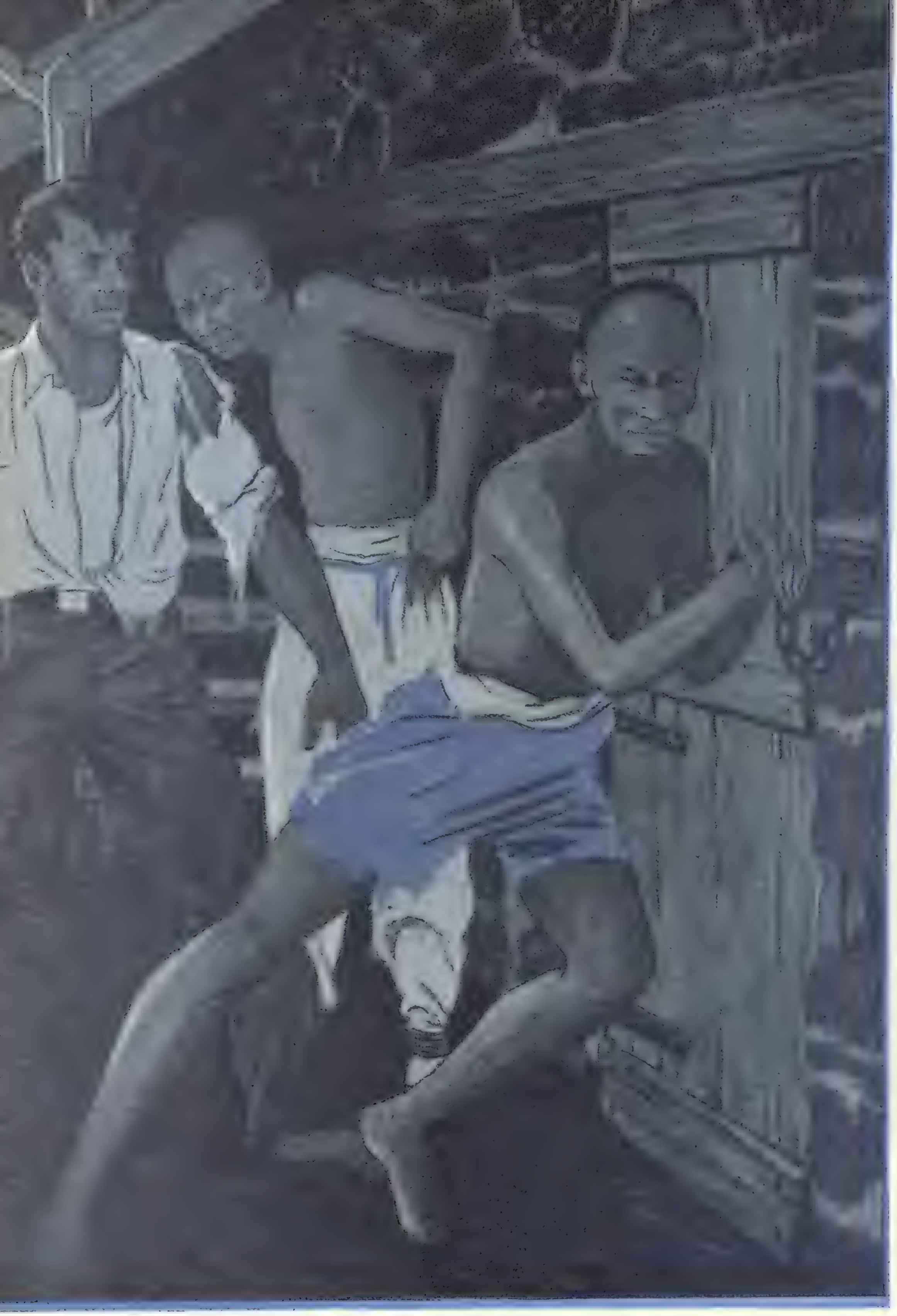
A few hours later he was standing by the open casement of that same flat, gazing towards the Chinese city. It began on the other side of a bridge not more than a hundred yards away, and, although the hour was nearly midnight, it was still far from quiet. From where he stood, five stories above the ground, Angers could see streets filled with a motley throng, constantly moving in opposite directions, and, from time to time, he heard the sharp report of exploding fireworks as the Chinese celebrated the incoming of their new year. For two or three minutes he had been revolving a question in his mind, without having found the answer. The question was whether or not he should disguise himself as a Chinese and plunge into the lower depths of the native city.

An hour earlier, passing the corner of a crowded street on his way back from dinner, he had heard three words which had stirred his imagination and set his thoughts racing to streets and places which he could not see, but which he knew existed. They were places which brought back the keenest recollections of his youth, passed among an alien people with whom he had lived as one of themselves. Through such places, as he well knew, ran the deep undercurrent of native life that was the greatest of all menaces to the safety of the concessions. Few people even knew of the existence of such places, except by hearsay, and still fewer had ever entered them. They were absolutely closed against Europeans and against all save a comparatively small number of Chinese.

The incident had passed so swiftly that at the time Angers had not been sure that it was more than a product of his imagination; but now, standing at the window and looking towards the Chinese city, he realised suddenly that the words had not been imagined, but had been addressed directly to him. He turned from the window and walked quickly into his bedroom. When the door of that bedroom opened again an hour later, there emerged a wrinkled old Chinese.

Leaving his flat by the back way, he climbed, swiftly but silently, down the fire-escape, thrilling with a wild excitement at the thought of the adventure before him. He knew that very great danger attended his enterprise, but the thought of it only added to the keenness of his zest for undertaking it.

He crossed the bridge, and entered the Chinese city. After a little while he entered a congeries of narrow, winding streets, hung with paper lanterns and crowded with natives. Men, women and children jostled and pushed one another in all directions. Perspiring coolies, dragging rickshaws containing wealthy Chinese, fought their way through the crowd. Firecrackers exploded at irregular intervals. Everyone laughed and talked



*HE was pushed into the room by a Chinese, who instantly slammed the door shut behind him and bolted it*

at the same time. The din was terrific. Angers, carried slowly along in that human tide, experienced a sharp reawakening of youthful memories. The pungent, exotic smell of the Chinese city—that reek of spice and garlic and crowded humanity, which he had almost forgotten—assailed his nostrils once again, bringing with it vivid recollections of the past. He threw back his head and sniffed it eagerly.

He turned down street after street, until he came to one that was little better than an alley, running between dilapidated wooden houses. It was very dark and practically deserted. He entered it and moved cautiously along for about fifty yards. He stopped in front of a plain wooden doorway, knocked ten times, paused, and then knocked ten times more. After a few seconds the door was opened very slightly. The face of a very old Chinese woman appeared in the aperture, and a voice, ordinarily shrill but now hushed, demanded to know what Angers wanted.

" I wish to enter that I may be at peace," Angers replied instantly.

" And how would you be at peace ? " the woman demanded.

" By the blood-red poppy that brings sleep to the weary," Angers answered.

" Enter then and be at peace," the woman said, opening the door to admit him.

Angers passed inside and found himself in a narrow passage, which, despite the lapse of years since he had last seen it, was as familiar to him as if he had been there yesterday. He heard the woman close and lock the door behind him, and then, lighted by the lantern which she carried, he followed her down the lengthy, winding passage.

They came, after a little, to a flight of wooden steps, leading upwards. A fat Chinese rose from a small stool to greet them as they approached. He addressed Angers.

" Will your honourable Excellency be pleased to mount the stairs ? "

Angers shook his head.

" I seek not the pipe," he said.

The man shot him a swift glance, but his face retained its genial expression.

" Then how may I serve your honourable Excellency ? "

" You know well," replied Angers, keeping his eyes fixed on the oily countenance in front of him.

The Chinese met his eyes for a few seconds and then looked away. His smile became more deprecating.

" But how should I know, if it is not the pipe that you seek ? "

" Many who come here tonight seek not the pipe," Angers answered. " I am of their number."

The Chinese eyed him narrowly.

" The password," he said.

For a moment Angers was completely stunned. A password was something that he had not counted on. He hesitated and looked away. He could feel the man's eyes boring into him. Then, with a sudden flash of inspiration, a word that he had heard at the street corner, which had seemed to him at the time apparently meaningless, darted into his mind.

He turned his head to keep his face as much as possible in the shadow.

" Freedom," he said.

Instantly the man's attitude changed from one of growing suspicion to one of friendliness.

" You speak well, brother," he remarked. " Follow me ! "

He took the lamp from the woman and led the way down another passage, at the end of which was a door. The Chinese rapped four times. After a few seconds the door was opened. Angers stepped forward and entered a large bare room in which about twenty-five natives were squatting on mats spread over the floor. One of them was speaking, but paused at his entrance. A number of them looked up, regarding him curiously. Angers kept close to the wall, averting his face as much as possible from the light cast by a single oil lamp that stood in the centre of the room. He moved with seeming nonchalance to a point where the shadows were deepest. The man who had opened the door spoke :

" A brother who has arrived late."

The man who had been speaking looked keenly at Angers.

" It is necessary, then, that you shall hear some of the plans on which we have decided, brother," he said.

" I am sorry to be late, and I shall be glad to hear the plans, brother," said Angers.

The man who had spoken, and who had appeared to be the leader of the group, was an old Chinese of apparent breeding and refinement. But Angers, although possessing an unusual knowledge of the inhabitants of Shanghai, was unable to place him. He sat at one end of the room with his back against the wall. The other Chinese in the room were also natives of the better type. They sat with extreme stillness, their yellow, impassive faces turned towards the speaker. The old Chinese addressed Angers again.

" The blow for freedom will be struck on the day following to-morrow at midnight. Everything has been prepared. We are thirty thousand in strength. We have rifles and plenty of ammunition. We already have many men scattered through the concessions, each of whom has his appointed task. There can be no possibility of failure. When we strike as one man, thirty thousand of us, the accursed Europeans will be wiped out. The concessions will be utterly destroyed. Many more Chinese will aid us in our victory and the Europeans will be utterly exterminated. Then we shall tear down and burn up the concessions, so that they shall have nothing to come back to. All their buildings will be ruined and their money will be lost. Forty-eight hours from now Shanghai will be a Chinese city for the Chinese."

The old man ceased speaking. His face remained comparatively unperturbed, but his voice betrayed his emotion.

" It is good," replied Angers, " to know that everything has been so well and carefully prepared, but has the preparation been great enough ? The European nations will not take the massacre of their people lightly. Their revenge will be swift and terrible. They will strike with their armies and navies almost before the cries of our victims have died away. What we shall do to them will be as nothing compared with what they will do to us in return. Therefore I beg of you to think well before you strike. Remember what happened at Peiping in the days of the Boxer Rebellion ! What will happen now will be twice what happened then. Our people will be punished as never have we been punished before."

His words produced exactly the effect he had anticipated. A murmur of astonishment, mingled with indignation, ran around the room. It was broken by the voice of the old Chinese.

" Punished ! Who says we shall be punished or have ever been punished ? We have been overcome by superior force, it is true. But what people have not ? Also it is true that our methods of fighting have not been so good as those of the Western nations. But who says that, for any act, the Chinese have been punished ? "

Angers took a deliberate step forward, and spoke with authority :

" I say so. And I say further that the Chinese who think that they can throw the Europeans out of China are fools and betrayers of their race. They think only of themselves, and of what a revolution may profit them in pillage and rapine. They think nothing of what must come after."

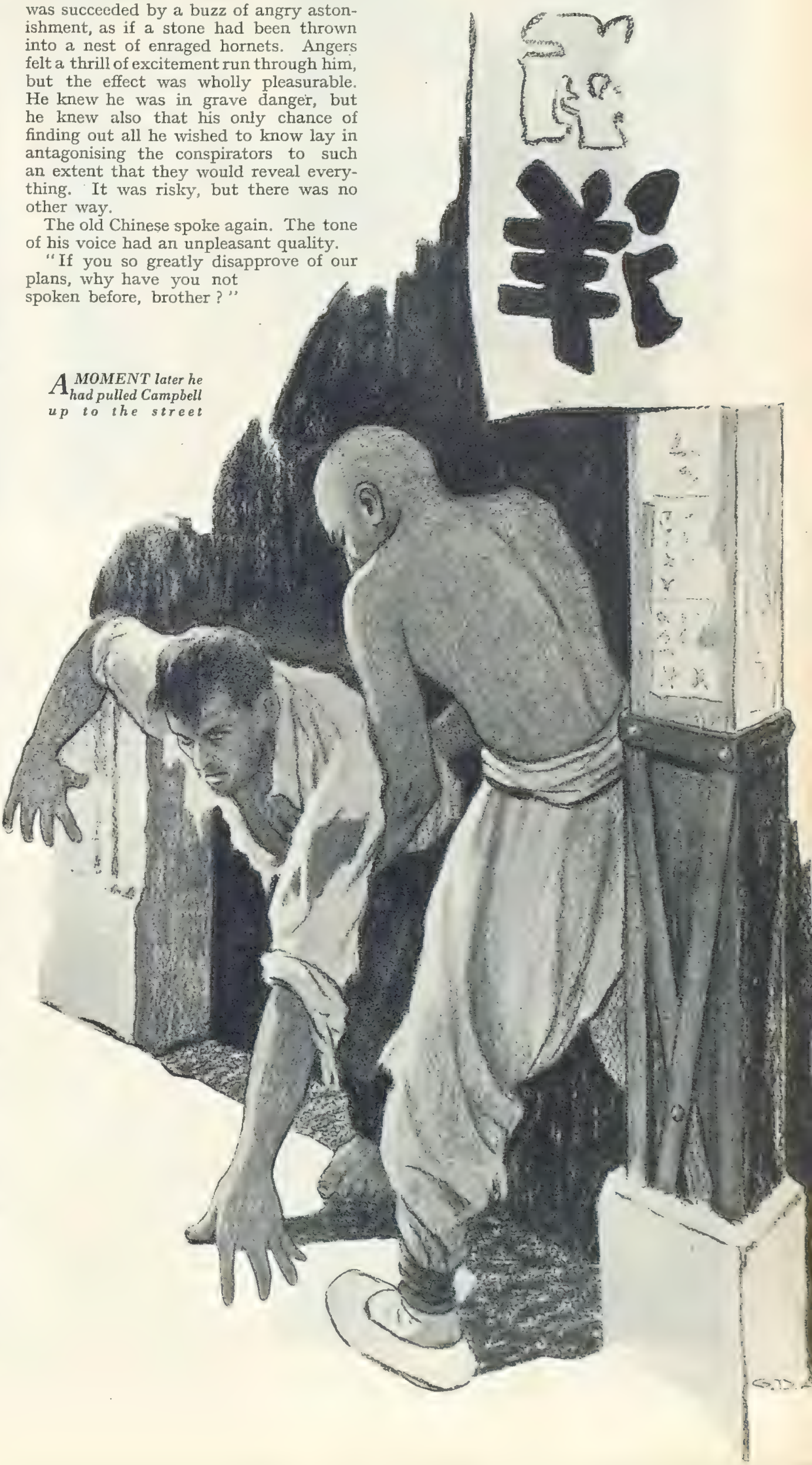
A dead silence followed his words. It was succeeded by a buzz of angry astonishment, as if a stone had been thrown into a nest of enraged hornets. Angers felt a thrill of excitement run through him, but the effect was wholly pleasurable. He knew he was in grave danger, but he knew also that his only chance of finding out all he wished to know lay in antagonising the conspirators to such an extent that they would reveal everything. It was risky, but there was no other way.

The old Chinese spoke again. The tone of his voice had an unpleasant quality.

" If you so greatly disapprove of our plans, why have you not spoken before, brother ? "

" Because I had not known your plans before," Angers replied boldly, " and I had little thought there was so much folly in the heart of any of the Chinese."

Once again there was silence. Angers could feel rather than see the solid mass of yellow bodies closing in on him from both sides and (*Continued on page* 137)



*A MOMENT later he had pulled Campbell up to the street*

# BOOKS:

## *Escaping from Life*

## By Arnold Palmer

MICHAEL ARLEN, *whose book of short stories, "The Crooked Coronet," is most enjoyable*

IT is not always easy to say what one thinks about a book. For there are different classes of books, more or less praiseworthy, and it is necessary, but often rather difficult, to appreciate successively an indifferent sample of a superior class and a good specimen of an inferior type of literature. Without any scales to weigh them on, who can say whether a pretty good detective story is better than a pretty bad novel by a coal miner? The key word to this query is, of course, "better." It may be possible, it is certainly convenient, to compare one lyric poem with another, one historical biography with another. Between two books belonging to opposed categories, comparison is as hopeless as between a leg-glide and a slice of Gruyère cheese. Each, good or bad of its kind, has no apt relation to the other. And if you don't like Gruyère? What then?

## *Travel*

### "'Charmina' on the Riviera": *by E. Keble Chatterton*

(Hurst and Blackett, 12s. 6d.)

MR. CHATTERTON has already described his trips in his 6-ton yawl through Brittany and to the Mediterranean. This volume completes the trilogy of his sailings from Devonshire to the Gulf of Genoa and back again, and in itself is mainly concerned with the journey east from Toulon. All those people who are familiar with the French and Italian Rivieras, as well as every amateur yachtsman, will share the pleasure of Mr. Chatterton's pages, though for different reasons. Here is a new angle—fashionable watering places estimated not for their casinos and tennis clubs, but for their harbour facilities. There are numerous illustrations, reproduced from snapshots, but alas! no index to a volume in which one often wants to turn back.

### "My Wales": *by Rhys Davies*

(Jarrolds, 7s. 6d.)

HERE is another book which badly needs an index. Mr. Rhys Davies's Wales is spiritual rather than local. He takes us all over the place, but always with the idea of showing us a country and a people different from, and resistant to, our own. One likes to think that an individuality so tough will not be broken down by all the volumes now being devoted to it. There are some striking photographs of miners scattered amongst Mr. Davies's pages, as well as of the conventional beauty spots, and some of the author's best writing will be found in his description and explanation of the situation in South Wales. *My Wales* is a companion volume to similar studies on England, Scotland and Ireland by Edward Shanks, A. G. Macdonell and Lord Dunsany respectively.

I don't altogether like Mr. James Hill's novel, *Loving Memory* (Collins, 6s.), for the not strictly critical reason that it is concerned with the kind of people whom I dislike in print and in the flesh—the inhabitants of a small corner of that world of intellectual introverts where each believes himself to be redeemed by a simple, earthy spontaneity denied to his fellow residents. I think a reviewer must listen to his own personal predilections; but not exclusively. Mr. Hill's story, then, is individual and well written, save for a too artificial ending; it is also short, for the admirable reason that its author's style is fit and muscled and unflabby. In fact, this little novel is a good piece of work which will give pleasure to many discriminating readers. I should like to include myself among their number, but—there it is!—I feel that the hero and his lady friends are a complacent set of humbugs, not worth my time or Mr. Hill's.

Fearfully good breeding, rather than muscle, has always been the mark of Mr. Vachell's prose. His new novel, *The Golden House* (Cassell, 8s. 6d.), his forty-seventh work of fiction, is about a young gentleman who, being left impoverished on the death of his father, goes into a wine business of high, wide and unblemished repute, and thereby so shocks a young lady of the County that she has to walk out of the room. How it takes one back! That has always been Mr. Vachell's speciality, and he is at his most avuncular and knowing in this atmosphere of Bath, port and Harrow—old buildings, old wine, and old school ties.

After this the short stories of Mr. Michael Arlen have a disrespectfulness which gives them, for all their artificiality, almost an air of reality. *The Crooked Coronet* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.) is Mr. Arlen's thirteenth book, but it can hardly bring bad luck to him or his publisher. It consists of eleven stories, all compiled of that mixture of slickness, superficiality, and shrewdness which is the delight of his admirers and the bane of his detractors. There are many "good lines" in his pages—so many that he can afford to allow me to say that I particularly enjoyed his description of the gentleman who "was a perfect martyr to bankruptcy"—and

ELIZABETH SPRIGGE, *author of "The Son of the House," a clever novel which contains many well-written scenes* many amusing scenes and witty inventions. Indeed, I have found this the most enjoyable and the least tiresome of all Mr. Arlen's works. Its repeated challenge, however, to our memories of *The New Arabian Nights* must surely be taken as a sign of Mr. Arlen's modesty. It cannot be meant seriously.

*The Lady with Feet of Gold* (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.) offers another escape from reality, but it is an open and avowed one. Mr. James Francis Dwyer, the author, glories in his romanticism, and indulges in it with an infectious zest. This story of a treasure-filled cavern in the Sahara is not great literature, but it moves and has a not unpleasing swagger. *The Girl Who Wanted Experience*, by Lee Shippey (Harrap, 7s. 6d.), is unreal rather than romantic. In spite of its title, it is the story of a small town. But Mr. Shippey seems to have observed not life but the films. All his characters, all his inventions, come straight from Hollywood and nowhere else. Are there nowadays, one wonders, writers of novels who aim at the director and the scenario staff rather than at the reading public? Mr. Shippey's novel could be adapted, with a minimum of trouble, for the screen. It would not, however, make a very good film—not even as a supporting item.

*FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG, author of "They Seek a Country." A good piece of work which deserves and demands to be taken seriously*

*T. EVERETT HARRÉ, author of "Behold the Woman!" An Alexandrian story in the early days of Christianity*

We enter a different world in *The Son of the House*, by Elizabeth Sprigge (Collins, 7s. 6d.), a world in which people are observed and patiently taken to pieces. We watch the slow and cruel dismemberment of the hero, a young man straight out of a Noel Coward part. Self-centred, inconsiderate of others and only interested in endless analysis of his own almost non-existent character, he wears a yellow jumper and is irresistible to women. For long he is unable to decide whether to be an artist or a farmer, but finally solves the problem by running a Pacifist magazine. Miss Sprigge's clever novel contains many well-written scenes. Whether this type of young man is worth such a full and ruthless *exposé* is a question which will be asked only by those people who have not met and suffered from him and his like.

A new novel (his twenty-seventh) by Mr. Francis Brett Young is called *They Seek a Country* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.). It is a long book, not because long books are now the fashion, but because this author has always preferred to work on a large canvas, and it tells the story of a boy who, a hundred years ago, was convicted of poaching, sentenced at the Worcester Assizes to deportation for life to Botany Bay, escaped on the South African shore and, after many adventures, achieved a career and a position in that as yet unsettled land. Mr. Brett Young is not a dynamic or compelling writer, and he seldom makes us feel that he writes his books because he must. But in all art there are, thank heaven, many forms of delight. If you read one of Mr. Brett Young's novels after an Aldous Huxley or an E. M. Forster, it may seem to lack wings. But there are few writers whose work, by a simple comparison, can show up an amateur's more sharply than his The amount of thought, hard work and knowledge which he puts into a book is quite beyond the capacity of most of the people writing novels to-day. His new book is like its predecessors, a good piece of work which deserves and demands to be taken seriously. *(Continued on page 118)*

*JAMES FRANCIS DWYER, whose novel "The Lady with Feet of Gold" is an adventure story of a treasure-filled cavern in the Sahara*

## *Autobiography*

### "Georgian Adventure": *by Douglas Jerrold*

(Collins, 15s.)

MR. JERROLD'S title means this—that almost all his years of manhood so far, from seventeen to forty-two, were passed while George V was on the throne, and that this volume of recollections and confessions was begun at a time when it seemed reasonable to assume that it would be published before that reign was over. The author's recollections go back to Queen Victoria. The confessions, or more precisely the political arguments, are wholly Georgian. It was for their sake, it appears, that he wrote this book, but more readers than one will find the early pages the most pleasurable. As a political thinker, Mr. Jerrold is forceful and trenchant, but beneath his vigour there are signs of vagueness and the common political fault of ignoring inconvenient facts. (For instance, after reading his long analysis of the Spanish situation, one has to remind oneself of the presence of German and Italian troops in the Peninsula). On the other hand, his descriptive passages are admirable. He is splendidly aware of his own immediate responses to men and women.

### "The Russia that I Loved": *by Nadine Wonlar-Larsky*

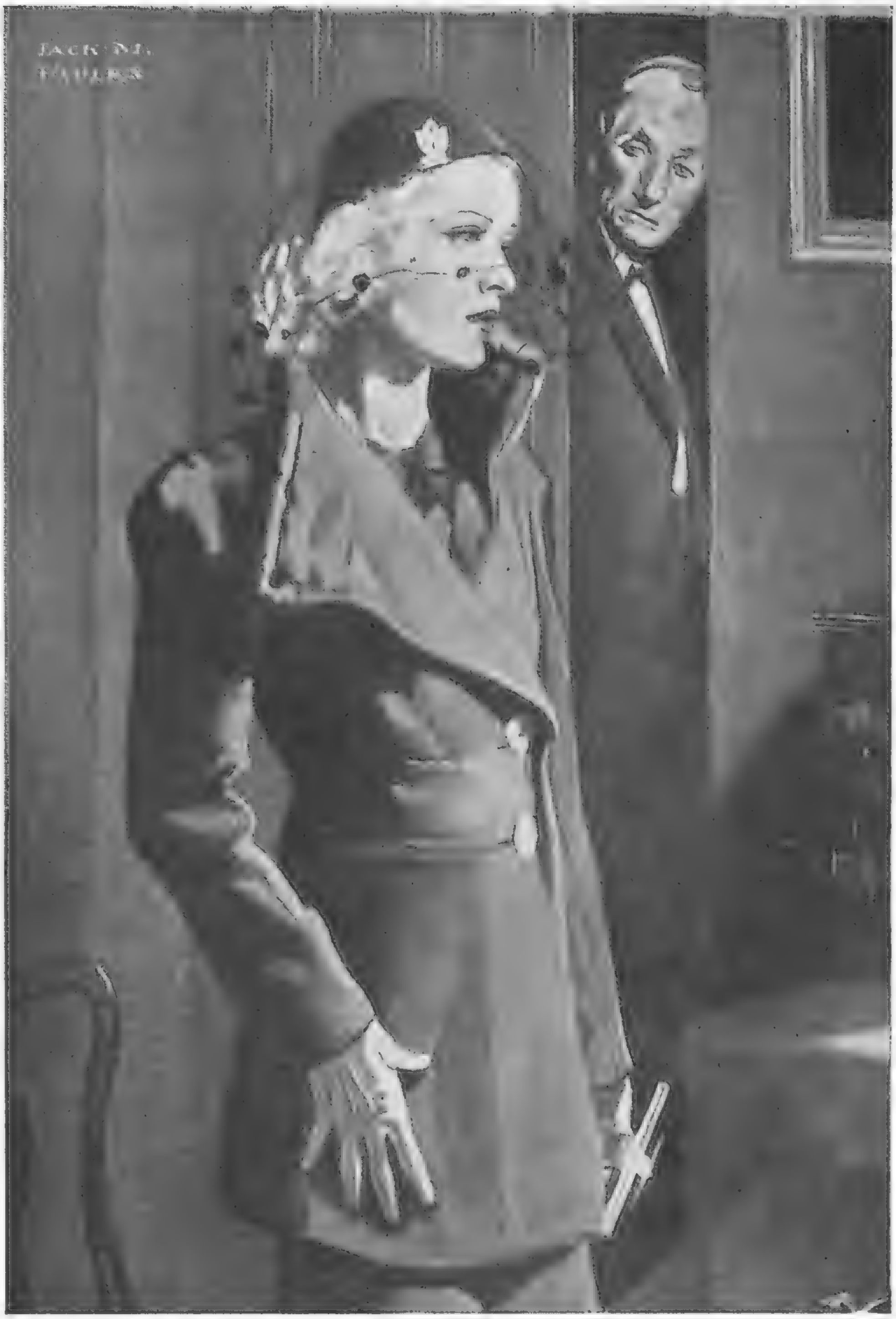
(MacSwinney, 7s. 6d.)

A GREAT many Russian *émigrés* have described their lives before and during the Revolution, but there is always room for a simple and unpretentious narrative dealing with a social upheaval. Mrs. Wonlar-Larsky comes of a family well known in Court and fashionable circles in old St. Petersburg. She is old enough to remember that life, and young enough to have adapted herself to English ways; she thus has a true perspective whichever way she looks. It is this perspective which justifies her in doing again what so many others have already done; it is the distinguishing, but not the only characteristic of a quiet, modest, and always readable story.

*DOUGLAS JERROLD*

# The Doctor Ordered

*Illustrated by*
*Jack M. Faulks*



BEFORE Doctor Thorne left the library he remembered to give a few medical injunctions to his eighty-year-old patient.

"Just a light diet over Christmas, Lady Chelcombe," he said, bending over her thin, jewel-laden hand. "A very moderate helping of turkey, and, of course, absolute quiet."

Because he had a sense of humour, Doctor Thorne hid a smile. Absolute quiet was so much a part of Chelcombe Towers that a clock striking seemed an affront to the velvety silence which hung over the spacious rooms which embalmed Lady Chelcombe like a mummy.

If the doctor's daughter had not just presented him with his fourth grandchild, he would have considered telling the self-engrossed widow of Sir Henry Chelcombe that there was nothing organically wrong with her at all. For her age she was hale and hearty, and would probably live to be well over ninety. But his daily visits to Chelcombe Towers mounted up to a considerable sum by the end of each year, and so he kept his peace, and went on prescribing mild digestives, milder tonics, and, above all, that quiet in which she loved to sit, looking fixedly into her past.

"I wonder what the old dame does think about," thought Dr. Thorne, irreverently, as he started up his Ford car and drove off down the long frosty avenue. "Herself, I bet. Hard as nails, inside and out," was his summing up of the widow of that grand old sportsman knight, Sir Henry Chelcombe, K.C.B., who had hunted well into the eighties himself.

The county's verdict was the same, for the county remembered something Doctor Thorne had only heard of. Twenty-four years ago she had quarrelled with her son, because he had insisted on marrying the daughter of a garage proprietor, and he subsisted thereafter in a far-off colony on a meagre allowance from his immensely rich mother, and died there unforgiven.

No one ever mentioned Arthur Chelcombe's name to his mother. Doctor Thorne's predecessor had warned him of this.

"There's a grandson, I believe," Doctor Dyke had said, "but she's never seen him, and never will. I don't suppose she even knows his name."

But Doctor Dyke was wrong there. Old Lady Chelcombe knew very well that Arthur's son had been born on Christmas Day twenty-three years ago, and that his name, in consequence, was Noel. She had made a spidery entry in the Old Testament of her Bible to this effect in the year he was born, and on every successive Christmas Day she devoted some time to thinking of him.

Devoted is wrong. The thought of Noel came unbidden, mixed up with the thought of Arthur, and of a certain letter which still lay unposted in a drawer of the bureau which she could see from her high-backed chair as she sat by the slow-burning fire behind its grille of steel.

Impertinent death had robbed her of the chance of sending that letter to Arthur, summoning him back. And after that her pride forbade her to approach "that woman," as Mrs. Arthur Chelcombe had always been named by her august mother-in-law. And now that woman was dead too, and goodness knows what had become of Noel . . .

It would have been easy to find out. A telephone call to her lawyer would have set the machinery to work which would have drawn the boy back from the ends of the earth, presumably, if she had wanted him.

Did she want him ?

This was one of the things the "old dame" had to think of, as she held out her hands to the fire. They were very old hands, but still rather beautiful—white and gently wrinkled and loaded with rings. Looking at the fire through sheltering fingers, Lady Chelcombe went on thinking. Even if she beat down her pride, it would be very disturbing to see him, and a great effort. Yet there was no harm in wondering what he was like.

Arthur had been fair, and that woman dark. Which would he take after ? Would he inherit the high hawk nose of the Wyverns (Lady Chelcombe had been a Wyvern) or the florid high-coloured

# Quiet

*Pride had its fall when the Old Lady realised that blood is thicker than water*

## *By* Lady Troubridge

handsomeness which had been Henry Chelcombe's? Or, horrible thought, the small, shrewd eyes and sharp features of the garage proprietor, long ago in his grave, where Lady Chelcombe's hatred followed him.

It was not unpleasant dozing and dreaming by the fire. Youth may have long thoughts, but Lady Chelcombe's thoughts seemed endless that late afternoon. They had got as far back as Arthur's christening (he wore a lace robe and a little close cap) when Morrison, who had been umpteen years with her, entered softly, and coughed gently to announce that he had done so. In his hand was a defiantly red-berried mass of holly, at which Lady Chelcombe stared blankly.

"What's that, Morrison?"

"Holly, milady," said Morrison, half apologetically. "I was just going to put up a few . . . er . . . decorations, when your ladyship had gone upstairs to dress for dinner."

Lydia, thin, grey and spinster-like, now appeared. She had been her personal maid for almost as many years as Morrison had butlered at the Towers, and cherished a secret and entirely unrequited passion for him.

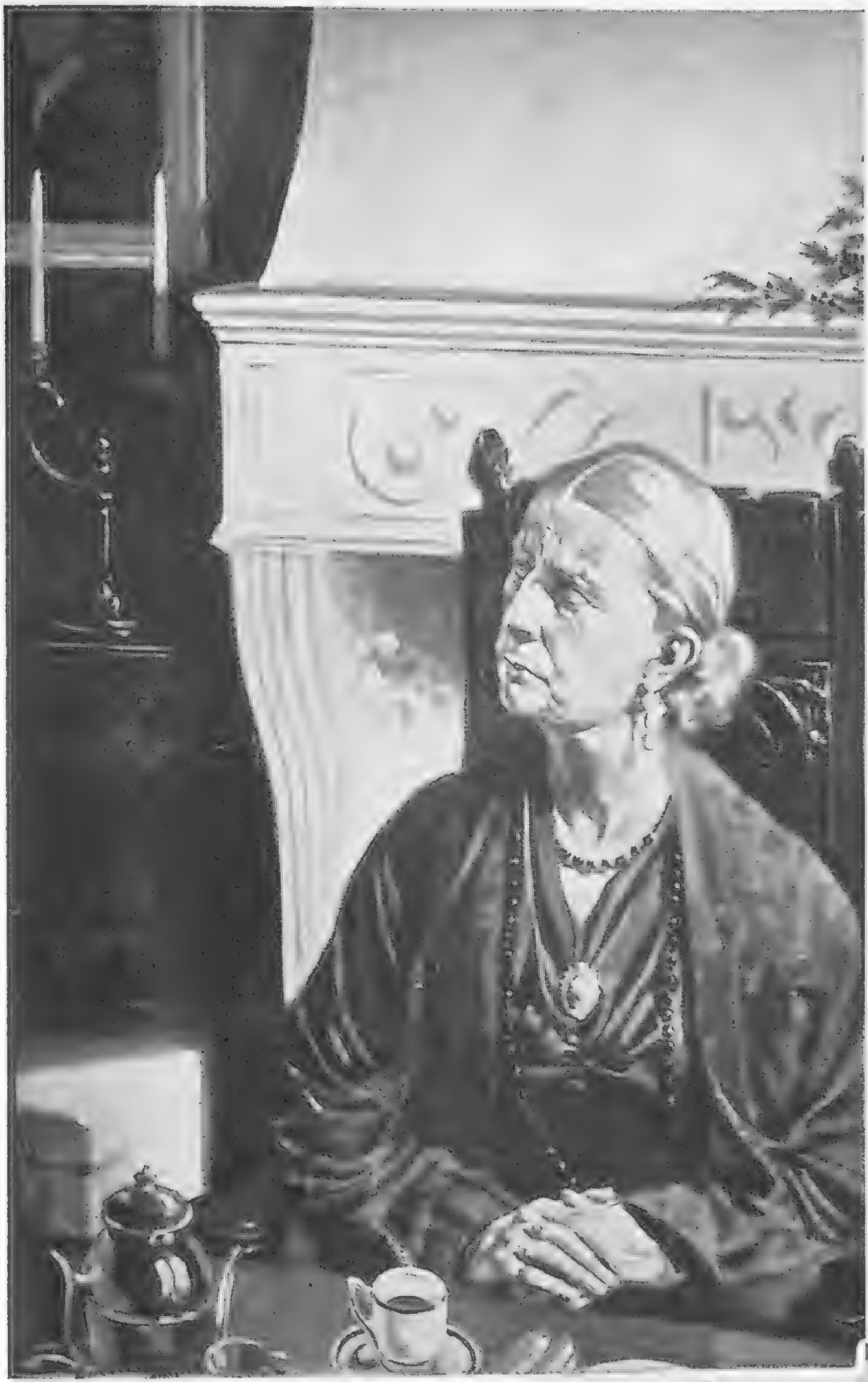
Depositing the holly on a table, Morrison offered his arm on one side, and Lydia hers on the other, and in this fashion Lady Chelcombe, who scorned the weakness of dining in bed, was assisted up the shallow oaken staircase, gleaming under the unshaded electric light, to the great old-fashioned bedroom, the furnishing of which had been considered the last word in the 'seventies. After which little ceremony Morrison hurried down to place a few sprigs of holly along the mantelpiece in the library, and dispose a few more over the portraits of aloof-looking dead and gone Chelcombes which hung on the walls, with a Wyvern or two thrown in.

"Holly's all very well," thought Morrison, performing this seasonable task. "But what's the good of holly without young folks to enjoy the sight of it?"

And if no one else was sorry for Lady Chelcombe, he was. All the sorrier because she never seemed to know what she missed.

AT seven forty-five came the crash.

Morrison heard it in the library, though at first he thought it was just an aeroplane



*"SIT down, Miss Winter," she said, "and have some coffee. You must have had a cold drive"*

flying low, and making a good deal of noise. The footman heard it in the pantry, and thought it was a high-powered car. The cook heard it as she was mixing a delicate sauce for the fish, and clapped her hand to her heart. And the scullery maid heard it, and said "Lor'! Whatever was that?" Lydia heard it just as she was fastening a bracelet on Lady Chelcombe's wrist. And Lydia alone, whose favourite nephew was in the Air Force, interpreted the sinister sound aright.

"It's an aeroplane crashed somewhere in the park, I do believe!" she said loudly, and dropped the old-fashioned bracelet on to Lady Chelcombe's prune lap.

"What will you think of next?" said Lady Chelcombe crossly. "It's probably one of the keepers shooting a rat." And she held out her wrist with an imperious gesture for Lydia to return and fasten it.

But Lydia did not return. She pulled aside the heavy damask curtains, flung up the sash of the window and was peering out into the frosty vacuum of the night, lit by very bright stars.

Old Lady Chelcombe was not in the least deaf. She heard the running footsteps and the confused shouts which meant that under-gardeners and chauffeur and all the male part of her establishment were rushing towards that mass of buckled and twisted wreckage hidden somewhere in the darkness of the park.

"If only it don't catch on fire." Lydia was peering into the darkness and trembling for fear it should be lit by a sudden shoot of flame.

"Close the window," said Lady Chelcombe harshly. "We shall know what's happened soon enough."

But what neither Lydia nor Lady Chelcombe knew was that the young airman being extricated at that very moment from the ruins of his airplane was called Noel Chelcombe, whom Destiny had chosen to fling from the starry heavens into the park where his father shot rabbits and dreamed dreams over twenty years ago.

Eight o'clock struck from the clock tower. At eight o'clock Morrison should have struck the silver-tongued gong to indicate that dinner was served, and the cook should have sent in the hot, clear soup, in which the vermicelli floated like strange thin seaweed.

Yet none of these things happened. Nothing but the tramping feet and the distant banging of doors. Then Morrison appeared in the doorway of Lady Chelcombe's bedroom. A new Morrison. Excited. Unconsciously dramatic.

"They're bringing him in, my lady, but they don't want to climb the stairs, so I took the liberty of opening the ground-floor bedroom and sending for Doctor Thorne."

"What do you mean, Morrison?" asked Lady Chelcombe, frowning. "Who is being brought in, and why is dinner not ready?"

"It's the pilot, my lady." Morrison recovered himself, got back his ordinary voice. "A plane crashed in the park, just by the North Lodge. The lodge-keeper heard it, and was in time to get the young gentleman out, but he's badly hurt, and it was thought best to bring him in here until Doctor Thorne had seen him. Dinner shall be served as soon as possible," he added.

Was there a shade of contempt in his voice as he said it? If there was, Lady Chelcombe did not notice it. The idea of Morrison despising her would have been too fantastic. Almost as fantastic as what the young doctor told her an hour later.

"He's pretty bad," said young Doctor Turner briefly. "Concussion and some injuries to the back. He can't possibly be moved for some time, but I suppose that's all right. By the way, his name is Noel Chelcombe, so perhaps he may be a relative of yours."

Tactful Doctor Thorne, waging a battle with birth and death at a nearby farm, would never have said that. But his junior partner had no idea of the delicate ground he was treading on, or that such news required breaking, though he was a little surprised to be met by a stony silence. He had no time to observe how the pupils of Lady Chelcombe's eyes had dilated behind her spectacles, until the black almost covered the iris.

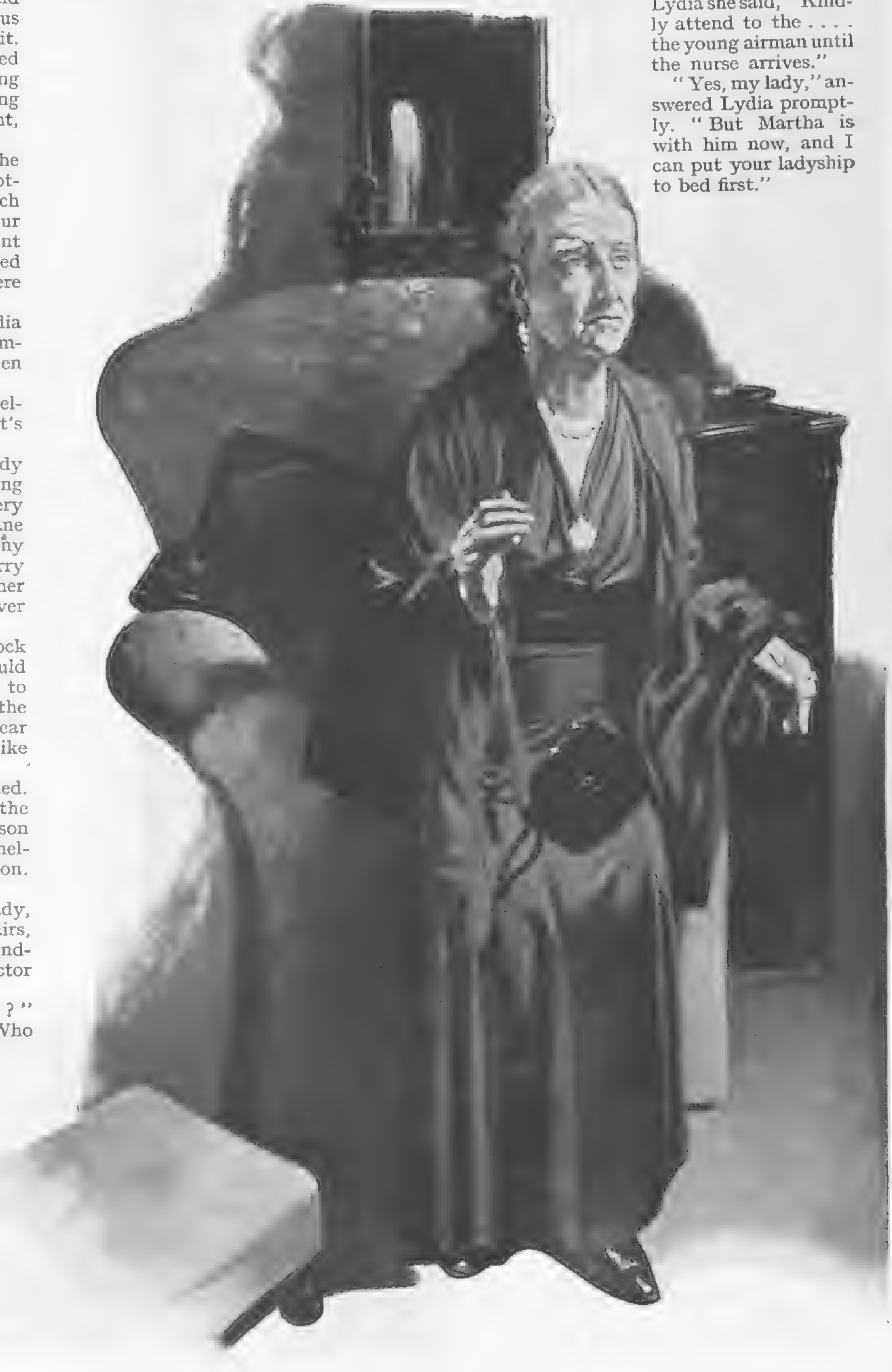
"I'm sending in a nurse, perhaps two," he said, taking his leave. "Though it's a bit awkward getting hold of a good nurse on Christmas Eve. Perhaps your maid could lend a hand until Sister Margaret can get here."

Lady Chelcombe made a sound which might have been assent, but her voice seemed strangled.

"Thanks very much," said young Doctor Turner, relieved, and returned to the patient.

When he had finally left the house, Lady Chelcombe rang for Lydia to be sent to her. And to Lydia she said, "Kindly attend to the . . . . the young airman until the nurse arrives."

"Yes, my lady," answered Lydia promptly. "But Martha is with him now, and I can put your ladyship to bed first."



"Lydia," thundered Lady Chelcombe, "don't be a fool! I shall put myself to bed."

"But, my lady . . ."

"Be quiet, Lydia, and listen to me. This young airman is my grandson."

"Mr. Arthur's boy," gasped Lydia. She knew all about Mr. Arthur. All about "that woman" too.

"Naturally," said Lady Chelcombe irritably. "I have no other grandson. I wish it kept a secret for the present. Let the staff think what they like, and the doctors too. But to you I say he is to have every attention . . . Every attention." Her voice trailed off.

"You are faint, my lady."

But Lady Chelcombe reared up her head.

"I'm not faint, but I am eighty years old, and I have had a shock. Go to Noel Chelcombe and report to me later . . ."

ELEVEN o'clock struck from the tower. Lydia had gone to bed. But Lady Chelcombe still sat, in her dressing-gown, before her bedroom fire. She was fighting with a strong temptation. To take her stick and negotiate those shallow oaken stairs until she came to the ground-floor bedroom which was just below hers. To cross the gulf of twenty-three years in doing so, and see Arthur's son with her own eyes. If, indeed, the young man the skies had dropped into her park *was* Arthur's son.

There might be another young man called Noel Chelcombe in the world. But she would know. One look would tell her.

Sister Margaret, softly closing the door of the ground-floor bedroom behind her, on her way to the library for some light refreshment, saw that tall figure, wrapped in a velvet, fur-trimmed dressing-gown, and nodded as cheerfully at her as if Lady Chelcombe had been any ordinary benevolent old lady come to view the sick boy who was her patient.

"He's very quiet now," she told the mistress of the big house to which she had been hurried. "You can go in if you like."

Lady Chelcombe made no reply. But she went in to that ground-floor room which had been Arthur's, and up to the bed where Arthur had so often slept.

The strange young man lay very stiff and straight upon it, his head thrown back on the one low pillow which supported it, and his eyes shut against the light of the dimly shaded lamp at his side.

It wasn't a particularly good-looking face, but it riveted the watcher's eyes. The hawk nose of the Wyverns, the dark hair of that woman, the full lips of the Chelcombes. Nature had mixed them all up together in the face of Arthur's son. And Arthur's mother, looking down on him, had no need for any confirmation of his identity. Also she had found the answer to that puzzling question she so often mused over by the fire:

Did she want to see her grandson or not?

There wasn't any doubt about it. She discovered she did want to see him, to know him. Wanted it quite eagerly and hungrily. But what she had never imagined was that he wouldn't want her. That she discovered two minutes later, when he opened deeply blue eyes.

"Go away," he said faintly but clearly.

Lady Chelcombe looked round. The nurse was still discreetly absent, and the room was as quiet as could be. She leaned a little stiffly towards him.

"Noel," she said, "I am your grandmother."

The deep blue eyes stared at her, and in them grew something cold and implacable.

"My grandmother," he said, "is a wicked woman. She killed my father and my mother. Take her away, please."

Then the dark lashes veiled those young eyes and their accusation. Lady Chelcombe shivered a little.

She had had to wait twenty-three years to hear the truth, and it was no more palatable for the length of time which had intervened before it came.

ON Christmas morning Nurse Wilkins joined Sister Margaret, because the patient had now become conscious, and often wandering in his mind, and needed a day as well as a night nurse. But he was going on well. Young Doctor Turner was sure of this, though he was not so sure of the extent of the possible injuries to the spine. The portable X-ray would come out to Chelcombe Towers in forty-eight hours, and then they would know more about it.

"In the meantime," said the tactless, direct young doctor, "you might go in and try to stop him worrying about this Doris."

"Doris?" said Lady Chelcombe, in the voice in which she had mentioned "that woman" twenty years ago.

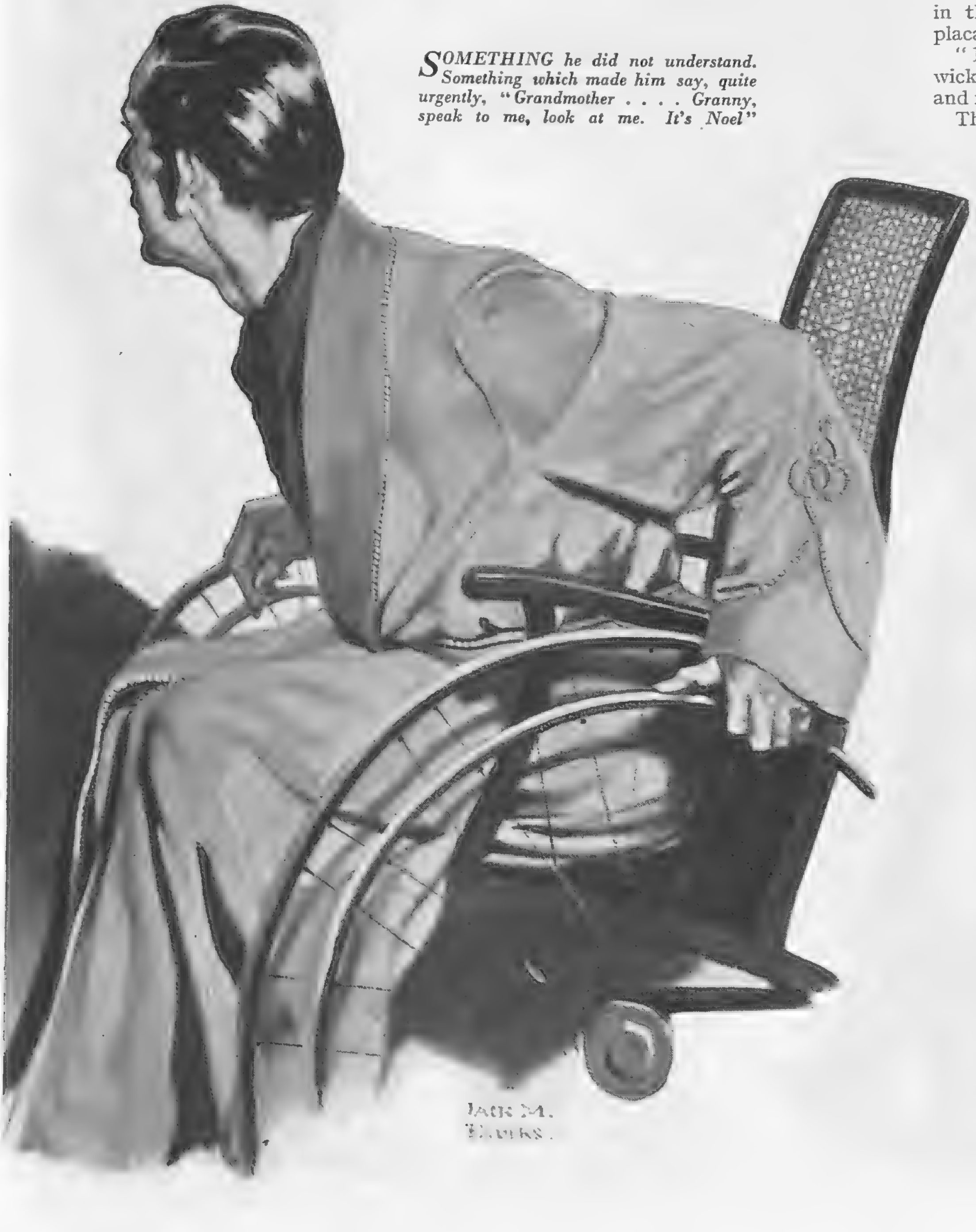
"Yes, that's the name he keeps repeating. But you'll know all about that, I dare say, Lady Chelcombe."

Noel's grandmother made no reply, except to ask, rather frigidly, when Doctor Thorne would be able to take charge of the case.

"Well, it's my case now," said the tactless young man. "But if you want old Thorne, I'll call him in."

"Doctor Thorne is my doctor, and the proper man to attend my grandson."

It was no good trying to be rude to Lady Chelcombe. She could always be ruder. Embarrassed, the young doctor muttered something non-committal, (*Continued on p.* 112)



*SOMETHING he did not understand. Something which made him say, quite urgently, "Grandmother . . . . Granny, speak to me, look at me. It's Noel"*

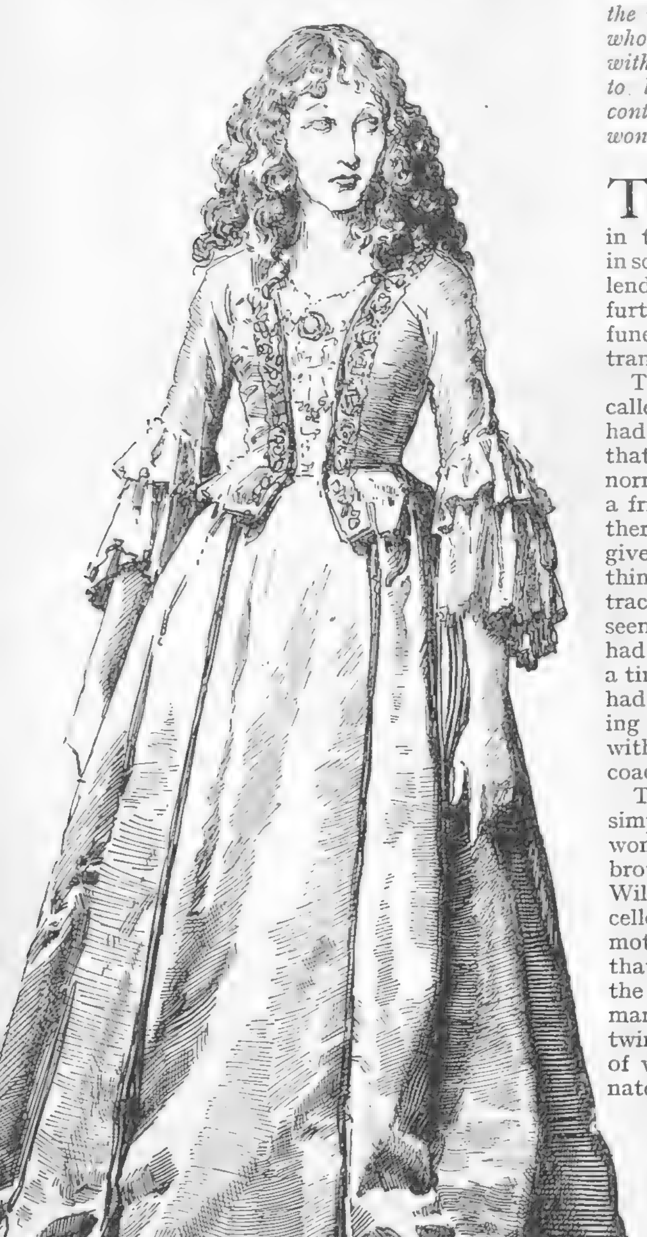
# Old Tales Re-told

## *The Unwilling Amazon—Mary Anne Talbot, whom a malign Fate sent to the Wars*

Written and Illustrated by F. MATANIA, R.I.

*There is sheer drama in the story of Mary Anne Talbot, from the day of her ill-starred birth, that was held so close a secret, to the day of her death after a career so packed with adventure that, if recounted as fiction, it would pass as gross exaggeration.*

*This girl, ill-used by monstrous, rapacious men who robbed her of her wealth and sent her to fight in the wars, a heroine on whom good fortune never deigned to smile, whose only love was a false love, whose courage—tried to the breaking point—matched every hour, who, at long last, sent to his grave the vile author of all her tribulations, and whose noble ancestry contrasted so strongly with the life that malign fate compelled her to live, must rank as long as history continues to be written as an object of wonder, pity and admiration.*



MARY ANNE TALBOT

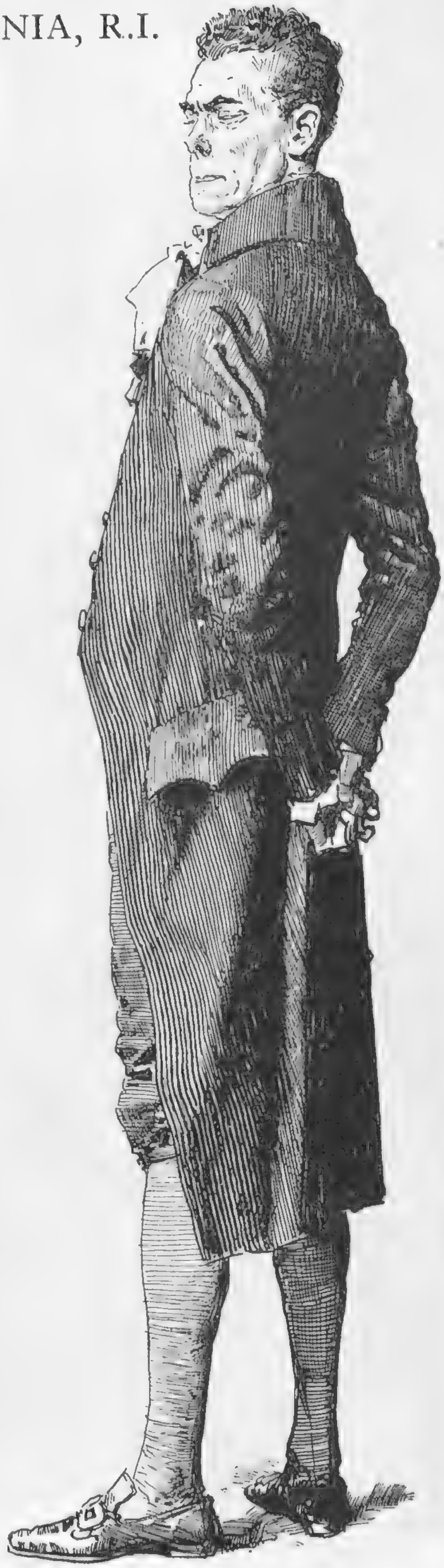
THE curtain rises on one of those frigid and dull days of an English February, in the year 1778, and the scene is set in solemn Lincoln's Inn. A chilling drizzle lends an added air of gloom that is still further enhanced by the presence of a funeral hearse standing before the entrance of Number 62.

This was the house of a certain banker called Gosling. Some of the neighbours had made kindly enquiries, but it seemed that nothing had happened to anyone normally resident in that house, but that a friend had fallen suddenly ill and died there. That was the only explanation given. The quiet way in which everything had been carried out had not attracted much attention. No one had seen that a short while after the hearse had rumbled away with its sad burden a tiny coffin had followed in its wake, nor had anyone seen a strange woman entering Number 62, afterwards coming out with a tiny baby, entering a hackney coach and driving away.

The episode, however, had a somewhat simple explanation. A beautiful young woman, her name kept secret, had been brought to the banker's house by Baron William Talbot, son of the Lord Chancellor. She was about to become a mother, but it was one of those maternities that had to be hidden from the eyes of the world, and Baron Talbot was the man responsible. A few days later twin daughters were born, only one of which survived, whilst the unfortunate mother also expired.

This was the birth of Mary Anne Talbot.

The mail coach brought the child with its nurse to the tiny village of Worthen, in the Talbot country. Every now and then another daughter of Baron Talbot, considerably older than Mary Anne, visited the child to make sure that she was not in need of anything, and that she was growing healthy and strong.



AMOS SHUKER

Four years had elapsed when the Earl died, and Mary Anne was left in charge of this elder sister, who took a real motherly interest in her.

She was about six when she was sent to a school near Chester, where she received an education fit for a girl of high standing whose future development was supposed to take place amidst the wealthy and aristocratic surroundings of her ancestors. She had reached the age of thirteen when she left the Chester school and went to the home of her elder sister, where she received a hearty welcome.

She was already an accomplished little lady, intelligent and bright, and evidencing in every way the good education she had received. Her features revealed the fine and gentle lines of the stock from which she had originated. Altogether she showed promise of becoming exactly what her people wanted to make of her, a flower of beauty and feminine grace, destined to all the honours and all the joy offered by the elite of the British aristocracy.

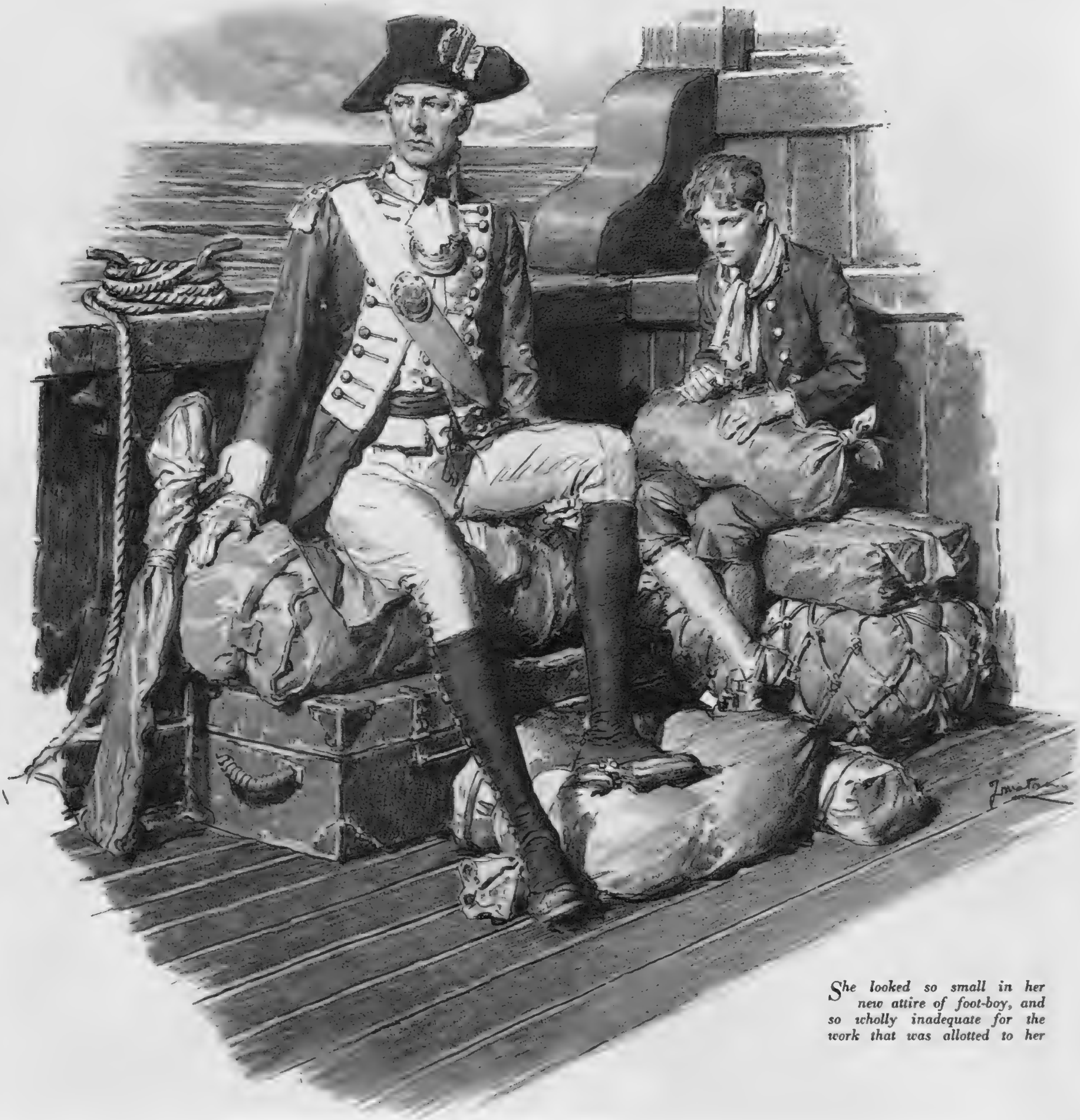
Strangely enough, she had grown up with the idea that her elder sister was her mother, and great was the shock when she knew that it was not so. In vain Mary Anne implored her sister to tell her who was her mother, but the only satisfaction that she had was to see a little miniature of a beautiful young woman with a strikingly sad expression.

But the blow that left an everlasting trace in her sore heart was the intimation of her illegitimacy. The elder sister, however, tried to make things as plain as possible, and, without betraying the secrets entrusted to her too much, told the sobbing child that her mother, too, belonged to people of high station, that she was the possessor of a considerable fortune.

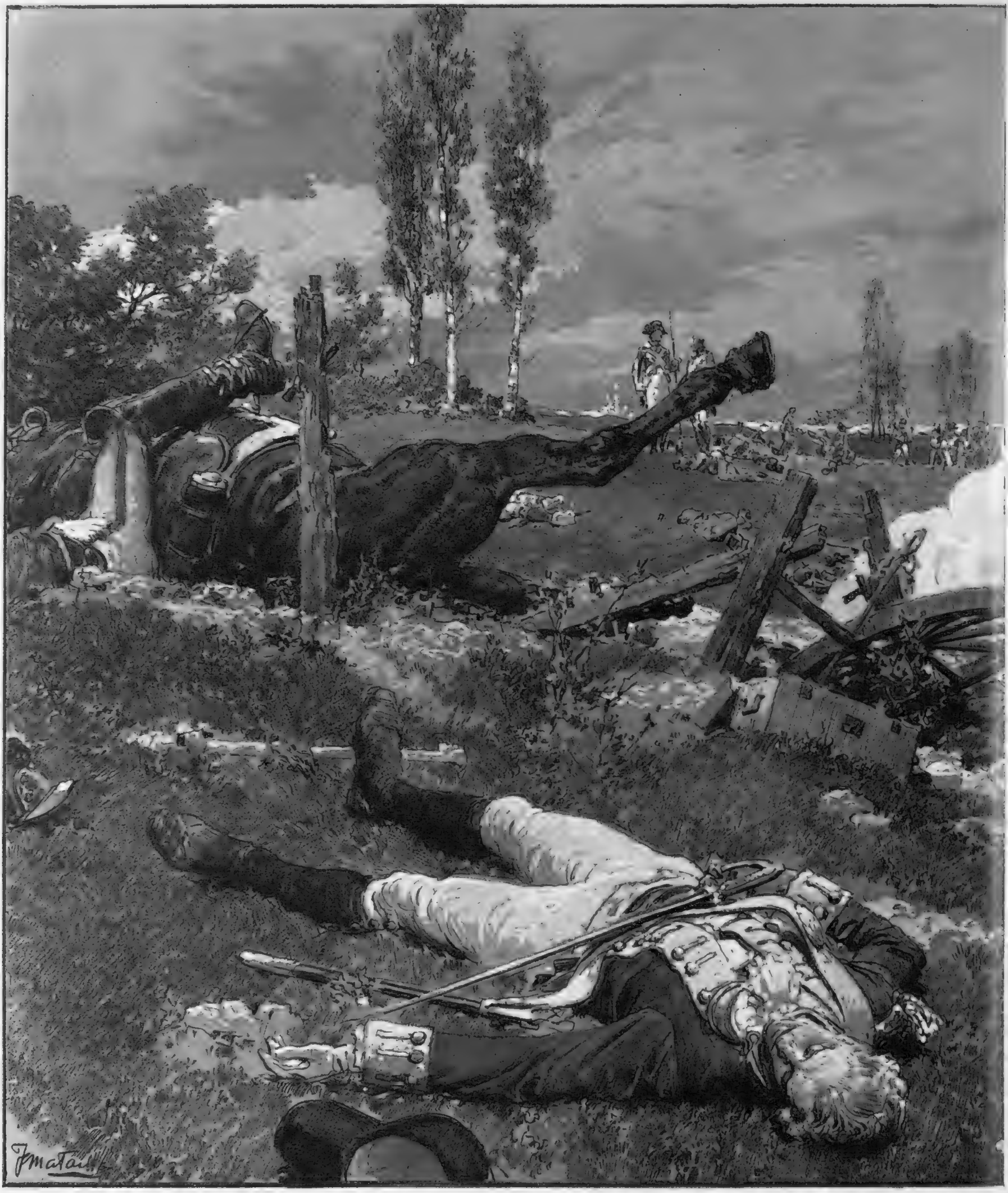
For the moment, Mary Anne was too dazed to pursue her enquiries further; strange presentiments were disturbing her serenity.

She had not known any other relatives, and when a sudden death deprived her of the only person of whom she was sincerely fond, she was left entirely alone in the world. This happened in 1791.

It seemed that the ground was giving way from every side. She was only thirteen, and having always depended on someone, she felt so lost and so lonely that without hesitation she opened her trusting arms to a newcomer who appeared on the scene with the most plausible and promising credentials. This was Mr. Amos Shuker. He announced himself as the appointed guardian of her future welfare, adding that he had received the delicate trust from the hands of Baron Talbot shortly before that gentleman's death. Only by looking at him, anyone could have seen what a sinister figure



*She looked so small in her new attire of foot-boy, and so wholly inadequate for the work that was allotted to her*



*The little drummer heard of the death of Captain Bowen, again to the battlefield, strewn by all the paraphernalia of*

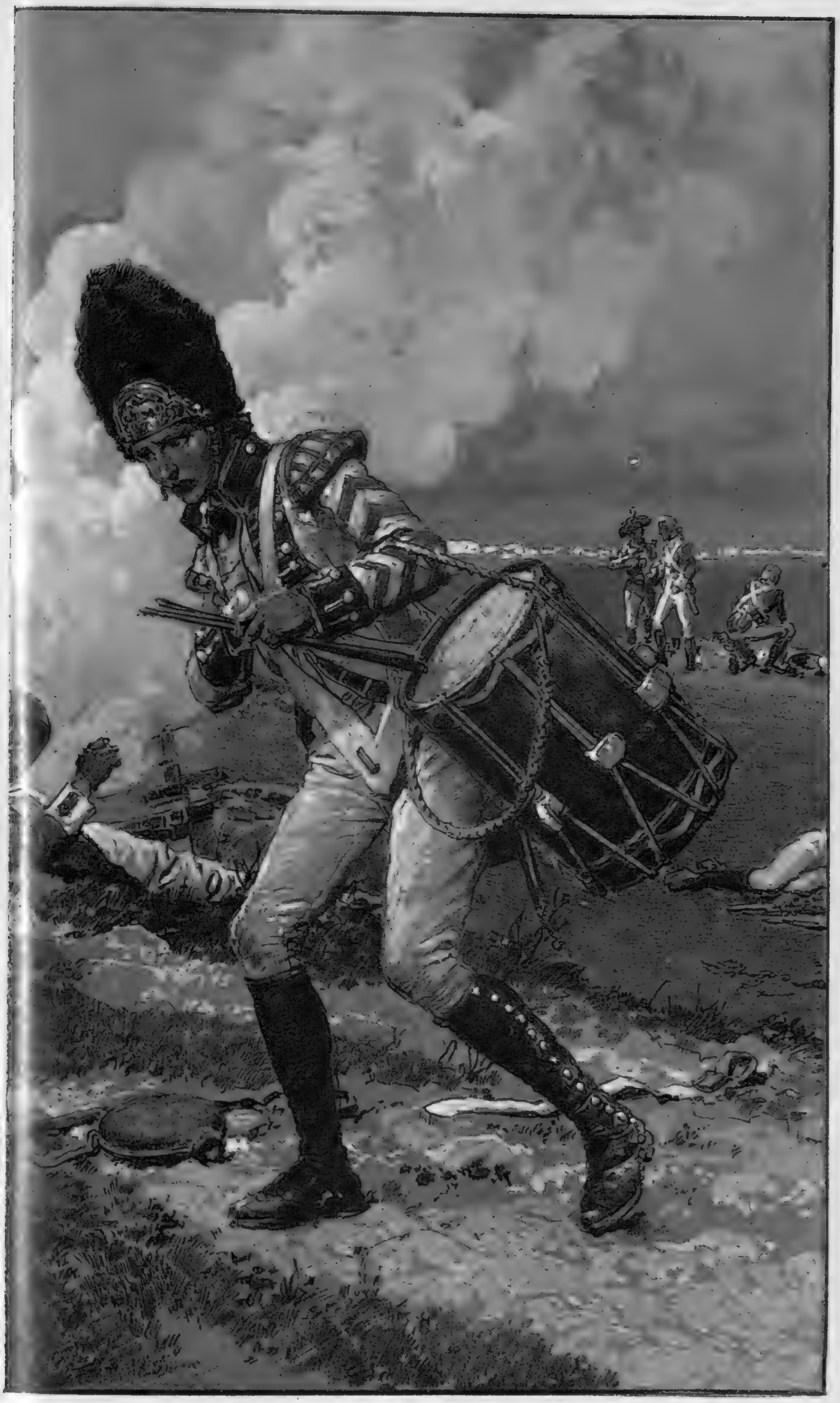
he was, and what to expect from his fulsomely ingratiating manners. But the child, blinded by distress and desperation, only saw in him a comfort and a relief in the midst of all her uncertainties.

At great length Mr. Shuker described to Mary Anne the promising plan of continuing her education in a grand style until she should reach an age when she could be introduced into that world to which her lineage and wealth entitled her.

With her new guardian she went to Newport, and took up her residence in his house. There she was submitted to a régime of seclusion so strict and so absolute that if she had been shut in a prison she would not have felt so lonely or so miserable. The only person who approached her was Mr. Shuker. He never engaged her in any conversation, never answered a question. He was as silent as a sphinx, menacing as a malignant ghost, gloomy and unbearable as a nightmare.

So Mary Anne dragged on months of utter seclusion, wondering where all this would lead to, or how long she would be able to endure this life without losing her reason.

All this was only part of a carefully laid plan. It was quite true that the Baron had entrusted Shuker with the guardianship of this girl. But, instead of doing things properly, he



*so she took herself once*
*war, to find his dead body*

had left a lump sum of money entirely under Shuker's control, to be administered by him as he thought fit. The unscrupulous Shuker had prepared a plan aiming at getting rid of the girl and obtaining complete control of the money.

Through a slow process of mental torture he felt sure of bringing the girl to the point of accepting anything rather than to stick to the life that she was living. The thing that she had to accept turned out to be the association with a certain individual introduced by Shuker, as the suitable companion for an educational excursion abroad. Captain Essex Bowen was his name.

Attractive in his uniform of the Prince of Wales' volunteers, he came forward with a smile and accepted the task of chaperoning the charming ward of his dear friend. Mary Anne, her brain in a state approaching paralysis, did not perceive anything suspicious in the fact that no woman came forward, and that she was passing from the hands of one man to the hands of another. With her new guardian she came to London.

The flattering words and exaggeratedly chivalrous attitude of the smart Captain Bowen impressed the girl most favourably. She had always been treated as a child, and now, quite suddenly, from the frozen manners of the stern Shuker she passed to the studied attentions of a perfect cavalier. Of course, her tender age and the ultra-proper education that she had received did not help her to understand that she was falling into a trap. With all the diabolic art of the consummate corrupter, he tried to arouse the woman in her. He took full advantage of the bewilderment of his victim, and it was not long before the helpless Mary Anne, not yet fourteen years old, underwent that moral and material brutality that in the majority of cases leaves an unforgettable impression of shame and shock that lasts a lifetime.

Having no one to advise her, she believed all he said, and the terror with which she looked upon the possibility of disclosure made her still more subject to his domination.

Before long Captain Bowen received orders from the War Office to resume his regimental duties and rejoin his garrison at St. Domingo. To the unfortunate girl this order was described as being totally unexpected, but of course this was not so. He must have known of it for a long time in advance.

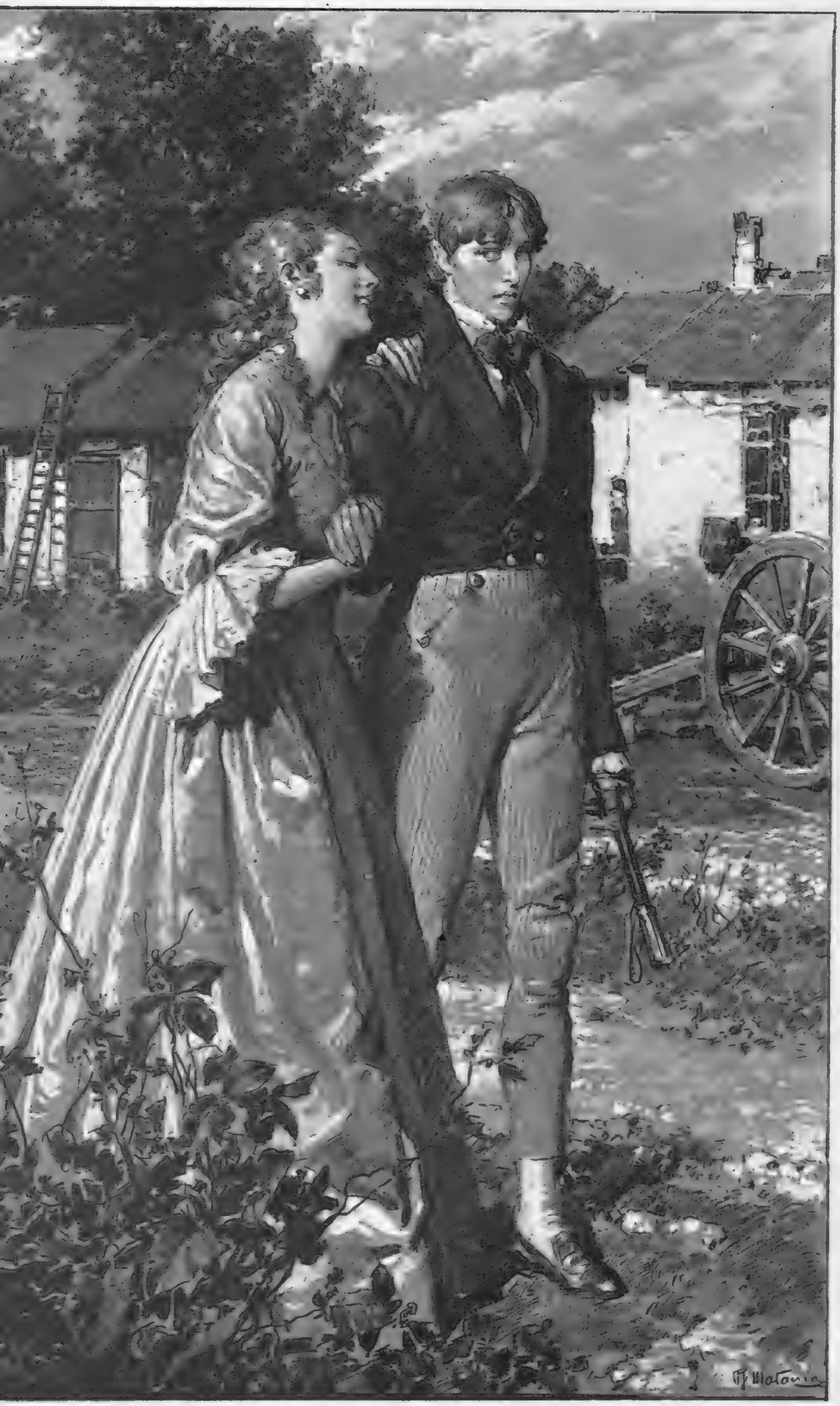
Poor Mary Anne was confronted with the following alternatives: either to go back to Shuker or to go with Bowen to St. Domingo. He explained that a captain of the army could not take a woman with him, so that if she were to go with him she could only do so if she disguised her sex and took the official position of foot-boy or body-servant to the captain.

Needless to say, the mere mention of the name of Shuker caused the unhappy girl to tremble with terror. The outside world was an unknown and wholly terrifying entity filling her with foreboding. But her natural timidity made her cling to the only person who still promised her protection, so she accepted the proposal of accompanying her master to St. Domingo.

It was not without an unconquerable fit of sobbing that Mary Anne submitted to the sacrifice of her curls; sobs that for a long time afterwards choked her slender throat whenever she glanced at herself in the mirror. She looked so small in her new attire of foot-boy, so inadequate for the work that was allotted to her. No suspicion of any sort was aroused, and she took her place on board amongst soldiers and sailors whose vocabulary was totally unknown to her. Fortunately, of that constant stream of obscenity and vulgar jokes nothing was yet grasped by her innocent mind.

ONCE on board, Mary Anne had to abide by the laws of the sea, and she was also acquainted with the probabilities of being ruthlessly punished had she failed to perform those duties that were allotted to her. To add to the distress of her position, the voyage was a very bad one from the beginning.

Often the delicate girl, exhausted by fatigue and sick with the violence of the waves, had to join in the hard task of



*The young niece of Captain Field grew very fond of the young officer and openly declared her love for "him"*

working the pumps, and various other duties heavy enough for a strong and sturdy man.

They had hardly set foot on the sun-baked soil of St. Domingo, when a counter-order compelled Captain Bowen to return to Europe immediately. This was really a surprise that he did not anticipate. He had succeeded in taking the girl away so far, from Shuker, and that had been one part of the bargain. The second was to get rid of the girl, but that would require some time. So he thought of solving the problem by continuing the masquerade, and enrol Mary Anne in the regiment in the capacity of a drummer.

When she heard that she was to carry on with the hateful disguise indefinitely, she fell on her knees before her master, and implored him to find a different way out; but she was told that the only different way out was she should be sold as a slave and left there amongst that crowd of flogged niggers working on the coffee plantation. Mary Anne, her soul crushed by an uninterrupted succession of cruel blows, and unable to utter any audible word, nodded her head, and accepted the proposal of entering the army. She took the name of John Taylor, and when dressed in her uniform she resembled a toy-soldier.

Under the tuition of Drum-major Richardson she learned to handle the drum with skill.

The autumn of 1792 saw Mary Anne in Flanders, where the regiment was assembled. The months she had spent in the camp had accustomed her to the life. Whenever her duties allowed her, she would act as orderly to her captain and master.

By now the first dreams of her adolescence had faded into the remote background. The soft silks and laces of feminine dress, the delicate occupations that she had been accustomed to, were but a dream. The lie that she was condemned to maintain to the world prevented her from making new friends. Captain Bowen was the only one who knew her secret, so that, in spite of everything, he was still the only person dear to her.

In July 1793, her regiment started operations for the famous siege of Valenciennes. With amazing fortitude she withstood the inclemency of the weather, and the violent sensation of hearing the first shots of firearms aimed at real people. She carried out her duties unflinchingly, erect and brave. She felt rather important when she saw hundreds of soldiers obeying the signals that she was beating on her drum. The assault was launched, and in no time it grew to a degree of uncommon ferocity. Many soldiers were falling, some to rise again and stagger away from the turmoil, others to remain, motionless, where they had fallen. Suddenly she felt a blow as though someone invisible had jabbed her in the chest. A stray bullet had hit the strap-buckle across her chest, thereby breaking a rib below the collarbone. The fear of disclosing her sex kept her silent about the wound. As best she could she bandaged herself and resumed her post making strenuous efforts not to betray the excruciating pain she was suffering.

After a stubborn resistance, the French garrison was overpowered. The assailants, of several nationalities, were rushing forward. As a platoon of Austrian cavalry was passing by, a clumsy trooper accidentally struck Mary Anne with his sword, producing a gash in her back. It was only a fleshwound, but it had to be attended to clandestinely, and meant a fresh loss of blood. The little drummer had no more strength left, for her vitality had been taxed most heavily. She took advantage of the confusion of the moment and grasped the opportunity of hiding herself, to rest like a wounded bird escaped from the jaws of the retriever.

It was just then that she heard of the death of Captain Bowen, fallen under the musketry of the enemy. That news deeply touched the tender chord of her sentiment. After all, he had been her lover, and that was sufficient reason for her to pull together the strength that she had left. She dragged herself to the battlefield, strewn by all the paraphernalia of the war. She found him, leaned across his body, and no one ever understood the real nature of her sobs.

Now she was the only one in possession of her secret of the past and that of the present.

Having been Bowen's servant, she was authorised to look into his belongings, and gained possession of his keys.

She opened his valise and was reverently going through his things when she came across a bundle of correspondence between her dead lover and the hated Shuker. Over and over again she read the letters, and she could not believe her own eyes. Her heart was aching and her mind was in a whirl of agony. Those letters revealed the diabolical scheme to which Bowen had been a party. She realised that his part had been still more low and more lurid than that of his friend Shuker. And all for the sake of robbing her of her inheritance, her support, her future. The submission and resignation with which she had suffered the burden of an adverse fate gave way to the most intense desire for revenge. But how to reach England, how to get away from the clutches of the army? The revelation of her sex might have been the easiest way out, but humanity had been so uncharitable to her that she feared unknown troubles. Besides, she was now so used to dissimulation that she had more faith in that than in confessing the truth. She had hidden in her kit the dress that she had worn on board the vessel, so she discarded her uniform, donned the old attire, and joined the stream of civilian fugitives fleeing from the vicinity of the battlefield. Her idea was to reach Calais, where she might work her passage to England and there denounce the rascal who had deprived her of her fortune. But it was not so easy. She was English and was on French soil. In addition, she deviated from the right road, and after many days of aimless walking she found herself in Luxembourg. It was too late to go back and too dangerous to remain, so she made for the Rhine.

There she found what she sought, a merchant vessel, and arranged with the captain to go aboard. This she did with the secret hope of slipping away as soon as she should reach a neutral port. But she was destined never to succeed in anything she tried.

WHEN they were out to sea she discovered that the vessel was French and was fully armed. She had boarded a privateer—in other words, a civilian warship authorised by the government to take part in the war.

She openly declared to the captain that she had been deceived and that she did not intend to take any action against her countrymen.

Just then two English men-o'-war were sighted. The wind was in their favour, and in a very short time they had the French vessel within the range of their guns.

The encounter was very short. The privateer, squeezed between the two British ships, surrendered at discretion.

"John Taylor," made prisoner, was brought before the great Earl Howe himself, then in command of the *Queen Charlotte*. Her nationality increased her danger, because it made her appear guilty of treachery. But Captain Le Sage of the privateer was honest enough to testify to the true position and to the refusal of the "boy" to take up arms against his countrymen. That was sufficient not only to exonerate Mary Anne from any blame, but to secure for her employment on board until she could land in England.

A little later we find "John Taylor" entrusted with the task of powder-monkey on the vessel *Brunswick*. The captain, struck by the superior bearing and manners of this "boy," who, in spite of all, still maintained the correct English of early days, chose for "him" the more delicate employment of his personal cabin-boy.

The war was still in full swing, and one day Mary Anne was again amidst the turmoil of thundering guns and whistling bullets. The British fleet had engaged that of the French, and after a sharp and obstinate action the *Brunswick*, badly crippled, dropped out of the fight.

Amongst the wounded was "John Taylor," with a broken ankle and a bullet through the same leg.

The battered ship entered Spithead amidst the cheering populace, and it was on a stretcher that a smiling Mary Anne, after so many adventures, returned to her native country.

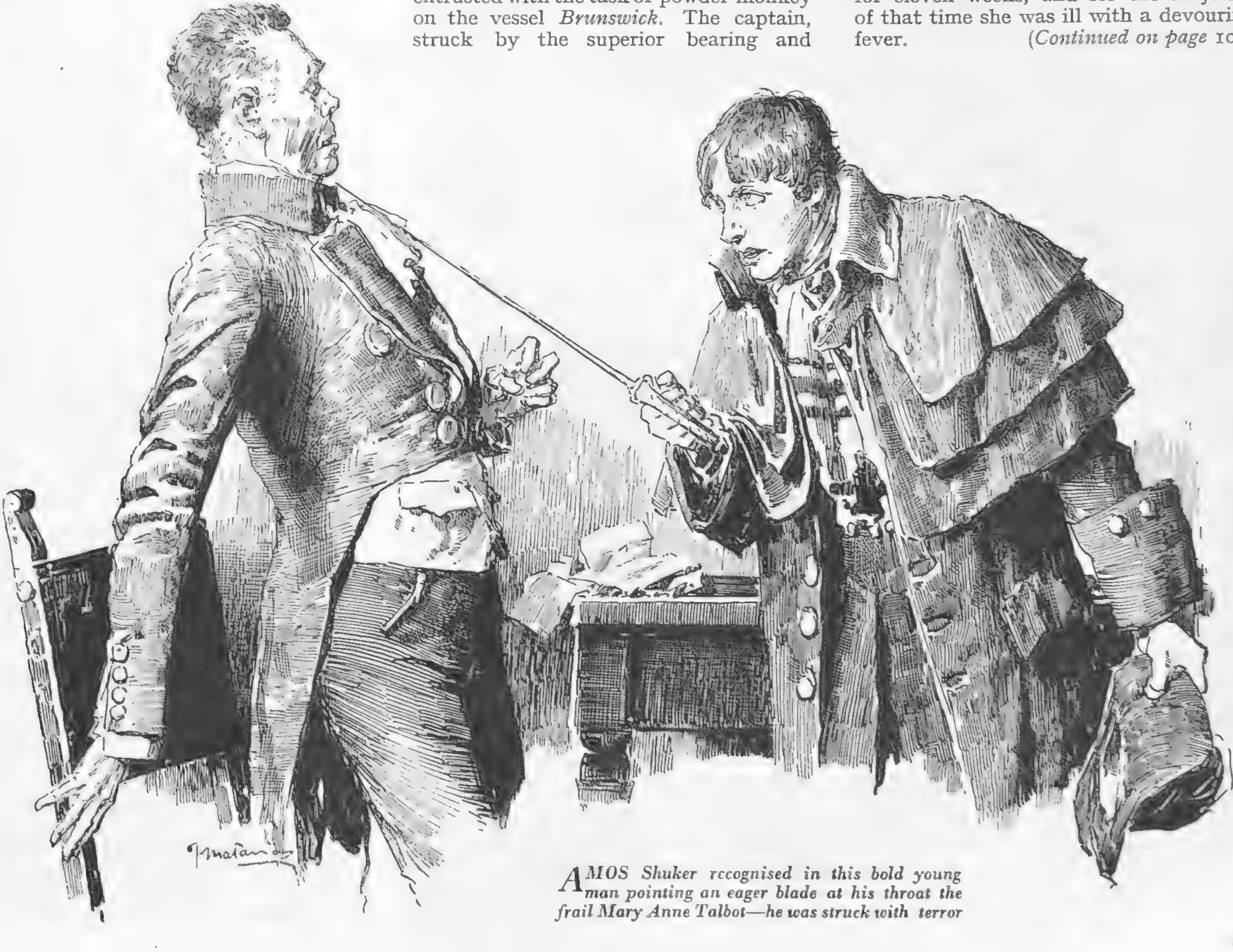
So summary and superficial must have been the care of patients in the hospitals of that time that for four months Mary Anne was under treatment at Haslar Hospital without arousing any suspicion as regards her sex.

She had now fallen into the grip of the navy, where rules and regulations touched the limits of barbarism, and it was very difficult to break away from.

The more one reads of her vicissitudes, the more one wonders why this unfortunate girl did not extract herself from her perilous position by revealing her sex.

Discharged before having completely recovered, she was placed in the ship *Vesuvius*, belonging to Sir Sidney Smith's squadron. But here, too, her bad luck continued, for she fell into the hands of a French privateer and was conveyed to the prison of St. Claire at Dunkirk. There she was confined in a dark *oubliette* for eleven weeks, and for the majority of that time she was ill with a devouring fever.

(*Continued on page* 103)



*AMOS Shuker recognised in this bold young man pointing an eager blade at his throat the frail Mary Anne Talbot—he was struck with terror*

# WHEN YOUR DAUGHTER

Accessible to all of them and used by them all—the library of fourteen thousand volumes at Bedales

Left:

Your little daughter's body, as well as her growing mind, has scope at the modern school. Riding enthusiasts at Brickwall, Northiam

## By Joan Woollcombe

A procession of glum little girls in hard straw hats—walking two-by-two, gloved hands linked, in a straggling crocodile . . . That was yesterday.

To-day the modern, rather busy and often hard-up parent need not face the grim choice for her small girl between that sort of school, an "advanced" school, and a governess at home, chiefly because the use of that catchword "self-expression" is not now confined to the children. Parents can also express themselves, and in some cases (notably in the cases of two schools of which I am giving a brief close-up) are actually closely identified with the system of the school itself.

Let us imagine the ordinary younger-generation parents checking up on three or four types of modern school for an ordinary, friendly, alert small girl of 8 or 9 years old.

As exhibits, then, first, one of the most famous of the really modern schools for girls, interesting to explore because it is not a financial venture, but an attempt made by parents who happened to be educationalists to co-operate with other parents. Then a famous and long-established co-educational school; another school for boys and girls, founded by a small group of parents; and, finally, a half-century old modern parents' association that evolved and maintains some of the most progressive educational programmes in girls' schools.

At Brickwall, Northiam, in Sussex, against a background of Tudor house and many acres of parkland, juniors and seniors, from 8 to 18, are working out a successful experiment in modern progressive education. Your eight-year-old will live a life utterly unlike that of the grim youngsters in hard straw hats.

Roughly, it will run on these lines. In their quarters apart from the main school they learn to a very large extent to order their own lives. They get up at what time they like—generally they like to be out with their pets fairly early. Otherwise they sleep till they are called for breakfast at 8. Housework follows, then they join the main school for Assembly.

After this they follow the plan of work that they themselves evolve, with the help of the friendly grown-ups. For instance, once these youngsters made a rule to start the day with 20 minutes' practical arithmetic.

Their work is in reality focussed around one point (for those who want technical terms, this is known as the Project Method), and the choice of Robin Hood one term led them happily and eagerly through Norman England in architecture, music, arts and crafts, literature and geography and contemporary events; actually *doing* as many of the things as possible and finally making a film of a contemporary play.

There is a wide variety of active occupation for energetic small people during the morning too. Bathing from 12 to 1 every summer day and games afterwards; a Pets Club and a Pony Club, infinite possibilities of interest.

Lunch is eaten in community, juniors and seniors, in the garden if possible. Afterwards they have an hour's rest, and then more work, which "people are free to attend or not, as they choose."

Five o'clock high tea is often cooked by the children for guests, and after tea this infant democracy settles its domestic affairs, sensibly enough, too, it seems.

For instance, sweets were disappearing, but an offer to take charge of them (from the staff) was refused because "If every-

# GOES TO SCHOOL

Here is a group of boys and girls at the most famous mixed school, Bedales

Eurhythmic dancing at Brickwall, teaching grace, posture, rhythm

There is a Pets' Club at Brickwall. Here you see some of the Juniors with their livestock.

Below: Geography out of doors at Brickwall

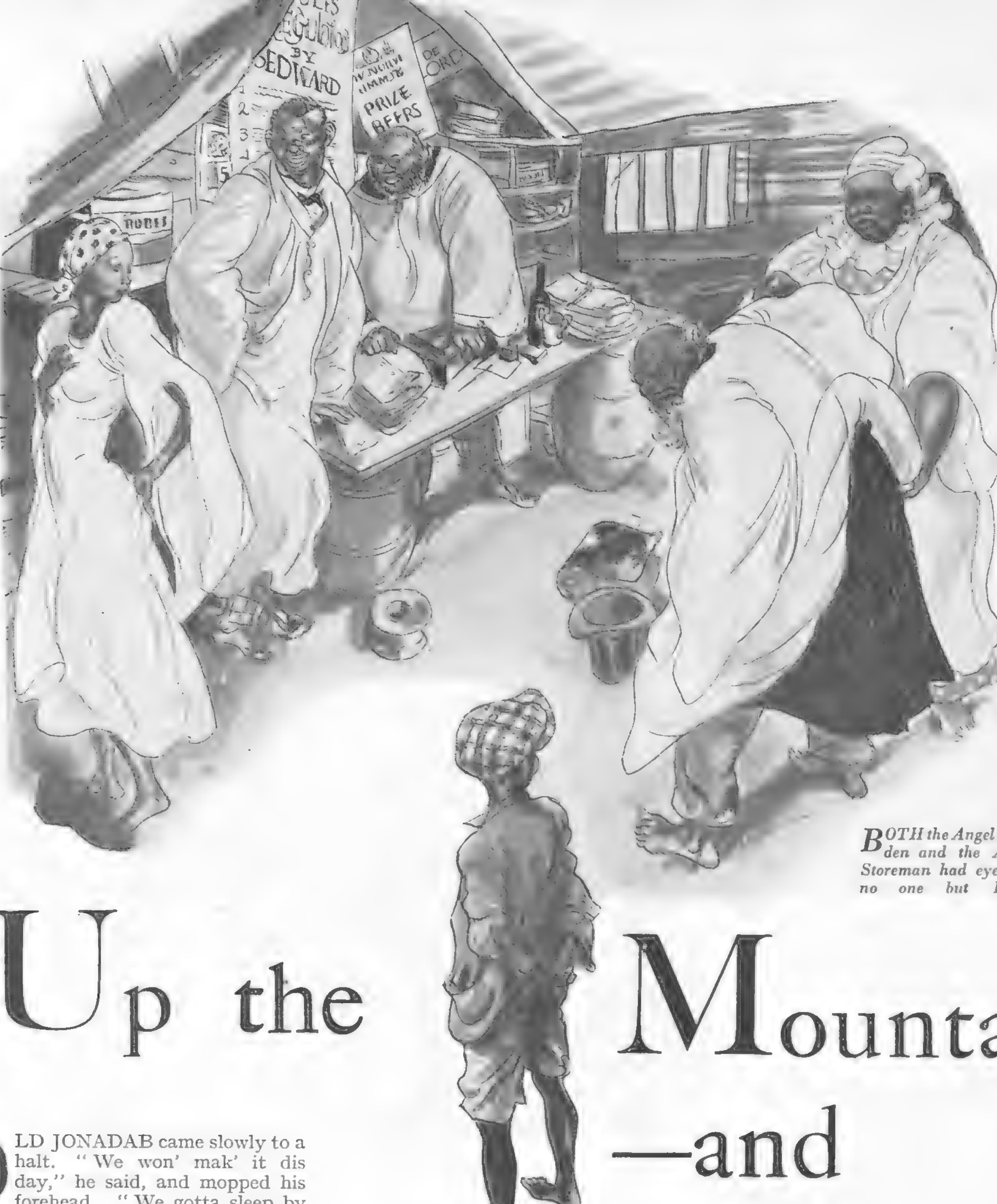
body's things were locked up, how could you ever learn to leave them alone ? "

The Senior School, actually housed in the Elizabethan building, develops the same theories a stage further. They, too, start their day with the cheerful prospect of deciding, at Organisation Time every early morning, how to use the day. There are relatively few actual fixtures.

The staff are active advisers. Groups of eager children plan their work with them every day. *So the real burden of life, the planning of work and thoughts, is gradually shouldered under good conditions by the child herself.*

The School is actually governed by a general council of staff, children, and parents attending whenever possible. The School Magazine shows that from the " Prime Minister," via the whole " Cabinet," the community has a smooth-working democracy.

Midday dinner shows you the seniors learning to be discriminating eaters, as against the hearty appetites of the small girls. But both juniors and seniors must rest after the meal. Then work again, and so on to high tea for the seniors at 6 o'clock. Afterwards there is the interesting sight of this social system in miniature evolving its few rules for the convenience (*Continued on page 108*)



*BOTH the Angel Warden and the Angel Storeman had eyes for no one but Rissa*

# Up the Mountain —and Down

OLD JONADAB came slowly to a halt. "We won' mak' it dis day," he said, and mopped his forehead. "We gotta sleep by de roadside again. I suah will be mighty glad to get up in dem mountains an' has nice place to sleep in."

"Yo' had nice place to sleep in, but yo' loses it."

Ignoring this thrust, the old man stepped from the trail in search of a camping site and beneath a live oak draped with grey moss strands he lowered the great Bible he carried to the ground, covered it carefully with a vivid bandanna and utilised it as a seat. The spiced scents of Jamaica were sweet in the cool evening breeze and he drank them in contentedly, looking down over the foothills at the glinting blue Caribbean.

Jonadab was so old that his mind had fixed with set purpose upon the last journey which he must surely take soon and he had driven and coaxed his family upon this pilgrimage with a fanatical will. His jet features were etched deeply with innumerable lines and his scant hair and grizzled whiskers were startlingly white in contrast. He wore his Sunday best: a greeny-black old frock-coat, patched and darned, with flour-bag trousers, and the high hat he had laid on the grass was once of beaver but was worn now to shiny skin. On his shirtless breast flapped a "dickey" to which was attached a soiled collar of the Gladstone period. His feet were bare. The huge Bible on which he sat was bound in faded crimson velvet. His rheumy eyes glanced ecstatically up at the mountains and a song trembled huskily on his lips:

*Lawd Gawd, yo' seen we come,*
*Mak' yo' angel beat a drum,*
*Lawd Gawd, here we be,*
*Happy, happy,*
*Happy!*

His daughter stretched her plumpness on the grass and smoothed her vermilion and white striped cotton dress, adjusted the emerald kerchief she wore twisted about her tufted black curls. Her voice was strangely thin and shrill for one of her bulk. "Oh, yo', Rissa!" she called, and then, "Yo' young rascal, Matt!"

Rissa, near seventeen, a slim statuette of burnished copper with her one garment of threadbare cotton revealing rather than concealing her budding charms, came petulantly. But the boy, black as ebony, with glistening eyes and teeth, came on scampering bare feet with all the excited impetuousness of his twelve years.

"We camps dere in dis place, Mammy?" he asked, and danced with little hopping movements.

"We does," Mammy smiled. "An'

# *A voice called the old man, but young Matt heard it too . . .*

## *By* Alan Hyder

*Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*

yo' gets busy an' picks firewood so's yo' gran'pappy has his coffee, huh."

Matt sprang in the air, delivered a passing slap at his sister, and was gone. Rissa screamed after him and faced her mother angrily.

"Suah was crazy when I don' stop in Kingston," she cried, "when I follows yo' up to dis place."

"Yo' weren't crazy, chile," Mammy laughed. "Yo' is jest scared m' an' gran'pap mak's yo' follows us—an' slaps yo' bottoms in de bargain fo' wantin' to stay in Kingston."

"De Debbil, he stops in Kingston," Old Jonadab said, "while we comes up in de mountains to Gawd."

"Ain't noways suah 'bout dat," Rissa answered cheekily, and went with mincing steps to bathe her feet in a nearby rivulet.

"I is glad I brin's Rissa up to dis place." Jonadab watched her moodily. "May-be it mak's her good."

"Rissa am good," Mammy defended hotly. "Nobody ain't gooder. All gals is full o' funny t'ings when dey is dat age."

Jonadab shook his white pate and was startled by the boisterous return of Matt, who bestrode a small grey donkey. Mammy shrilled at him.

"Yo' young rascal! Where yo' get dat donkey, huh? Yo' tak's him back quick-times."

"Aw, Mammy! I jest borrows dis donkey. He is wit' old woman who am too old to run. I mak's him carry m' firewood."

Mammy caught the boy from his perch, drove the animal away with a hefty slap on its haunches and bestowed one on her son. "Yo' young rascal!" she said. "All de time gettin' we into trouble. When yo' be gettin' us outta trouble, huh?"

"One day, Mammy, I betcha." Matt grinned and caught her arm, fastened it over his shoulders. "One day I gets yo' outta trouble an' mak's yo' happy, too."

"Drat yo'! Ain't I happy now?"

"No!" The boy flashed a glance at his grandfather. "Yo' ain't, Mammy. 'Cause yo' lost yo' home an' don' has no place now."

Rissa joined them and faced the old man. "Yo' done dis," she accused. "Yo' brin's we up dere to dis place an' sells us cabin."

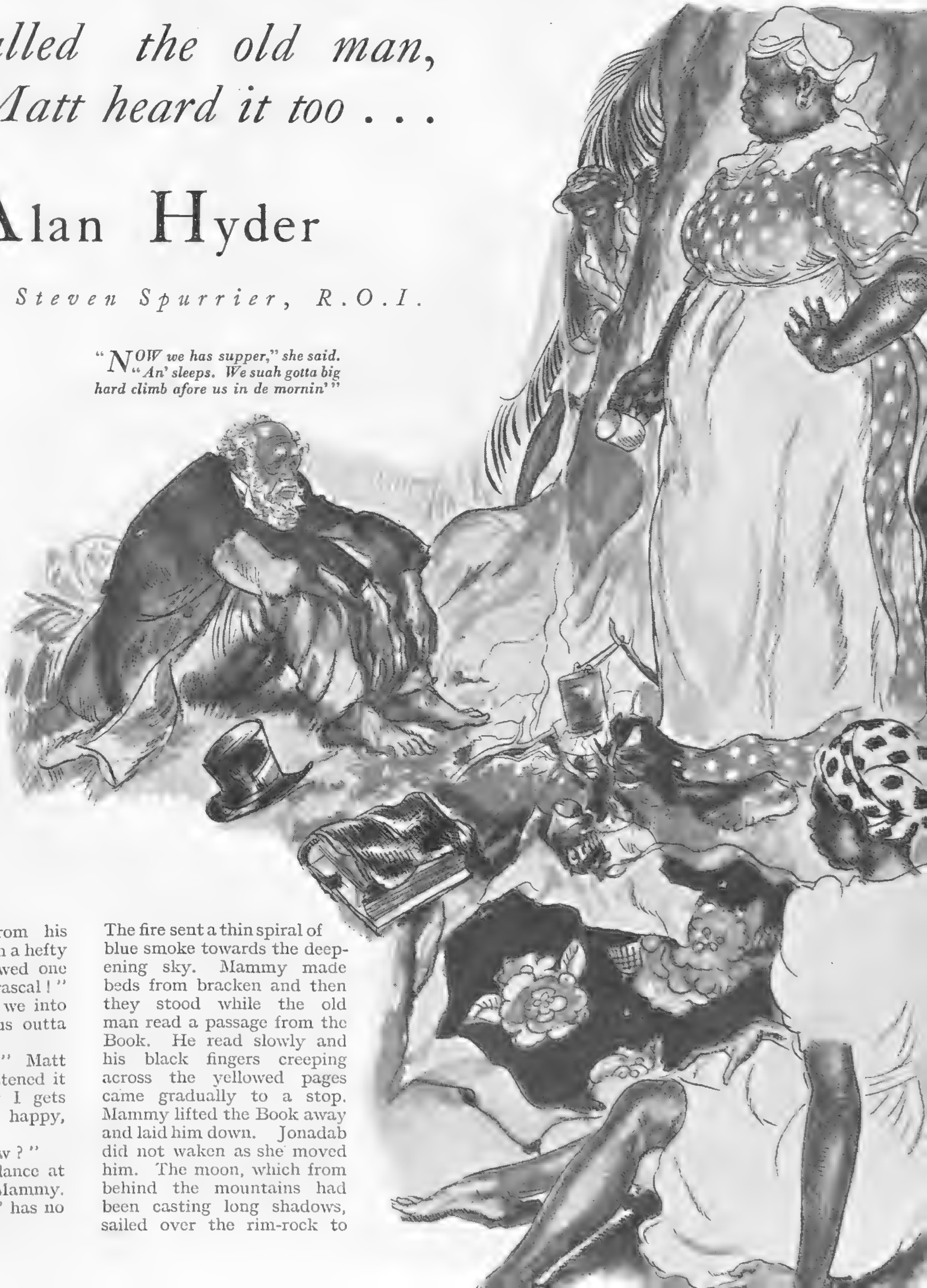
"I brin's yo' to see de Anointed Massa," Old Jonadab quavered, and was cut short by Mammy admonishing the children.

"Don' yo' babbies dares to speak to yo' gran'pappy dat aways." She shook them from her affectionately. "Now we has supper," she said. "An' sleeps. We suah gotta big hard climb afore us in de mornin'."

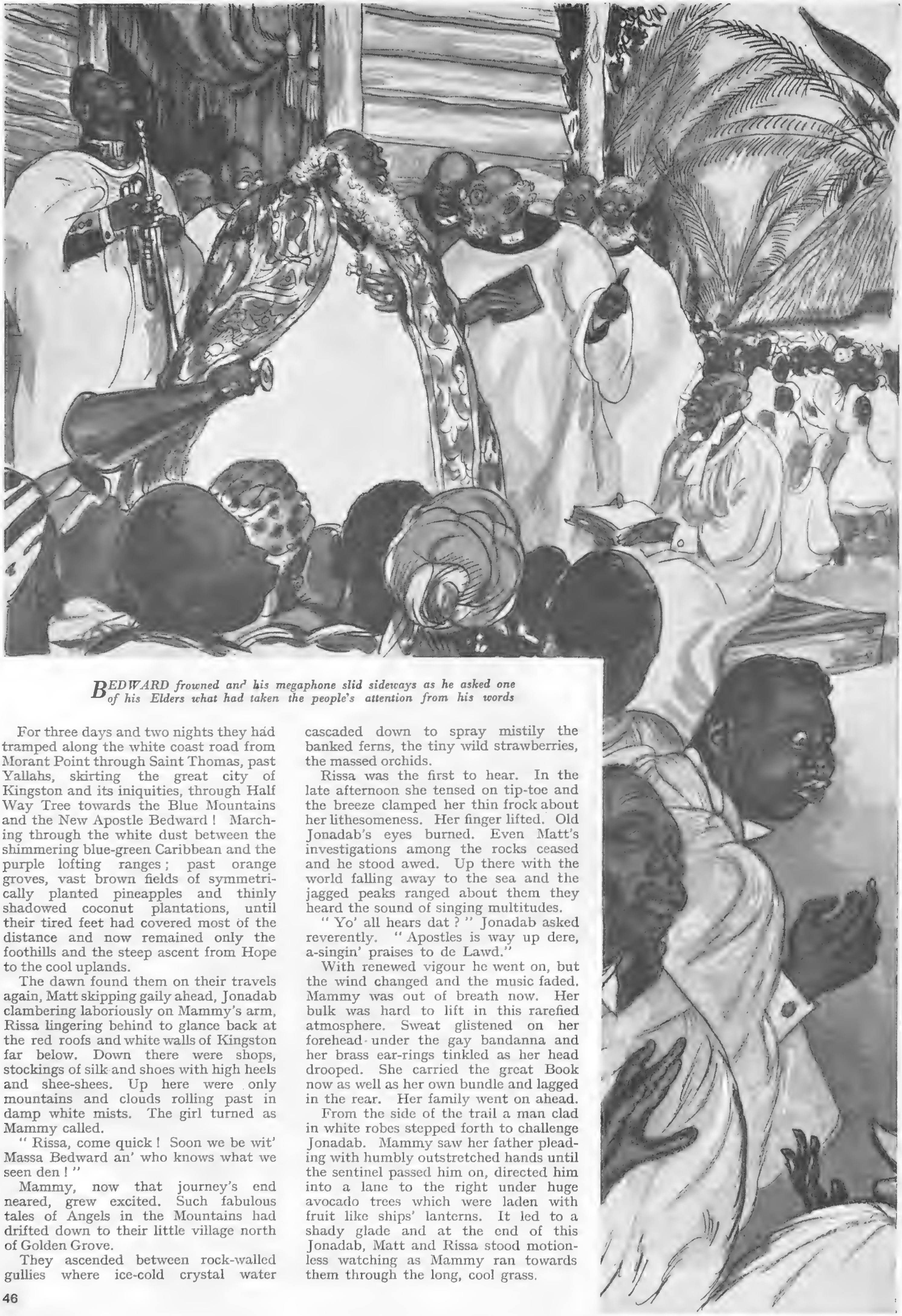
"Towards de Anointed Massa," Old Jonadab said fervently. "Amen!"

THEY ate from the Bible, which made an excellent table, and rested. The fire sent a thin spiral of blue smoke towards the deepening sky. Mammy made beds from bracken and then they stood while the old man read a passage from the Book. He read slowly and his black fingers creeping across the yellowed pages came gradually to a stop. Mammy lifted the Book away and laid him down. Jonadab did not waken as she moved him. The moon, which from behind the mountains had been casting long shadows, sailed over the rim-rock to silver the world. Mammy heaped dust about the fire and crooned a lullaby over her sleeping children.

For weeks past Old Jonadab, intent upon the nearness of Death, had pursued rumours of a New Master who had gathered about him in the mountains hundreds of Faithful, and hearkened to tales of Miracles and Messages from Heaven until he was filled with an urgent desire to climb up and place his departure in the hands of this preacher, Bedward. Mammy had at last succumbed to his pleas. Her little home and belongings had been sold and now, with all their worldly wealth, some forty shillings, tied in a rag beneath her apron, they had set forth to accompany Jonadab upon his pilgrimage.



*"NOW we has supper," she said. "An' sleeps. We suah gotta big hard climb afore us in de mornin'"*



*BEDWARD frowned and his megaphone slid sideways as he asked one of his Elders what had taken the people's attention from his words*

For three days and two nights they had tramped along the white coast road from Morant Point through Saint Thomas, past Yallahs, skirting the great city of Kingston and its iniquities, through Half Way Tree towards the Blue Mountains and the New Apostle Bedward! Marching through the white dust between the shimmering blue-green Caribbean and the purple lofting ranges; past orange groves, vast brown fields of symmetrically planted pineapples and thinly shadowed coconut plantations, until their tired feet had covered most of the distance and now remained only the foothills and the steep ascent from Hope to the cool uplands.

The dawn found them on their travels again, Matt skipping gaily ahead, Jonadab clambering laboriously on Mammy's arm, Rissa lingering behind to glance back at the red roofs and white walls of Kingston far below. Down there were shops, stockings of silk and shoes with high heels and shee-shees. Up here were only mountains and clouds rolling past in damp white mists. The girl turned as Mammy called.

"Rissa, come quick! Soon we be wit' Massa Bedward an' who knows what we seen den!"

Mammy, now that journey's end neared, grew excited. Such fabulous tales of Angels in the Mountains had drifted down to their little village north of Golden Grove.

They ascended between rock-walled gullies where ice-cold crystal water cascaded down to spray mistily the banked ferns, the tiny wild strawberries, the massed orchids.

Rissa was the first to hear. In the late afternoon she tensed on tip-toe and the breeze clamped her thin frock about her lithesomeness. Her finger lifted. Old Jonadab's eyes burned. Even Matt's investigations among the rocks ceased and he stood awed. Up there with the world falling away to the sea and the jagged peaks ranged about them they heard the sound of singing multitudes.

"Yo' all hears dat?" Jonadab asked reverently. "Apostles is way up dere, a-singin' praises to de Lawd."

With renewed vigour he went on, but the wind changed and the music faded. Mammy was out of breath now. Her bulk was hard to lift in this rarefied atmosphere. Sweat glistened on her forehead under the gay bandanna and her brass ear-rings tinkled as her head drooped. She carried the great Book now as well as her own bundle and lagged in the rear. Her family went on ahead.

From the side of the trail a man clad in white robes stepped forth to challenge Jonadab. Mammy saw her father pleading with humbly outstretched hands until the sentinel passed him on, directed him into a lane to the right under huge avocado trees which were laden with fruit like ships' lanterns. It led to a shady glade and at the end of this Jonadab, Matt and Rissa stood motionless watching as Mammy ran towards them through the long, cool grass.

Before them was a plateau circled by the towering mountains and ringed with rustling trees. The trees were grouped densely away to the right and among them was a ramshackle wooden church with a leaning spire. About this strange edifice several hundred negroes, men and women dressed alike in flowing robes of white, chanted rhythmically with deep religious fervour, oblivious to everything but the little grey church.

Old Jonadab dropped to his knees and prayed gratefully; tears of joy oozed from his closed eyes. Mammy crouched by his side and pulled Matt down. But the boy's eyes did not close, they concentrated widely on the church. Rissa knelt also and peered and forgot the temptations of Kingston.

Upon the roof ridge of the church a chair had been balanced, a carrying chair with long handles and a wickerwork seat. In it an aged negro sat and his grey hair and beard undulated in the gentle wind. Completely nude, he sat there on high like an image, with hands clasped on his prominent black stomach, still, as though waiting placidly for a summons. The Anointed Master—Bedward!

Below, his disciples swayed and sang rhapsodically in worship.

A figure detached from the crowd and came with stately mien towards Jonadab and his family. His voluminous sleeves hid the view and Matt twisted and peered anxiously.

"Yo' is strange bretheren an' sisteren," the man said. "Yo' been told yo' am free to visit dis holy place?"

"We ain't been told none, suh," Old Jonadab quavered. "But we is come to pray at de feet o' Massa Bedward."

"Praises to de Anointed Massa Bedward," the man intoned, and Jonadab and Mammy echoed "Praise him!"

"I is Angel Warden," the man said. "Yo' follows me an' I mak's yo' into Minor Angels."

"Yo' — Us — We be — Angels?" Jonadab asked incredulously. This superseded his greatest hopes. He enquired again to make sure. "Yo' mak's us—Angels?"

"Suah does dat selfsame t'ing." The Angel Warden preened his robes. "Yo' seen dese? Yo' gets 'em too, an' is Angels."

"Me! In Angels' robes like dem?" Jonadab cried. "Me dress in white robes like dem an' is a Angel?"

THEN Mammy's voice came like a douche of very cold water. "How much dem robes cost?" she asked.

"How much yo' got?"

"We got—Ouch!" Old Jonadab hopped and yelped in agony. Mammy had stamped with great violence on his foot. She smiled sweetly and answered the question herself.

"We ain't got but twelve shillin's."

"We got mor'n dat," Jonadab said indignantly. "We got——"

"Jest twelve shillin's," Mammy repeated calmly.

"Dat won' get yo' all robes," the Angel Warden expostulated. "Dem robes cost yo' six shillin's each. Den dere is yo' fees to stay here in dis Holy Place. An' yo' has to have food. Yo' suah yo' ain't got mor'n twelve shillin's?"

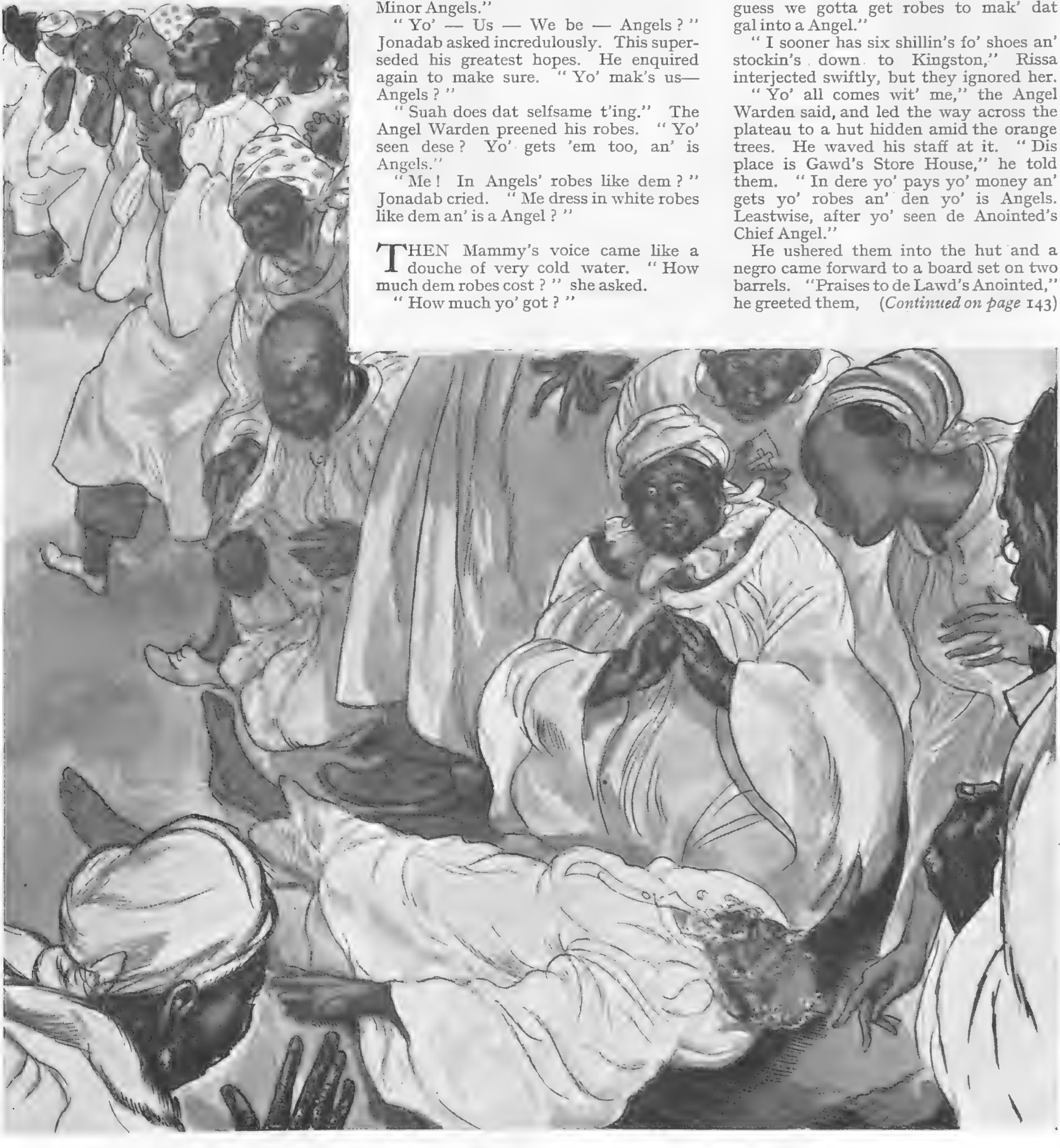
"Well—maybe——" Mammy temporised. "P'raps we could find a few mo' tickies. But, mind! We ain't payin' no six shillin's fo' young Matt to play aroun' in no robes."

"Dat boy am too young an' too mischevious to be no Angel," Old Jonadab said. "But Rissa, now. I guess we gotta get robes to mak' dat gal into a Angel."

"I sooner has six shillin's fo' shoes an' stockin's down to Kingston," Rissa interjected swiftly, but they ignored her.

"Yo' all comes wit' me," the Angel Warden said, and led the way across the plateau to a hut hidden amid the orange trees. He waved his staff at it. "Dis place is Gawd's Store House," he told them. "In dere yo' pays yo' money an' gets yo' robes an' den yo' is Angels. Leastwise, after yo' seen de Anointed's Chief Angel."

He ushered them into the hut and a negro came forward to a board set on two barrels. "Praises to de Lawd's Anointed," he greeted them, (*Continued on page* 143)



# Paris Fashions

## TRENDS

On day and evening gowns an exaggerated emphasis on the bust, greyhound unbelted smoothness from rib top to hip. Pied or bi-coloured jockey effects, the colour dividing down centre front or under-arm seam. The same idea in fur and fabric alliances, as woollen coats with fur backs, a broadcloth suit with a velvet back. Bands of different colours introduced into sleeves, waists, necklines, skirts of dark dresses. Jersey, used in wool to the most cobwebby silk stocking weaves, for everything from sports to evening. Drapery, on day and evening dresses, matched only in Greek statuary. Return of squirrel in long loose coats, in trims. Smoother, less gritty fabrics for suits, dresses, coats. Capes over suits or dresses. Zips from neck to hem, at front or back of dresses. Shirring everywhere. Astonishing absence of belts or scarves; where either are used they are embedded. Satin combined with cloth for day frocks. Knitted jumpers draped over the bust into dressy garments.

**THE BOSOM.** In case there was any doubt about the female shape, the Paris dressmakers have settled it. Material shirred at neckline, shoulder line, armhole is draped over the bosom to the area below where it melts into greyhound smoothness, leaving the breasts sculptured and outstanding.

When not overdone, it is seductive. When overdone, the effect is, to quote a buyer, "sex-on-a-plate." In any case it calls for a perfect figure. All-in-one foundation makers should have a busy time.

* * * *

**SUITS.** Jackets are longer, with a tight hipline, or jackets are boxy. Shoulders are still slightly squared with padding, shirring, seaming. Sleeves, short or long, are simple and straight. Revers are high and, again and again, are embedded into the coat. Some houses put little Peter Pan fur collars to their jackets. Capes, three-quarter length, go over dresses and suits.

Smooth duvetyns, facecloths, velours, mohairs, corduroys, tweeds are used in greens, greiges, tobacco browns, wines, greys, cinnamons, tans, blacks. For sports there are no outrageous colour mixings, but pleasant alliances like a green coat with a wine duster check skirt. Blouses and over-blouses of velvet and jersey have very high draped, embedded scarf neck-lines. Chez Molyneux, there is a dressy suit, the quite Victorian skirt with horizontal tucking and sash ends emerging, like a bustle, from beneath a plain, fitting little coat. Many suits are fur-trimmed with seal, beaver, fox.

Skirt lengths are unchanged, their line tubular, or with an inverted or convolvulus pleat centre front.

**COATS.** Many coats have plain, fitted fronts and loose flowing backs, but the favoured line is the redingote or princess, with a quiet swing to the skirt. If there is a belt, it is as usual embedded. Large pocket flaps fall from the waist seam over the hips, peplum like.

Fur outlines seams, forms panels down fronts and backs of coats, there are collars and revers, sometimes yoke and sleeves of fur. On one black coat, silver fox is worked into a sailor collar. Enormous fox collars abound, many in black fox. Astrakhan, broadtail, seal, beaver, nutria, caracul are again pet pelts.

Shaded nutria is new and nice, and squirrel, once too popular, comes back with all the charm of an old friend. A beaver dyed sheepskin house coat, shown by Mainbocher, suggests a fur coat which would not be too expensive. Favoured colours are black, tobacco brown, nutria brown, greyish green, mole, greige, and any shade of red from cerise to deep scarlet, these always trimmed with black fur.

At Molyneux there are coats so sleek they are zipped from neck to hem. He also shows ankle-length winter coats over ordinary length matching frocks.

* * * *

**DRESSES.** They are princess, tubular, all with this insistence on bust emphasis, a smooth, tight fit from diaphragm to hips, then slight gradual fullness. You see shirring from throat to hips, zips from back of neck to seat. Drapes appear from anywhere on the shoulder and yoke area to below the bust.

Necks are higher and higher, halfway up the throat, forming tight drapes and scarf-like drapery. Jerseys and woollens for mornings, satins, satins combined with cloth, flat crêpes and lighter jerseys for afternoons.

Black dresses abound, frequently brightened with brilliant reds, shrieking pinks, cyclamens, lavender blues. There are all the wine, currant and plum shades, geranium, purple, cinnamon, grey green, deep blue bottle, blue grey, mauvy grey and mole.

Rochas and Lanvin throw up a motif cut from a black dress fabric with brilliant colour beneath; Lelong twists braid across colour. Appliques, incrustations and embroideries are everywhere. Sequins appear now and again on afternoon frocks.

* * * *

**EVENING DRESSES.** Long, tight-sleeved evening dresses, too handsome because of their colour, fabric, or trimming to be categorised as dinner gowns, are made of facecloth, broché cloqué, broadcloth, velvet, with high throats, low backs, and a figure following line. Rochas has a long sleever with a green velvet bodice and a green and beige large chevron striped taffeta skirt.

Slim dresses, very low cut, have defined bosoms, halter necks, clever swathings, high side skirt slits. Sometimes these tight, slit evening skirts are worn with a brilliant lamé jacket or blouse.

At Maggy Rouff there are Merry Widow dresses with drop shoulders, widened at each side with bows, bodies tight to the knees, then a deep flounce, lifted in front, training at the back. One in peony pink velvet has a black lined flounce.

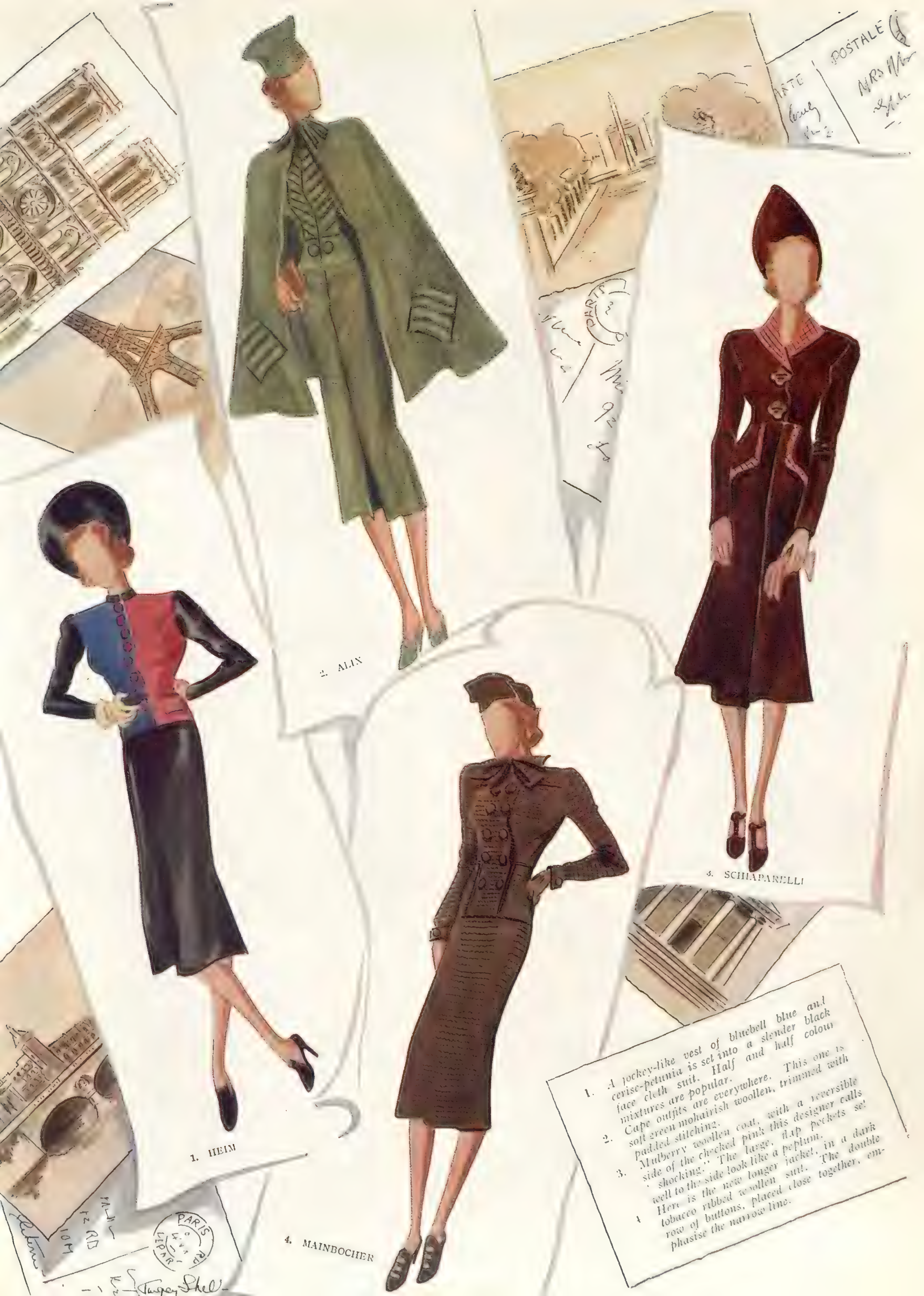
Chanel does full sided Venetian lady skirts in taffeta and tulle. Lanvin and Mainbocher do pannier skirts.

There are above-the-ankle skirts at Molyneux, at

(*Continued on page* 118)

### By Jean Burnup

Editor Women's Department



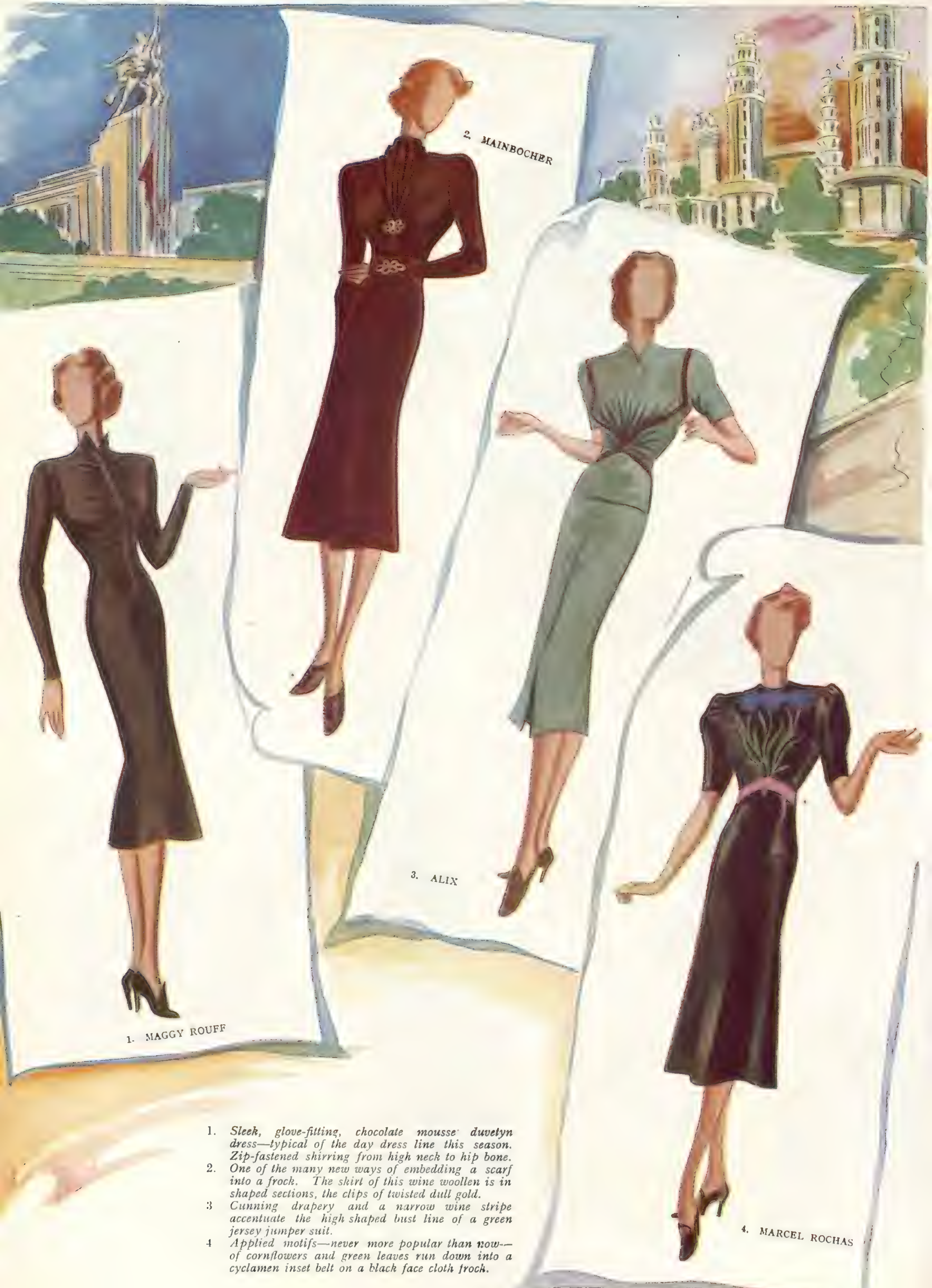
1. HEIM

2. ALIX

3. SCHIAPARELLI

4. MAINBOCHER

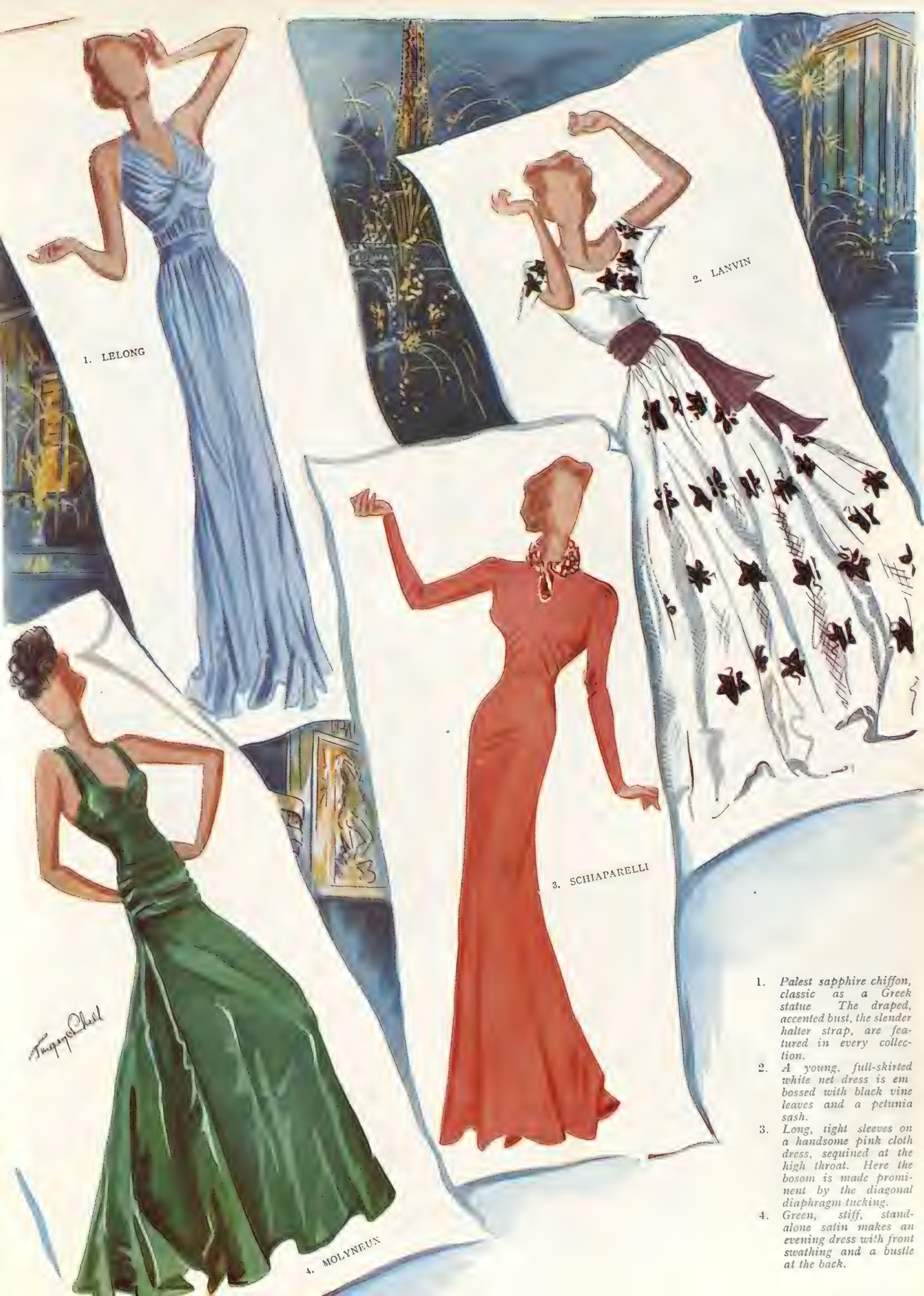
1. *A jockey-like vest of bluebell blue and cerise-petunia is set into a slender black face cloth suit. Half and half colour mixtures are popular.*
2. *Cape outfits are everywhere. This one is soft green mohairish woollen, trimmed with padded stitching.*
3. *Mulberry woollen coat, with a reversible side of the checked pink this designer calls "shocking." The large, flap pockets set well to the side look like a peplum.*
4. *Here is the new longer jacket, in a dark tobacco ribbed woollen suit. The double row of buttons, placed close together, emphasise the narrow line.*



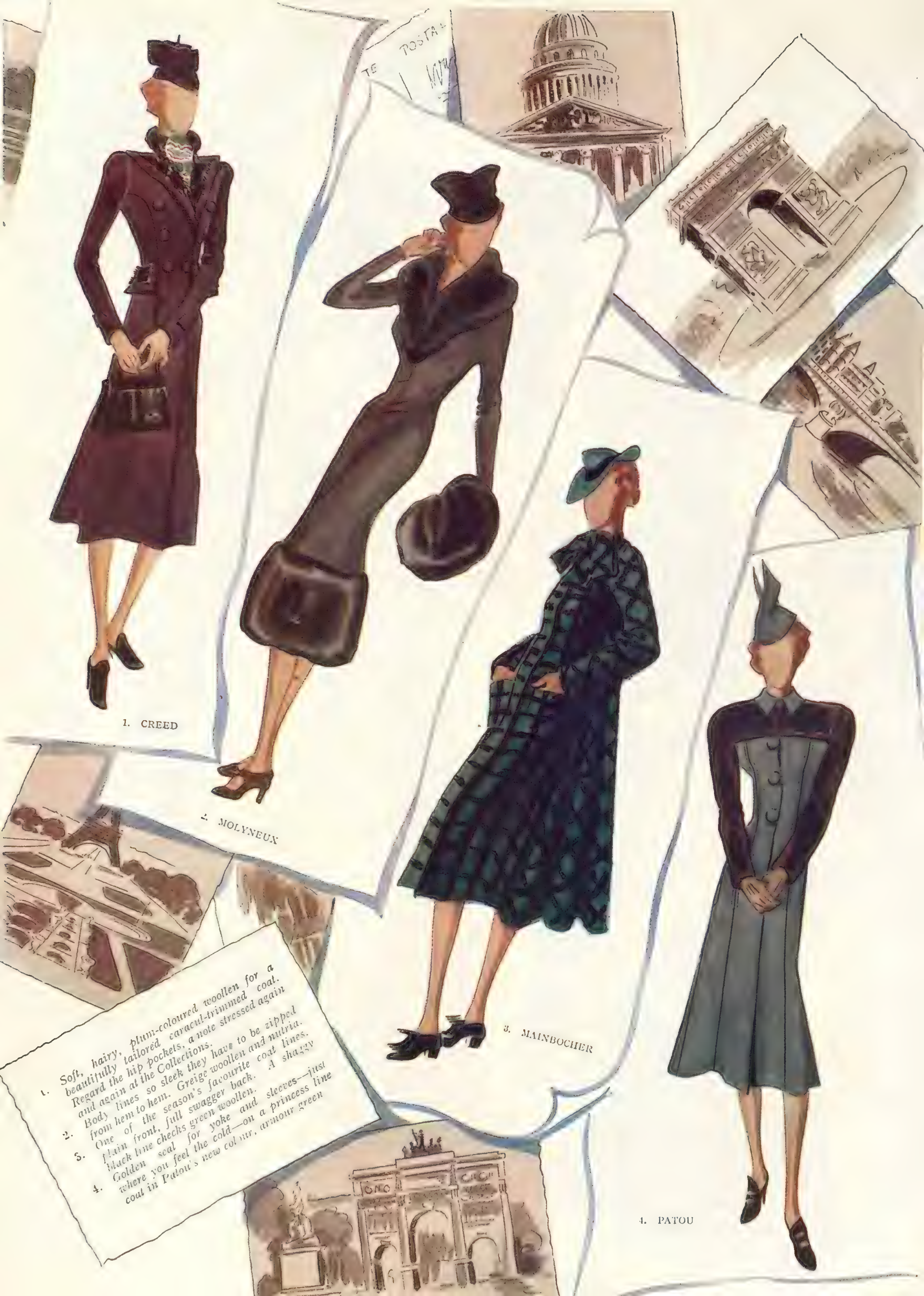
1. *Sleek, glove-fitting, chocolate mousse duvetyn dress—typical of the day dress line this season. Zip-fastened shirring from high neck to hip bone.*
2. *One of the many new ways of embedding a scarf into a frock. The skirt of this wine woollen is in shaped sections, the clips of twisted dull gold.*

3 *Cunning drapery and a narrow wine stripe accentuate the high shaped bust line of a green jersey jumper suit.*

4 *Applied motifs—never more popular than now—of cornflowers and green leaves run down into a cyclamen inset belt on a black face cloth frock.*



1. *Palest sapphire chiffon, classic as a Greek statue The draped, accented bust, the slender halter strap, are featured in every collection.*
2. *A young, full-skirted white net dress is embossed with black vine leaves and a petunia sash.*
3. *Long, tight sleeves on a handsome pink cloth dress, sequined at the high throat. Here the bosom is made prominent by the diagonal diaphragm tucking.*
4. *Green, stiff, stand-alone satin makes an evening dress with front swathing and a bustle at the back.*



1. CREED

2. MOLYNEUX

3. MAINBOCHER

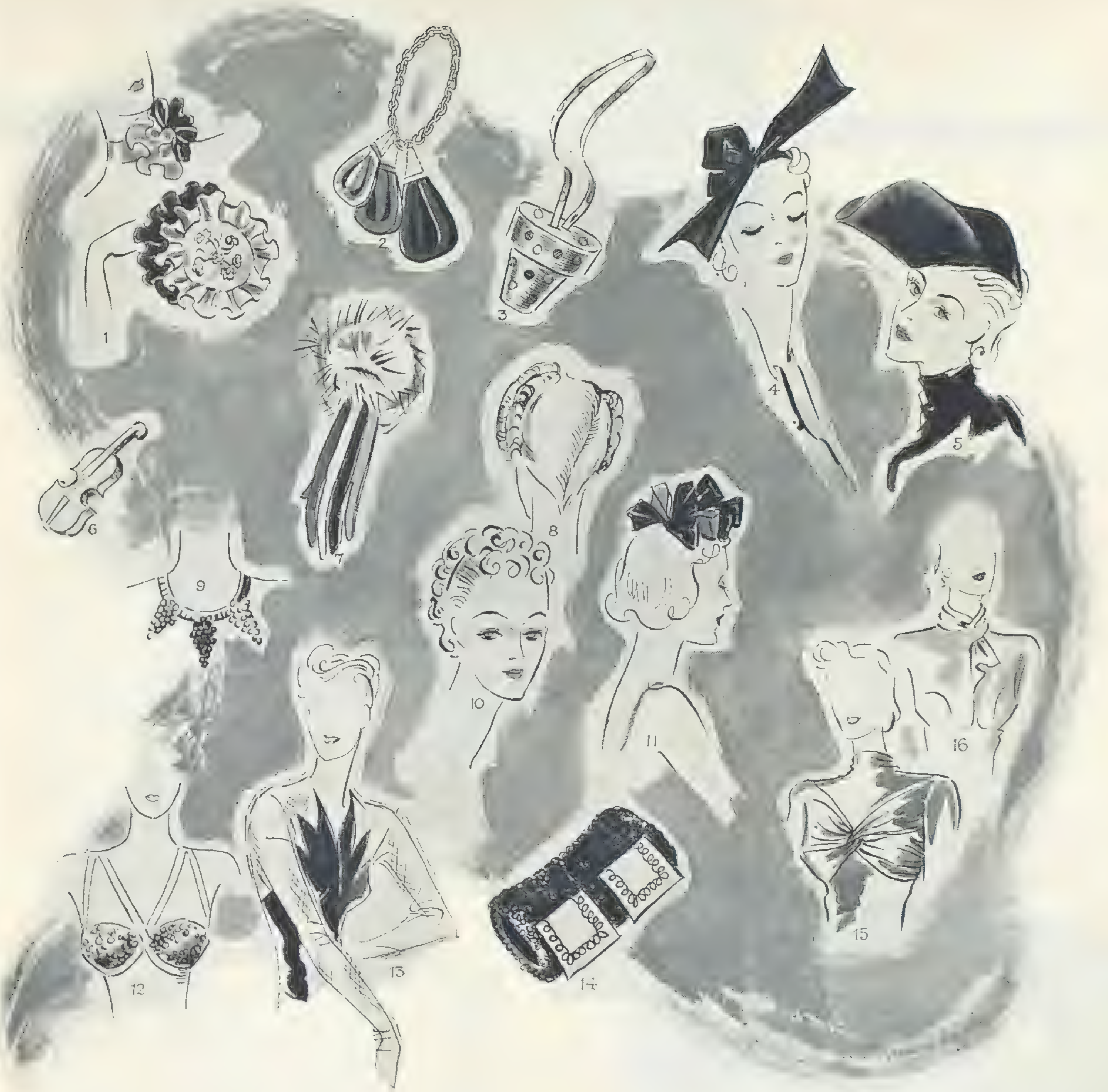
4. PATOU

1. Soft, hairy, plum-coloured woollen for a beautifully tailored caracul-trimmed coat. Regard the hip pockets, a note stressed again and again at the Collections.

2. Body lines so sleek they have to be zipped from hem to hem. Greige woollen and nutria.

3. One of the season's favourite coat lines. Plain front, full swagger back. A shaggy black line checks green woollen.

4. Golden seal for yoke and sleeves—just where you feel the cold—on a princess line coat in Patou's new colour, armour green.



# CONSIDERED TRIFLES

1 *Maggy Rouff's Edwardian dresses have details to match. Here is a neckband and muff of black and peony frilled velvet.*

2 *Bags graded in three sizes and strung from a bracelet of gold chain are in matching or three different coloured kids.*

3 *Schiaparelli's new evening bag like opera glass cases, but made in lamés.*

4 *Many of the new hats are like huge planing birds. This is of black velvet made for Rochas by Maria Guy.*

5 *The reaching forward, upward hats are special to this season. Here is a Schiaparelli example in black felt.*

6 *Violins are among Schiaparelli's buttons.*

7 *A glove is sectioned in stripes of rust, beige, red and green, and has a lynx cuff.*

8 *Hair with a bias parting continuing all down the back, with two curls rolling back on the thick side and one on the thin.*

9 *Maggy Rouff does flat gold necklaces with currant-like clusters of coral and blue.*

10 *Side combs are back—with curls softly clustered behind and on top of the head.*

11 *Waitress-like bows, six in velvet and two in faille, form an attractive headdress by Molyneux.*

12 *Grey sequins set brassière fashion in a grey cloth evening dress are a Schiaparelli way to bust accentuation.*

13 *Net yokes to dinner dresses are much favoured by Patou.*

14 *A muff of astrakhan by Heim has two braided flaps of green cloth to match the accompanying coat.*

15 *More bust accentuation—this time with drapery on a cinnamon crêpe dress.*

16 *A pretty scarf neckline cleverly emerges from the yoke of a strawberry jersey blouse.*

# DON'T HAVE A COLD THIS WINTER

Winter's first cold will often lay you low in October and, if it is a bad one seriously undermining your system, you will not escape running a series of chills right into next summer. So prevention in every case is better than a cure with a cold.

PREVENTION. Take a dessertspoonful of Allenbury's Glucose D instead of sugar with your cereal, or in your tea, every morning at breakfast throughout the autumn and winter. Glucose D is easily digested and supplies a powerful stimulant which increases body-armour.

Keep Vapex in your office desk and drop some on your handkerchief to breathe, when everyone around is sneezing their *germ*-fuls. Vapex keeps the head clear and kills cold germs.

Gargle with Listerine, morning and evening, when colds are rife at the office.

Rub the soles of your feet with camphorated oil that has been slightly heated, after a bath. This will impregnate your system with camphor, and act as a fine anti-influenza and cold germ. Be especially careful to do this before taking a long journey, or when you expect to be standing around in the damp. Also do it after a long journey or when you have been rain-soaked.

Catarrh, or morning head, after a late night provides an ideal germ-bed for colds. Banish it by a dose of Cephos.

Be careful to change your wet clothes and shoes; to air clean sheets before making up the bed, and to air off clean stockings and underclothes. If you don't, you will act as a clothes-airer yourself, which means you will catch a desperate cold.

Try to seize the first opportunity to *rest* when you feel tired, instead of keeping on. Over-fatigue is the password to a hearty cold.

HEAD-COLD. The following are good *suppressive* remedies for sharp, surface colds, caught through sudden exposure or from coming in contact with people who have colds. It is not wise to adopt them in the case of chills, or of *congestion* colds that have been coming on for a long time. Before following a remedy, diagnose your cold. Do one or other of the following:

Breathe Vapex from handkerchief and pillow and drink a good dose of rum or whisky, neat, in bed at night.

Breathe eucalyptus, and drink a wineglass of camphor and ipecacuanha wine (mixed one-third camphor to two-thirds ipecacuanha by the chemist) last thing at night. Or, if you do not like swallowing camphor, which usually proves an infallible cold cure, take twenty drops of Collis Browne's Chlorodyne every six hours.

Genasprin, taken at the outbreak of a cold, is an effective antidote. Two tablets, crushed, and swallowed in a little cold water; followed, half an hour later, by a dessertspoonful of neat brandy.

Incidentally, eucalyptus on sugar, half a teaspoonful to a lump, if you can bear it in your mouth, cures rapidly.

As a precaution, always rub the chest well with camphorated oil while you have a head-cold, to prevent it from travelling down.

SORE THROAT, COUGHS. Take an aperient. A sore throat is always a sign of severer body-poisoning than a mere head-cold.

Gargle with Glyco-Thymoline, as frequently as is possible.

Alternate drinks of hot orange-juice (adding just sufficient boiling water to the squeezed juice of an orange to make it hot) with drinks of hot black currant, made by dissolving black-currant jelly, one tablespoonful in two tablespoonfuls of water, or by passing the same quantity of jam and water through a hair-sieve, so as to be certain that the drink is smooth. Whilst travelling or in the office Allenbury's Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are most convenient.

Inhale friar's balsam, supplemented by a scraping of menthol.

To stop bad coughing fits, there is nothing to touch an inhalation of Potter's Asthma Cure.

ASTHMA. In every case put your head over a bowl of Potter's Asthma Cure. Relief is instantaneous. It prevents that terrible exhaustion and consequent strain on the heart that struggling for breath entails, as easy breathing is quickly restored.

It can be inhaled with breathing exercises, and is harmless and efficacious for children.

Sufferers from asthma should always take Potter's Catarrh Pastilles directly they catch cold, to cut congestion.

CHILL. In this type of cold the organs of the body become numbed and clogged. A warm bed is the place in a well-aired room; a liquorice aperient and a very light diet to clear the liver and kidneys without over-charging them.

Take tomato juice, being careful (*Continued on page* 108)

# THESE CREAMS SUIT EVERY SKIN

Some things are so well known, it is difficult to say anything new about them. Even though they are a continuous source of joy.

The sun is one—responsible for most of Nature's Beauty. Pond's is another—responsible for a great deal of human beauty. Now we are right down on the subject of this page, and while we are on comparisons, remember that you can often call upon the sun in vain, whereas you have only to call on Pond's for it to be on the job without fail.

Hot or cold, breezy or stuffy, Pond's creams *condition* the skin, in the same way that you would speak of air-conditioned rooms; and the beauty routine to be followed with them is so simple that a Pond's outfit constitutes the finest equipment for running repairs.

I know how grateful I have always been when caught out without make-up—say on a surprise party or expedition—if someone has handed me a flask of skin-freshener and tube of vanishing cream. Pond's is so reliable and seems to suit everybody.

You meet it on sun-helmeted women in the scorching Sahara, on fur-clad women on the Trans-Siberian Railway, on women who are trying to make the utmost of their looks in the steam-baths of Malay. Now, that speaks volumes for *skin-conditioning*.

As for purity, anyone who has been over Pond's factory knows how hygienically the creams and lotions are prepared.

Hands never come near the preparations. The sterilised jars that receive the creams from the great vats are slipped along under taps on belts of machinery, which then carry them under a press stamp by which they are hermetically sealed. A pharmaceutical drum could not be more aseptic.

## By Chrysis

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

The hundreds of women who work on labels and folding cartons are all dressed in spotless white overalls beside the gleaming machinery in snow-white rooms. They are not allowed to work if they have a cut on their finger or blemish on their face. In fact, these women are a Complexion Beauty chorus, many hundreds strong. All have pink-and-white morning-dew faces—on Pond's.

But they are not compelled to use Pond's. *They buy it of their own choice,* because they have seen the creams made and know what they are buying.

They follow the routine: a lavish face-cleaning with cold cream, before bed or whenever they wish to float off dirt or make-up. This is wiped off with Pond's special absorbent tissues, the best removers for their cream.

Next, faces are dabbed with skin-freshener, a mild and very gently stimulating astringent which braces; and then any surplus cream that has been tightened out by this is removed. Result, a lovely, clean and happy freshness for bed. Or if another make-up is to be put on, a touch of vanishing cream is *suggested* rather than applied over nose and forehead, to make the powder adhere.

That's all, except the powder. (You use what rouge you like over the powder.) This is in five shades: Natural, Peach, Rachel I and Rachel II, and Dark Brunette. But forty-three shades of powder go to blending those five, which are scientifically matched to natural skin-tones and sifted through a super-fine silk sieve to ensure an ultra-fine texture which makes them cling.

This powder does what it sets out to do, bequeaths lustre to the natural skin. In doing that, it confers beauty and a certain personality, because it is impregnated with a delicate and most elusive perfume. It will not re-tint your face, because it merges, but it will improve what is there, beyond all telling.

So much for the Beauty Aids, and there is nothing like the cold cream for preventing (*Continued on page* 136)

# SUCCESS

Grape Hyacinth, or Muscari, are very decorative. (Right) A bowl of pink hyacinth makes a pleasing picture placed in front of a mirror. (Below) A group of hyacinth in a papier-maché bowl. These bowls can be painted any shade to match or contrast with the colour of the blooms

## By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde

Do not make the initial mistake of ordering an immense number of all sorts of bulbs. Begin with a few, say a dozen.

Hyacinths are far and away the easiest bulbs to grow in bowls, so easy that it is rarely one hears of a failure with them.

It is easier for the amateur to grow them in bowls of the prepared fibre sold by every nurseryman than in pots of earth.

Hyacinths make very long roots, so long that in most bowls they wind round the bottom in a circle. So choose the largest bowls you have. I grow them as a rule in pretty old washing bowls that measure about 18 inches across. I have even had them in big wastepaper baskets. Of course these had to be lined with a lead receptacle, but the bulbs, having plenty of room for their roots, did amazingly well. The hyacinths grew about two feet high and the baskets standing on the floor looked most decorative.

Be sure to buy from a first-rate firm. Cheap stuff is the most expensive in the long run. When the bulbs and fibre arrive, see that there is plenty of charcoal in the fibre. Charcoal keeps the water sweet all through the winter, and even if there is plenty there already, you will do well to put a further layer of charcoal at the bottom of each bowl.

First make your fibre thoroughly moist. And if you can possibly manage it, use rain-water, which is both food and drink.

The fibre should be just the right moisture—that is, after you have filled the bowls with it and left them standing for, say, an hour, there should be no superfluous water pouring out if you hold the bowls on one side. Put in the bulbs with their tips an inch below the surface soil and allow about two inches between the bulbs.

*Never keep bulbs in a dark cupboard.* The darkness is beneficial, but the lack of air is not. The ideal is to keep them in a cool, dark cellar. Failing a cellar, keep the bowls in as dark a place as possible, but with plenty of air. Do not keep them in a room where there is a gas fire, or where artificial light is used.

Then there is the important point of watering. The easiest way to ruin bulbs, or in fact any plants, is to give them little driblets of water every day.

# WITH BULBS:

## YOURS, IF YOU FOLLOW THE EXPERT ADVICE AND INSTRUCTION GIVEN IN THIS ARTICLE

When water is needed (and bulbs need very little until in active growth), give them enough to reach the furthest roots and then leave them well alone until they need water again.

Cold water straight from the main gives all plants a severe check in wintry weather. If you can't get rainwater, use water that has stood in the same temperature as the bulbs for a day.

Whenever you water after ten minutes or so tip the bowls carefully on one side, and if there is any surplus moisture drain it off. More water than the plants can absorb is injurious to them.

In three months' time good top growth should be showing. The bowls should then be brought very gradually into light. The first day put them in a fairly light room and shade them from light with brown paper.

Next day shade them with thinner paper until they get accustomed to full sunlight. Then they can be kept on a very sunny window sill. But on no account let them be in a draught.

Plants hate draughts just as much as human beings and they suffer even more, for their lives are not long enough to recover from the effects.

If you like small bowls of bulbs for table decoration, then grow crocuses. It is impossible to grow yellow crocuses in bowls, but the mauve and white kinds are very easy and look charming in flower. Bleu Celeste is the best.

Plant the bulbs as thickly as possible and look after the plants as directed for hyacinths. If you wish to grow yellow crocuses get an earthen pan six inches deep with drainage holes in it. Plant the bulbs as thickly as possible in very sandy loam, put the pan on ashes and cover with fibre or litter to a depth of several inches.

Tulips and narcissus in a shell-shaped bowl

Remove the fibre in February and when the bulbs are coming into flower bring them into the house. If the pans are kept in a frame on no account can the frame be closed even in severe weather, for yellow crocuses cannot stand any unnatural warmth.

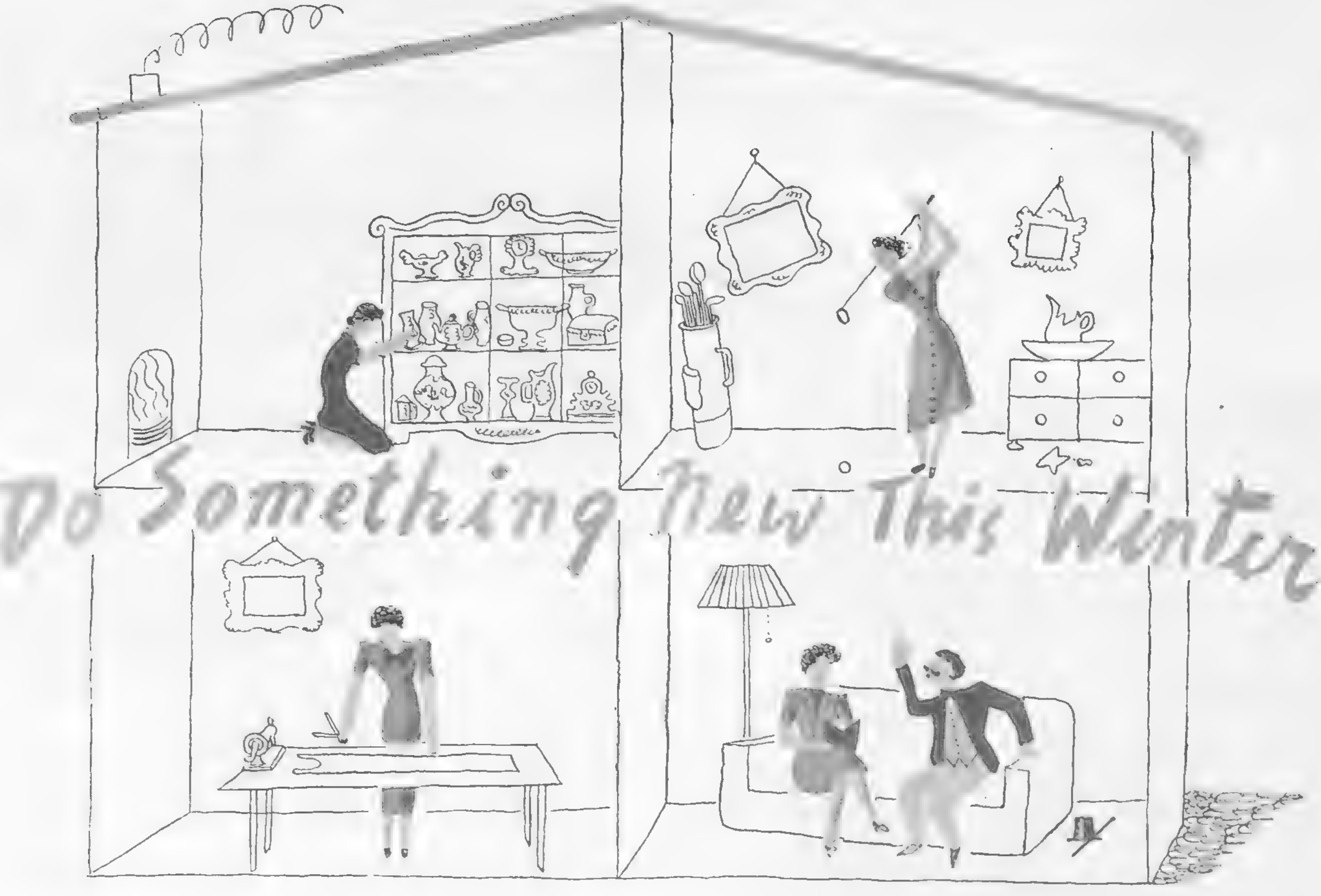
Planted in pans outdoors they will not flower much earlier than those in the open, but you can enjoy the flowers indoors and they will be safe from birds.

Triteleias are very charming for table decoration. They are best grown in sphagnum moss with a little charcoal at the bottom of the bowl. In many catalogues these flowers are listed as Millas. The prettiest variety is T. uniflora violacea.

Tulips are not easy in bowls. They should always be grown in pots in good fibrous loam with a good handful of sand to each pot. One of the loveliest and easiest tulips to grow is Murillo, a pale pink double variety. Plant three bulbs in a five-inch pot, putting in the bulbs with two inches of soil above their tips. Then treat exactly as advised above for hyacinths. Tulips need very careful watering. It must not be given in excess, but if they lack sufficient water they will not flower. The soil for them should be damp, but never sodden.

When planting the bulbs put them in with their tips an inch below the surface. (Right) See that there is plenty of charcoal in the fibre

# Do Something New This Winter



Before winter comes, with its long fireside evenings, take stock of your weeks. Go through them, Sunday to Sunday, from the moment you get up till you go to bed again. Judge them, not in the light of established things, but strictly on their merits—and you will be astonished at the hours you spend doing purely routine things, and at the hours you waste.

The finest way of keeping your mind young is to foster its enthusiasms—to give it so many new things to think about that it never grows broody.

To begin with, you might read a book. Just one will do, for if you have chosen well it will whet your appetite to such an extent that nothing will stop you getting others.

Of course you have had a subscription to a good library for years. But I rather suspect that you get out mostly those novels that are well and brightly reviewed, and that you read only when you have a few odd minutes during the day or when you are wooing sleep. Which is making mundane what should be one of life's great thrills.

Or you might really get down to studying another language this winter. You will know from past experience whether you work best in competition with other people or under personal guidance.

It is easy enough to find a teacher who will come to your house—French, German, Italian, Russian—they are all here in England. Often you can find them through the personal columns in newspapers. Or you can insert an advertisement yourself. You will get plenty of replies.

If it so happens that you work better in a class, you can take a six months' course of three lessons each week for £5 10s. And between lessons there is always the radio to improve your accent and to give you confidence.

In these hectic days there is more than ever to be said in favour of occupations that will have a soothing effect on ragged nerves, which is one good reason why so many society girls are petit-point enthusiasts.

To start with, you need nothing but a canvas, a frame, and an eye for colour. Any needlework shop can provide all these, including the colours. There are also some excellent books on this subject.

Possibly you are more practical-minded? Then what about designing and making your own clothes? Apart altogether from the fact that you will save much money, you have no idea of the pride you will feel in your first successful model.

It is best not to do this, perhaps, unless you have a spare room in which you can fix up a long, plain table, a sewing machine, a stand, and an ironing board. But given these things, you can, for ten guineas, take a course that will teach you all you need to know about designing, cutting and fitting, in twenty lessons.

Even without elaborate lessons you can improve the appearance of all your clothes by making your own undergarments.

There are so many things you can do. Have you ever made a collection? Don't be discouraged because you have not got a bottomless bank balance. It is not the amount of money you spend that will give you the greatest pleasure. It is finding attractive things and trying to get them without having to pay much.

You can even be a collector without spending any money at all. I know two or three people who save match-book covers. Theatre programmes, interesting catalogues, lipstick containers, wedding cake ornaments, are other ideas for free collections.

Now, before your memories of last summer fade, make up your mind that before another comes you will have made yourself really proficient in at least one outdoor sport.

While you still remember your envy of the girl who was such a marvellous swimmer, go off to an indoor swimming pool, and in nice, warm water practise regularly or take instruction until you have complete confidence in yourself.

Spend no more time wailing because you are a tennis rabbit. Instead, take a stern course of lessons, and between times play lots of ping-pong just to train your eye.

If you are good enough at tennis and swimming, there is always golf. You can improve your game enormously in an indoor school, and the pro will have much more time for you during the next few months than when the spring rush begins again.

Whenever you hear somebody say they would love to do some particular thing, but that they never have the time, you can be sure of one thing. They just don't want to do it enough.

It is true that something else may have to be sacrificed to it, but, after all, most of life is a compromise between aspiration and organisation.

**Olive Randall**

# Baby Cries

"Let him," says the modern mother. But is she always right? Is it possible that much crying which is attributed to naughtiness or lung exercise is the expression of a real need?

Some babies are born docile. Others need to be broken in. All need to be understood.

The modern cult of discipline which begins in the first hour of life cannot be too highly praised, but in our zest for efficiency it is possible to forget that everything good has its limitations, and contains within itself the power of its own destruction.

In our eagerness to follow the modern theories of scientific mothercraft there is a risk of neglecting the individual. Theories are fine things, but they are best in the hands of a woman who realises that you cannot generalise for these tiny human creatures whose only come-back is a cry.

Crying is not a thing to be dismissed with airy references to discipline, or lung exercise. Discipline has its place, of course, but so have reason and logic and sympathy.

Why does baby cry? The cause may be physical or emotional. Babies don't cry for nothing. I doubt if any baby airs his lungs for the sheer love of it.

It is his way of voicing a need. The mother's task is, first, to interpret his demand with reasonable accuracy and then to deal with it according to its merits.

If the need proves to be a fancied one, or one that for his own good it is expedient to deny him, then he must learn to resign himself quietly.

It takes intelligence and attentiveness to distinguish between a wail of discomfort, a howl of temper and a cry of sheer emotional stress, but it can be done. It *must* be done if a child is to progress healthily and normally and without nervous inhibitions.

Physical reasons may be behind a baby's tears. If so, the trouble is easy to detect. It is simple enough to satisfy yourself that the child is not in pain, that he is warm and comfortable, and not sore and not cold, or that his clothes don't tickle him or feel too tight.

It is simple, too, to assure yourself that his irritability is not due to constipation or fatigue, mental and physical.

But it is not so simple when the physical causes have been dealt with to distinguish between the crying that is just a "try on" and that which is traceable to some emotional stress. This is a task that calls for more intuition, more reasoning and thought.

One may wonder what emotional stress can possibly disturb the mind of a creature so small, but there are many emotional conflicts in the fast developing brain of the tiny baby.

Fear . . . insecurity . . . bewilderment beset him at all points and in varying degrees of seriousness, according to his nervous disposition. His natural and sometimes noisy reactions to these difficulties often go down to naughtiness, poor lamb.

The tiny baby will cry when he is nursed inexpertly, when the arms that hold him feel timid and insecure or when he is jogged too violently in his cradle.

A firm, reassuring touch will soothe a frightened baby like magic, hence the reason that one person may be credited with the ability to soothe the little one where others fail.

The modern practice of putting young children to sleep in a room alone can be overdone. It may be at the root of later nervous disorders in the highly strung child.

Fear of the dark, loneliness, do not always express themselves in immediate or obvious demonstrations, but the harm is the same, though the symptoms show themselves in totally unexpected and even irrelevant ways.

A baby may be desperately frightened on waking to find a bright moon sailing outside the window. This strange, bright object may fill him with dismay, yet when he voices his terror he is accused of crying for nothing.

I know a little girl of two who suddenly and for no apparent reason screamed when she was put to bed at night. Her tears were attributed to naughtiness, but as she became more and more sleepless, more restless and hysterical throughout the day, it was apparent that some definite cause for her condition must be found.

It turned out that she had conceived a perfect terror of the cuckoo which she could hear in the silence of the fields at night. This emotional conflict which she could not express in words was undermining her health and working havoc upon her nerves.

Once revealed,

(*Continued on page* 118)

# I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

### By Mary Young

*If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve,"* 32-34, *St. Bride Street, E.C.*4

To this slimming business there is no end. We have to be slim this autumn, but we have to show a pretty curve too.

Now, how is a girl to do that without thinning down all over and waking up one morning to find her contours have slipped, and there is a distinct crepiness under the chin, not to mention an aching void below the belt?

Deal with local fat locally is the slogan. And rolling treatment, provided you have the right kind of roller, is a safe and sure method.

There is a super-efficient adaptable roller now on the market that is as flexible and as firm as the hand of an expert masseuse. It adapts itself to every contour of the body, so that pressure is the same whether it travels over hill or dale, and it is impossible to get bruised or pinched.

It can be worked with one hand only. This means that the arms can be streamlined too: and that is important. For the upper arm is a favourite nesting place for fat.

If you have any local trouble going on between your hair line and the base of your neck, such as forehead wrinkles, double chin, or throat that is not so swan-like as you would wish it to be, I have discovered something that should interest you.

It is a set of corrective bands.

There is a band for the forehead, one for the neck and one for the chin. They can be worn together or separately, and are scientifically designed to smooth away wrinkles, to give a lift to sagging muscles, and gently but firmly to restore to the face and neck their youthful contours.

The bands are made of specially constructed fabric covered in silk, with a fleecy back that will not irritate sensitive skins. The secret of the success of these simple beauty aids, however, lies in the scientific cutting; each band is different, yet each is designed to complement the other.

There is a fourth band, also, for slenderising the ankles.

You may think that the only way to avert broken china in the home is to dust the things yourself. And at one time I would have said that you were right. Hating dusting as I do, however, I am glad to report the arrival on the domestic scene of a flexible brush with hairs as soft as silk. Like wax in the hands of the most ham-handed domestic help, it bends to any curve and whisks dust away as lightly as the brush of a moth's wing.

Acquire one of these brushes, and hard knocks for you and your drawing-room etceteras will be a thing of the past. They are grand for pictures too.

The brush has an elder brother for the car. It can be used dry or wet. Fix the attachment on the back of the hose and you can sluice your car down like a professional washer. Use it dry, and it will whisk travel dust off the cellulose without risk of scratching, and chase grime out of the innermost recesses of the upholstery.

One thing leads to another, and talk about brushes reminds me of teeth. I am using a dentifrice just now that is getting me all excited. It is not new to the U.S.A. It has been used by *soignée* American women and by film stars for some years, and if you knew how vital camera condition of the teeth is to a star's career, you would realise that they cannot afford to take any risks with their dentifrice.

This powder brings the teeth back to dazzling whiteness and the high mirror gloss which Nature intended them to have when they first sprouted, rather painfully, through our tender pink gums.

It makes mouths cleaner and fresher too. For it neutralises mouth acidity and gives the mouth a lovely fresh fragrance that lasts for many hours. In spill-proof tins, it costs 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d.

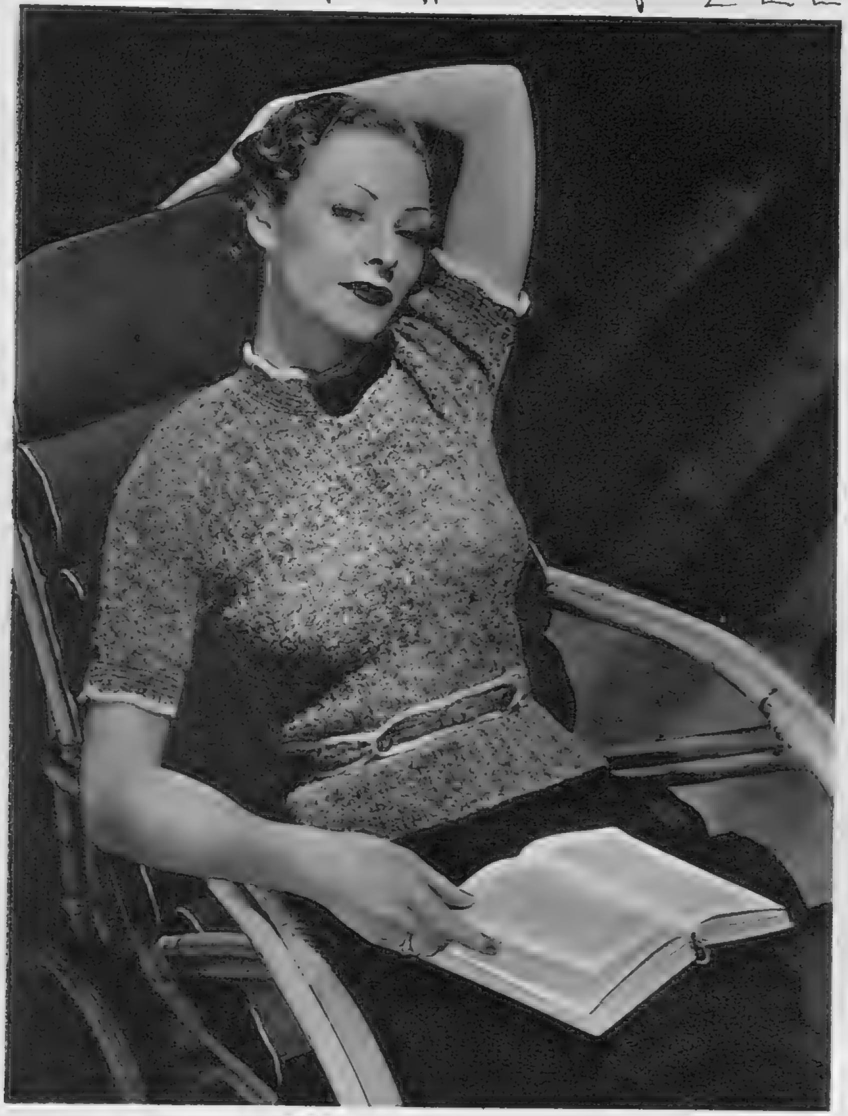
If you, dear reader, can open a tin of sardines with one of those little bodkins the grocer so thoughtfully slips into the bag for you, you are the eighth wonder of the world. I have never yet come across anyone who could. For myself, I get about a quarter way round the tin and there I stick. By the time I have finally got the tin open, the sardines are like pulp, most of the oil has spilt over my dress—and is my face red?

But, praise be, our fighting days are over. Now, with a handy little pair of scissors, you can cut your way through any can just like butter. The scissors have a hook at one side which grips the edge of the tin, and all you have to do is to press the point of the scissors against the side of the tin and snip around. Any tin or can responds. Price of the scissors is 1s.

I used to think that there were two kinds of sponges in the world: the kind that comes out of the ocean (I never know whether it is animal or vegetable) and the rubber sponge. Some folks, including myself, don't care for either kind.

I still don't know whether the sponge I am using now is animal, vegetable or mineral, but I *do* know it hasn't got a bowing acquaintance with the sea and that there isn't a shred of rubber in its make-up. Apart from that, it is the softest, silkiest thing to the touch imaginable, and has one enormous advantage over other sponges. However long it is in use (and its life is just double that of the ordinary sponge), it never gets slimy.

Nannies and their charges like it too, because it never chafes tender skins and can be sterilised in a moment by plunging it into boiling water.



# ELEGANT SIMPLICITY

**You will require:**

*4 ozs. of Munrospun 2-ply "Morning Mist" in Main Colour;*
*½ oz. ditto in contrast;*
*1 pair No. 11 Stratnoid Pins; 1 pair No. 9 Pins;*
*4 Buttons.*

**Measurements:**

*Length from shoulder, 20 ins.;*
*Across under arm, 17 ins.;*
*Sleeve length from shoulder, 10 ins.;*
*Tension 6 sts. to 1 inch (approx.).*

**Abbreviations:**

*K. Knit; P. Purl; St. Stitch; Sts. Stitches; Pat. Pattern; Inc. Increase; Dec. Decrease; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning. Knit into the backs of all cast-on stitches.*

## BACK:

With No. 9 pins cast on 109 sts. Knit into backs of 1st row.

*2nd row:* * K.2, P.2. Repeat from * to last st., K.1.

This one row forms pat. Work 4 ins. Change to No. 11 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins. Work 6½ ins.

*Shape Armhole:* Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows. Work 5 ins., then divide sts. for back opening. Work on 1st 49 sts., keeping 4 sts. at inside edge in Garter St. Work 1¼ ins. Make buttonhole—work to last 6 sts. Cast off 4, K.2.

*Next row:* K.2. Cast on 4, K. to end. Work until 6½ ins. after armhole shaping.

*Shape Neck:* Cast off 16 sts. at neck edge. Work ½ in. on remaining sts., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 29 sts. remain.

*Shape Shoulder:* Cast off 6 sts. every armhole end row 4 times. Work back to armhole. Cast off 5.

## LEFT BACK:

Return to 40 sts. of left back. Join wool at neck edge. Cast on 9 sts. (49 sts.). Work to correspond, omitting buttonhole.

## FRONT:

Work as for Back until 5½ ins. after armhole shaping.

*Shape Neck:* Work 37. Cast off 15. Work to end. Work on each 37 sts. for 1½ ins., decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 29 sts. remain.

*Shape Shoulder:* Work as Back.

## SLEEVES:

With No. 9 pins cast on 85 sts. Work 3½ ins. pat., then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 13 sts. remain. Cast off.

*Belt:* With No. 11 pins cast on 10 sts. Work in K.1, P.1 rib.

* Rib 4 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of every row until 20 sts. Rib 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 10 sts. * Repeat from * to * until 25 ins. from start.

*Make Buttonhole:* Rib 3, cast off 6, rib 3, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 4 sts. remain. Cast off.

*Collar:* With No. 11 pins cast on 12 sts. Rib in K.1, P. 1. * Rib 4 rows, then inc. 1 st. every row at one edge until 17 sts. Rib 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. every row at same edge until 12 sts. * Repeat from * to * until 15½ ins. from start.

*Make buttonhole:* Rib 3, cast off 6, rib to end. Next row: Rib 3, cast on 6, rib 3. Now dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 4 sts. remain. Cast off.

*Cuffs:* Work from * to * of Collar until 11 ins. from start. Cast off.

*Edging:* With No. 11 pins and contrast wool cast on 7 sts. Work in Stocking St.

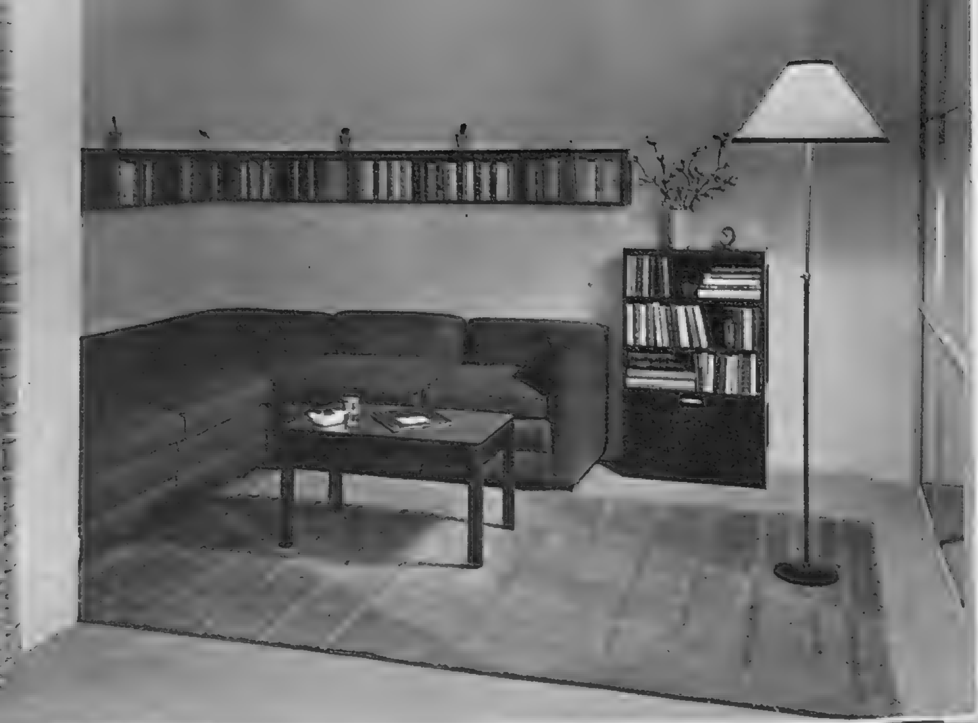
Work 1 strip 22 ins. long for Collar. Work 2 strips 14 ins. long for Cuffs. Work 1 strip 60 ins. long for Belt.

Cast off.

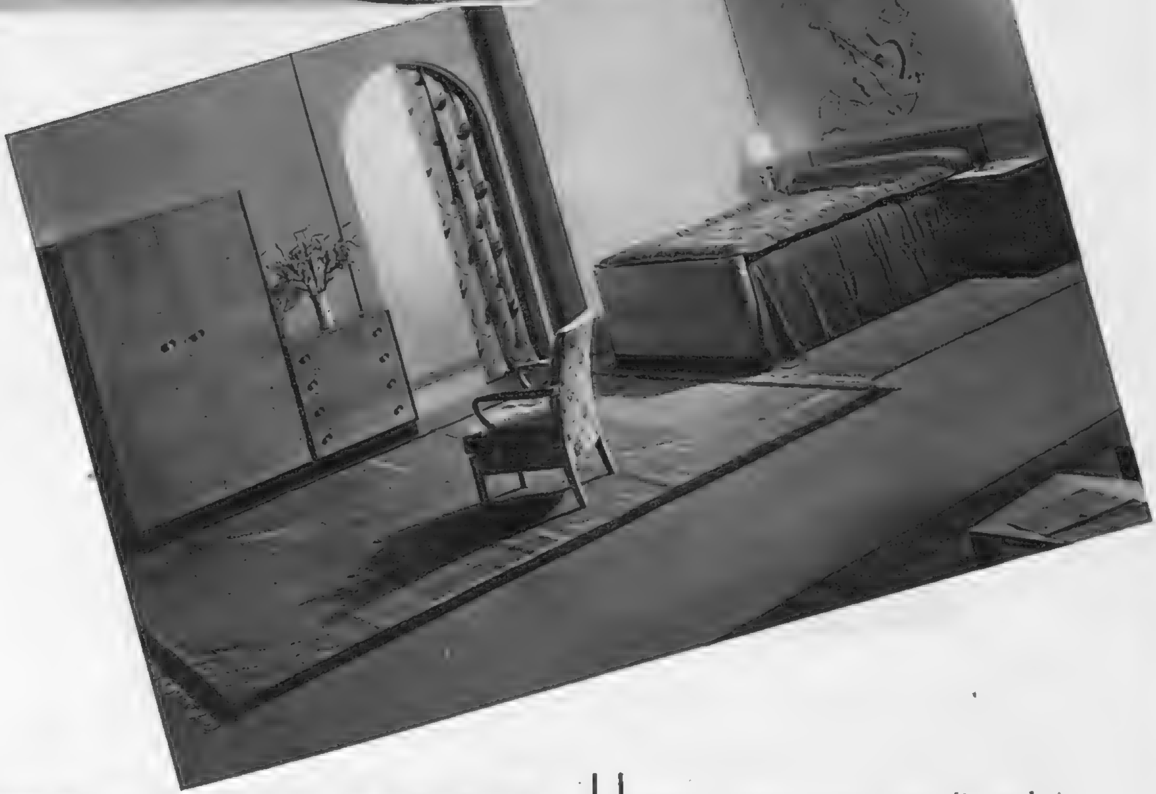
## TO MAKE UP:

Sew up all seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on Collar and Cuffs. Sew edging (first on the right side and turn over and sew on the wrong) on Belt, Cuffs and Collar. Press *lightly* with a damp cloth and warm iron on wrong side. Sew on Buttons.

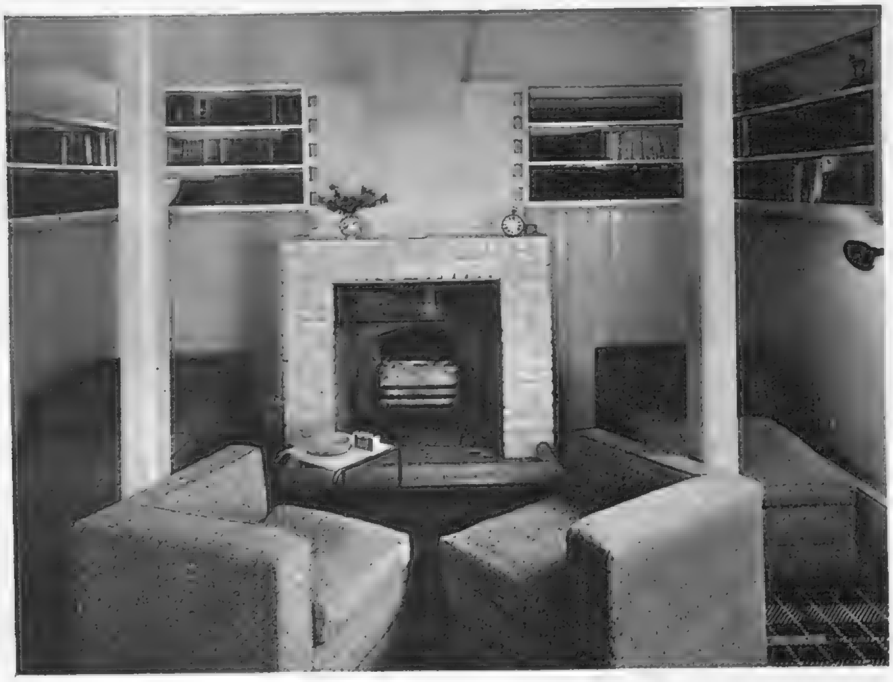
# ALL IN PIECES



*The unit settee is perfect for the small room where space is too limited for a lounge seat and easy chairs as well. The settee builds up to any shape according to the pieces used, and each separate unit makes a comfortable armchair*



*Right.*
*A delightful bedroom suite in "pieces." The lady's wardrobe beside the archway is in units, and the dressing-table, which is not shown, is attractive and practical with a movable sidepiece*



*Below.*
*Another example of the use of unit easy chairs. This attractive converted stable is furnished with unit pieces which can be fitted together or divided to meet the requirements of the moment. Doris Howard Robertson*

Unless you were a sorceress it used to be impossible to combine comfort with beauty in the very small house. That was before it had occurred to anybody that ill-fitting furniture was as tragic as ill-fitting clothes.

Those were the days when you stood the wardrobe across a corner if you wanted to make room for a bed, or put the settee into a recess with gloom as its companion because there was no other place for it. In short, you arranged the furniture not where it would look its best and give the most comfort, but where the contours of the room dictated.

It was all very discouraging. If your furniture was attractive, you were discouraged because its charms were hidden in the general huddle. If it wasn't, you were still discouraged because there was not the slightest chance of making it appear so in such cramped conditions.

Everybody blamed the rooms and nobody blamed the furniture, until one day it occurred to somebody that there was nothing in logic or necessity which prevented making the furniture to fit rooms instead of trying to make the rooms fit the furniture.

By

Winifred Lewis

*A set of unit glass-fronted bookshelves for the small living-room. They can be bought in a variety of sizes and sections to be used horizontally or in an upright position*

*The severe contours of modern unit furniture call for a more feminine, a softer note in accessories. This charming black and white enamel brush set perfectly meets the case for the unit bedroom. From the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths*

From there they soon got to wondering why furniture need be made in one continuous piece at all. Why not break it up into sections, each complete and decorative in itself, and build up to fit your rooms?

That started something. They tried it out, rather timidly at first, making smallish pieces of furniture, cupboards mostly, with "spare parts" that could be attached at will as space and utility allowed. It was an instant success.

Experiment went on and soon it was clear that this was the best of all ways to relieve the congestion of the small room. Here was a way of getting all the furniture necessary to comfort into a small space while achieving some degree of charm and symmetry in its effect.

There were other advantages, too. Corners could be utilised with better effect and with an instant increase of spaciousness in the room. Handling sectional furniture like a box of bricks, you could almost build up your own designs. Small houses became less and less like furniture depositories and more and more like comfortable and beautiful homes.

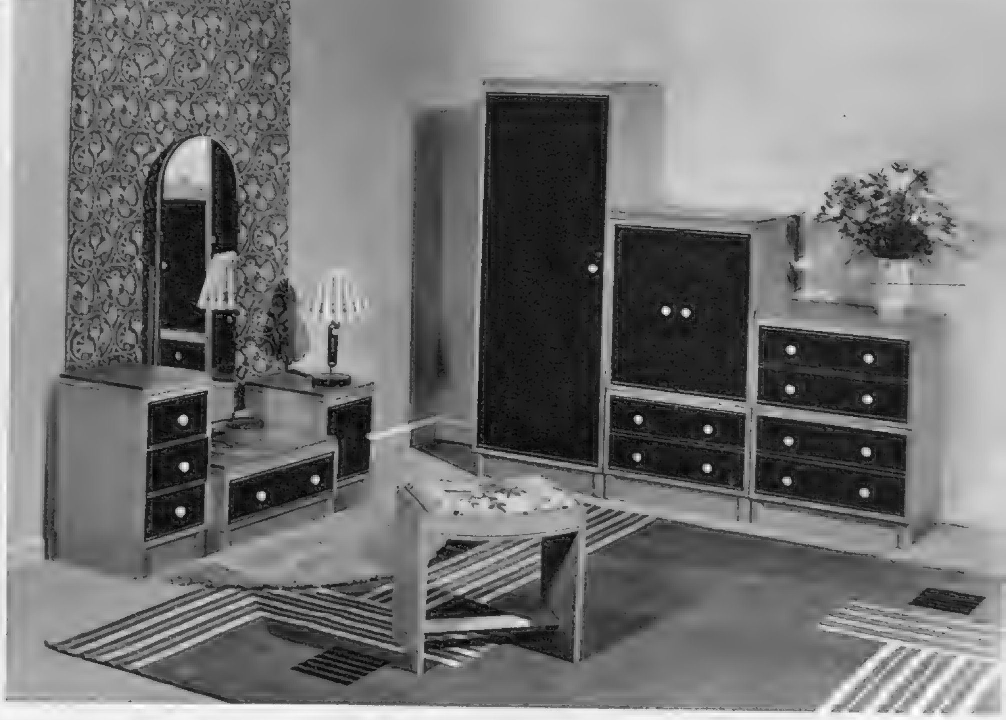
The financial aspect was important, too. Here was a way of buying a home piece by piece, and yet enjoying the appearance of a complete home from the first. One section is as complete as three.

The final triumph for sectional furniture has come with the unit settee. The units form complete individual chairs and, side by side, a luxuriously comfortable lounge.

The modern sitting-room, however small, will accommodate a spacious unit settee because it can be fitted into a corner. At the same time, it dispenses with the need for extra easy chairs, as you can help yourself from the settee when the need arises.

A firm of manufacturers long famous as vendors of sectional bookcases have lately turned their resources to the production of this successful type of furniture.

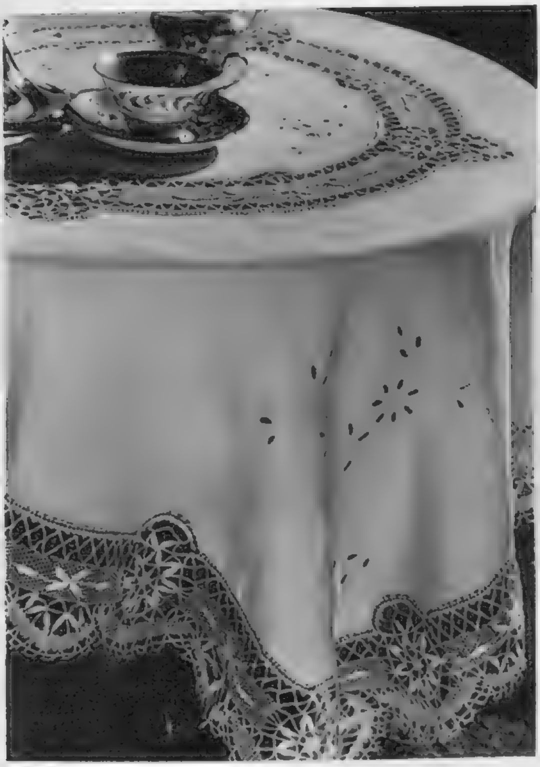
(*Continued on page* 106)



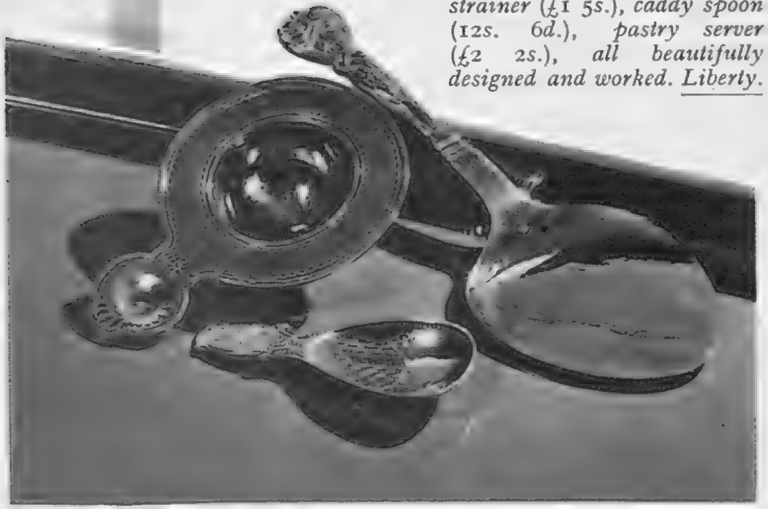
*With Minty Neo Craft furniture you can rearrange your pieces as often as you like, and each time achieve a new effect. This delightful modern bedroom suite is of oak and walnut with white sycamore handles*

# TEA-TIME

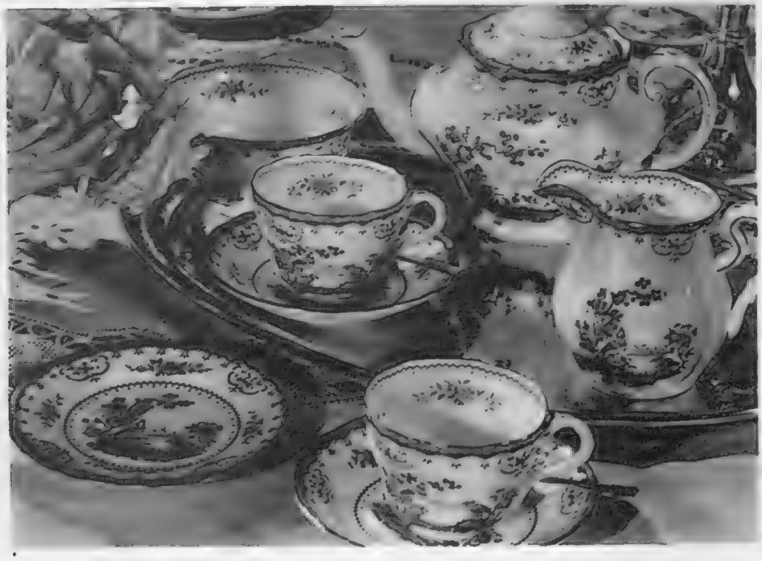
Tea-round-the-fire is one of the compensations for saying good-bye to summer. New designs in china, napery, silver, yearly more entrancing, make it more than a cosy time-halting interlude, make it one of the major joys of civilized living.



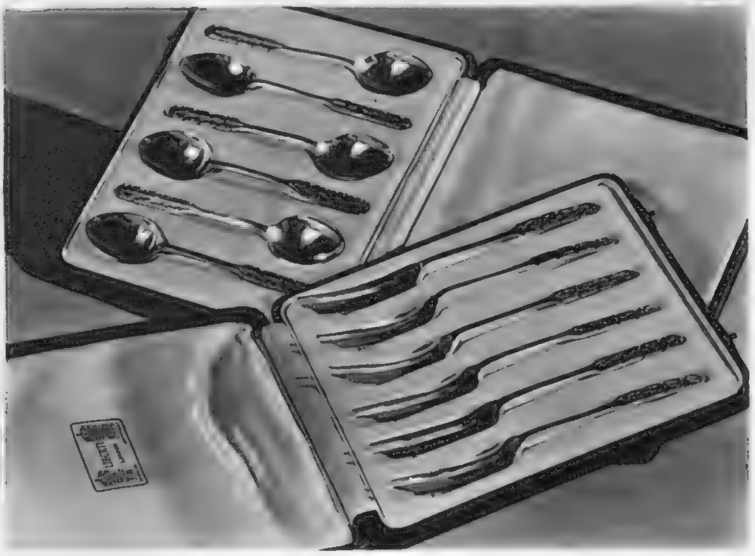
*Linen cloth with real Cluny lace border and inset, £1 4s. 6d. Robinson and Cleaver.*



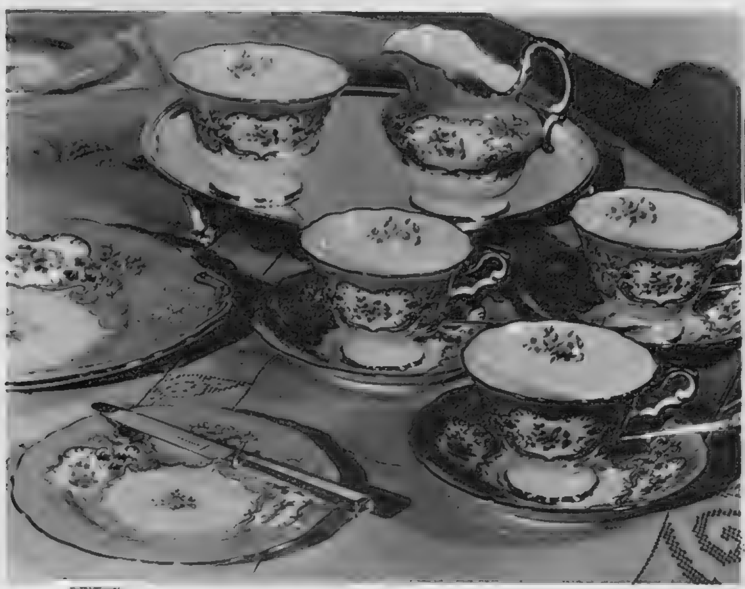
*Hand-wrought silver tea strainer (£1 5s.), caddy spoon (12s. 6d.), pastry server (£2 2s.), all beautifully designed and worked. Liberty.*



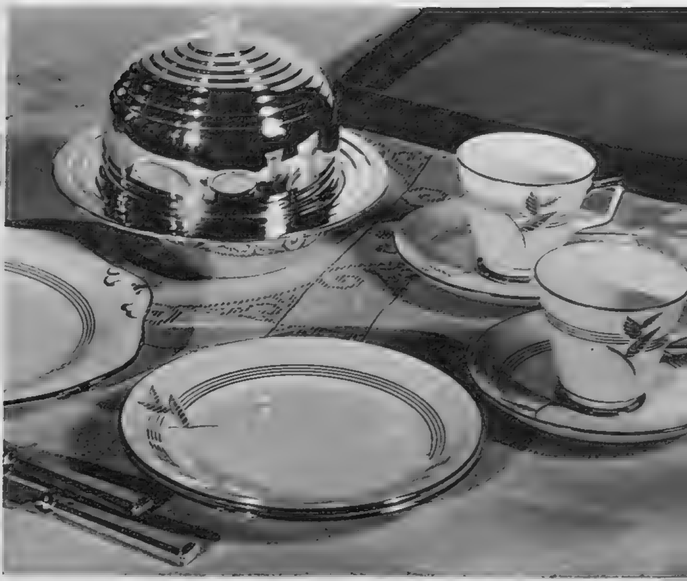
*Spode tea set in a Rutland design, yellow and gold, green and gold, pink and gold, with floral panels and centres. £13 10s. for twelve people. Harrods.*



*Silver and enamel tea forks, £2 2s. Spoons to match, £1 19s. 6d. The enamel handles are a lovely shade of blue-green. Liberty.*

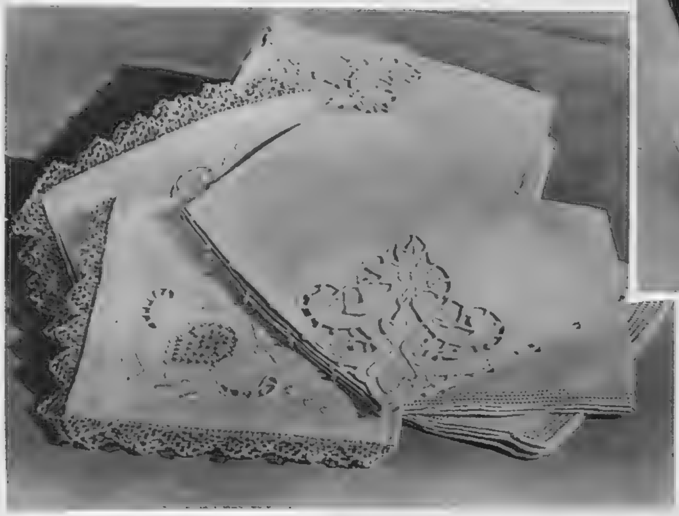


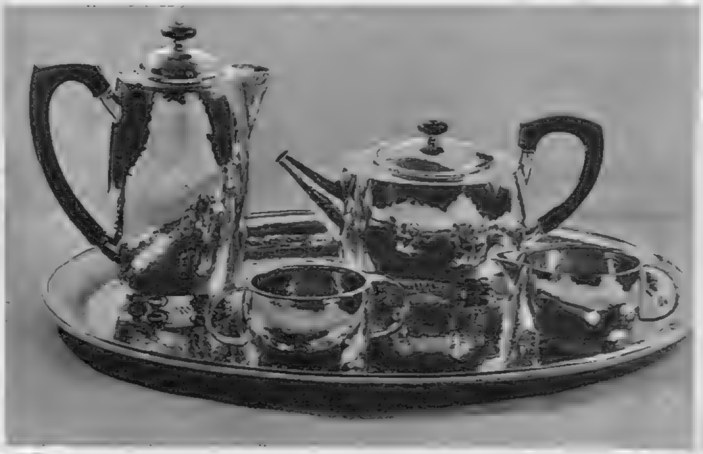
*Reproduction of an old Chelsea design in Spode china, £4 4s. for six people. Harrods.*



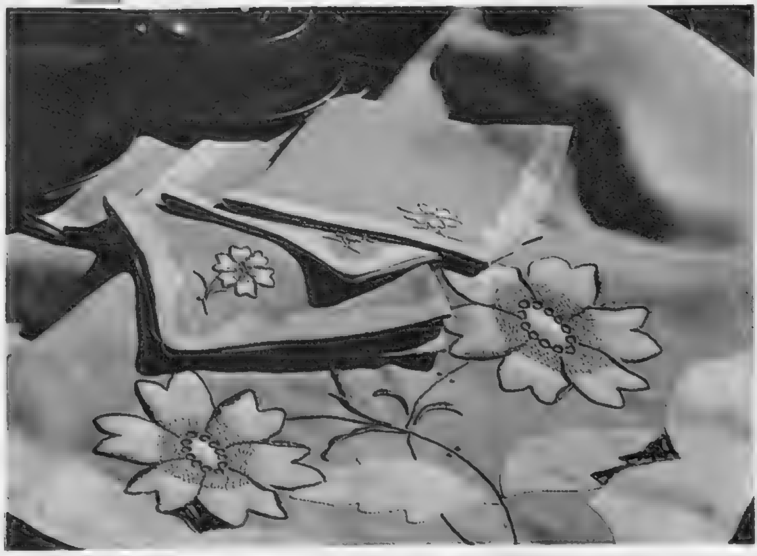
*Muffin dish in Regent Plate, £1 6s. 6d. Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited. China tea set with lines and green leaf motif, £1 18s. 6d. Harrods.*

*Tea-napkins to match different tea-cloths. Drawn Bisso linen, 12s. a dozen. Linen with filet lace edge, £1 9s. 6d. a dozen. Cut work on linen, 16s. 6d. a dozen. Robinson and Cleaver.*

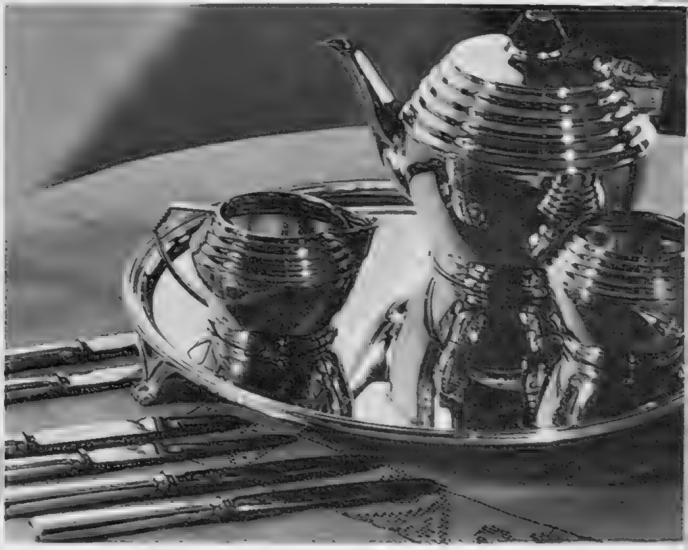




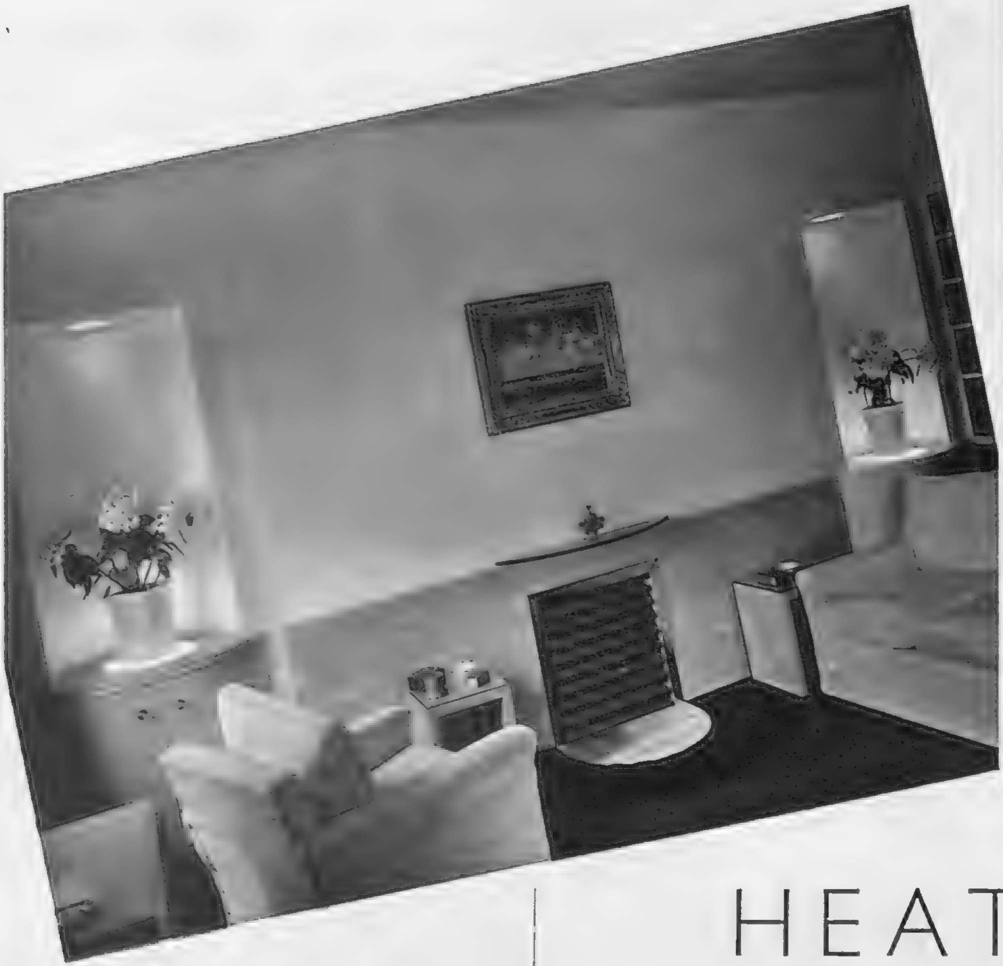
*Hand-made pewter three-piece tea set, £2 10s. Matching jug, £1 12s. 6d. Tray, £2 7s. 6d. Liberty.*

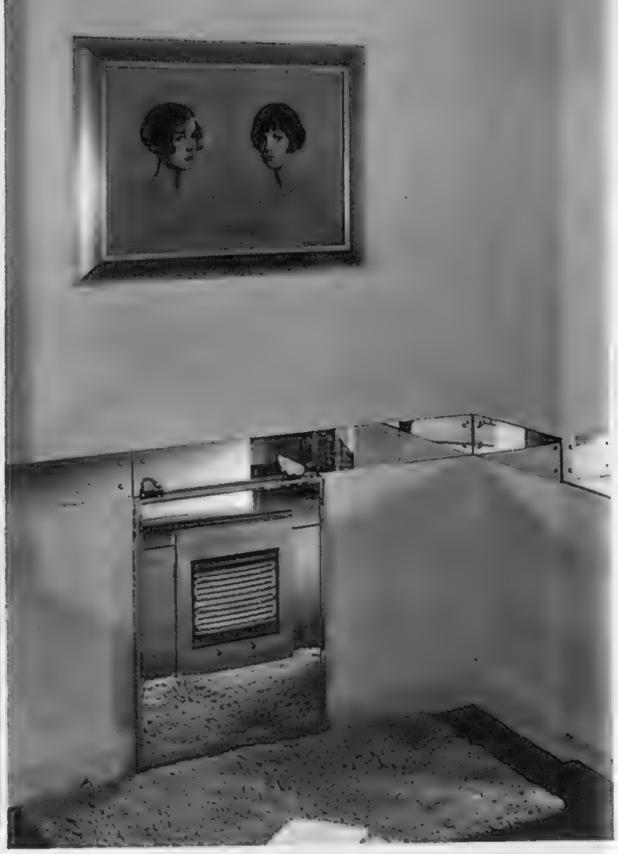


*Blue linen cloth with white appliqués, obtainable in various designs, £1 12s. 6d., with six matching napkins. Harrods.*



*Three-piece silver tea set, £7. Solid silver tray, £9 15s. Six tea knives with silver handles, £1 10s. Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited.*





# HEATING THE

*A modern treatment for an inset electric fire. In this case the low marble slab surround gives the effect of a full-size fireplace without occupying a quarter of the space. The margin of the fire is copper*

*A cosy fireside atmosphere is as easily achieved with the modern electric unit as with coal. This model is one of the newest Belling fires. It stands neatly on an ordinary hearth and has a remarkable heating capacity*

IF you want to know what is responsible for bringing the greatest measure of comfort into the home within the last few years, I can tell you. It's portable heating.

Since the English architect and builder developed the awkward complex for building passages, halls and bedrooms without fireplaces or any means of heating, our homes have suffered the stigma of being the most cheerless in the world. Yet they call the Englishman's hearth his home.

But portable heating has practically solved the problem. Electrical and even gas-heating apparatus that can be carried to any remote corner of the house and plugged in to a power-point or a gas-tap are varied and efficient. You can buy them in all sizes and at all prices; moreover, many of them are decorative in themselves.

A portable electric fire which may cost anything from thirty shillings up to several pounds will save you the discomfort and much of the ill-health brought on by freezing bathrooms. It will, in fact, prove the worth of its weight in gold.

On the other hand, it is a simple and quite inexpensive matter to build in an electric fire wherever you need it.

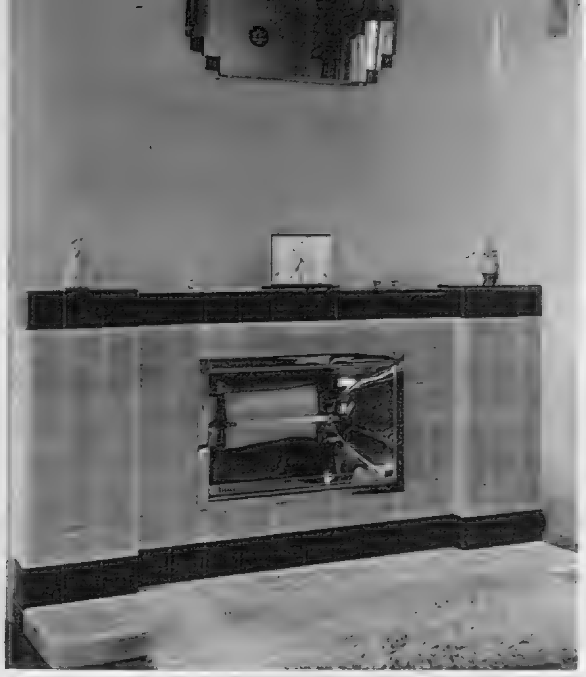
Panel fires, either gas or electrical, are perfectly suited to the spare room that has no flue or fireplace, for none is needed.

The panel fire is simply inset at a convenient point upon the wall with, of course, a surround, and the job is complete. No major reconstructions, no dirt and not much expense. The appearance of a simple little room can be very much improved in this way since the fire often provides a much-needed focal point.

The choice of a surround for a panel fire should be guided by the decoration of the room and its practical needs. You can buy your electrical panel fire complete with a vitreous enamel or a bright chromium surround, ready to fix. This is the least costly method. But a synthetic marble setting, a plate-glass or decorative tile one will be worth the small extra expense incurred.

*(Left) The simplest electrical unit looks important with a plate-glass surround. In this room, by Doris Howard Robertson, the walls are mushroom pink and the plate-glass fire surround is a deeper shade. The same coloured glass is fitted to the top of the shaped cupboard*

*(Below) An old grate was removed in this room and the opening lined with glass. Glass panelling is used as a surround with exotic effect. The fire is, of course, a completely separate unit with sham "coal"*



*To prove that an electrical fire can look as good, as well as feel as good, as any going, this Ferranti heater has been set into a tile surround complete with hearth*

*The Velomain gas-heater is designed so that the top and back are always cool. Thus discoloration of paintwork and wallpaper is eliminated. The heater is made in a number of colour finishes*

# HOME

One well-known firm of electrical manufacturers have recently produced a portable fire that seems certain to be popular. The fire itself is in this case set into a vitreous enamel surround, which in its turn is specially designed to fit perfectly into any fire opening of standard size.

In the dining-room, for instance, where there is an open fire, you can burn coal or, for casual heating purposes, slip the panel fire into the opening and use electricity.

The effect is of an electrical fire permanently fitted into the grate, yet the change-over takes place in a few seconds.

When you choose an electric fire let it be one that has ample power for the size of the room it is intended to heat. It is, in fact, better to choose a large fire even for a small room. It will adapt itself to any room and is capable of raising the temperature quickly when necessary.

A big fire does not necessarily involve a high cost for current. Once the room is heated the current can be reduced and the temperature kept at an equable level.

Gas panel fires have reached a high standard of perfection. So also have the gas-radiator type of unit which is illustrated with this article.

This heater is very suitable for halls, landings and remote corners of the house where a soft, even heat is required at a low cost. Being flueless, the fixing is simplicity itself, and the colour finish makes it decorative in appearance.

To replace an out-of-date coal-burning grate with an electrical or gas heater need not prove too expensive, and can be done in a variety of ways.

A simple but effective method is illustrated on this page where the opening left by the removal of an obsolete grate has been faced with mirror glass.

In this case glass was used to line the opening as well as for the hearth and surround, but this method might well be modified by cementing the opening and confining the mirror glass to the surround.

Colour-washed bricks make an equally attractive background to the electrical fire basket and this is undoubtedly the least costly way of adapting an old fire opening to the use of a modern heater.

In some cases it is possible completely to conceal an old-fashioned fireplace by boxing it with plywood into which a panel fire is fitted, but success in this measure depends upon the size and contours of the fireplace and chimney-breast.

*This is a Parabeam fire, finished by the exclusive "Kolcraft" process which combines artistic colouring with unique metallic relief. This fire is designed to give the most heat from the current consumed, and costs £2 15s. (Premier Electric Heaters)*

*Savoury croissants make an amusing hot hors d'œuvre, or they could be made much smaller for cocktail-parties.*

# UNUSUAL PASTRY

ALTHOUGH England is a country famous for its pastry, this is usually confined to the different sorts associated with pies and tarts. There is no doubt that English cooks excel in this particular form of pastry-making. But on the Continent there are also some excellent *pâtisseries* of a more amusing kind. You might like to try your hand at some.

### *Viennese Pastry.*

The proportions for this curious and delicious pastry are one-third each of sifted flour, butter and cream cheese. Work the butter into the flour with the finger-tips, and when this is done work in the cream cheese. Add a pinch of salt and enough cold water to produce an ordinary paste.

Turn this out on to a floured board and roll out to the thickness of a half-crown piece. Your paste is now ready to be put to various uses.

### *Croissants.*

Cut the paste into squares of about four inches; take one corner and fold over several times and form this into a crescent shape, sealing the paste with cold water. Have the oven hot and bake for ten minutes or so. These little *croissants* can be served quite plain or with a filling of jam or fruit or raisins.

### *Savoury Croissants.*

Make the paste as described above, but when it is rolled the first time, sprinkle it with Gruyère cheese, then roll it out finally to the right thickness.

Cut into the same shape as before and use with various savoury fillings, such as anchovies, mincemeat well spiced, chopped cooked bacon and chutney. Served hot, these little *croissants* make an amusing hot hors d'œuvre, or they could be made much smaller for cocktail-parties.

When making savoury *croissants*, the filling should be spread thinly over the paste. It is not really a question of making a patty, but of serving a flavoured pastry.

### *Bavarian Cheese Tart.*

Take four ounces of sifted flour and work in two ounces of butter. Mix with one ounce of castor sugar, the grated rind of a lemon and the yolk of one egg. Mix till you have a smooth batter, cover the bowl and let it rest for a quarter of an hour. Remove the cover and let the batter rest for another three-quarters of an hour.

Have ready a floured pastry-board and roll out the paste thinly as you would for any open tart, and with it line a flat pastry-tin. The filling is made as follows:

Mix with the fingers two ouncess of castor sugar and six ounces of cream cheese. Add the yolk of an egg and beat the mixture to a cream, to which you add one or two drops of vanilla essence and a tablespoonful of picked currants.

Stir well and add the white of an egg, well beaten. Stir again and pour your mixture into the pastry-lined tin. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour, and if you are in doubt about the time, pierce with a skewer. If this comes out quite clean, you know the tart is ready, but if it is at all sticky, allow a few extra minutes.

### *Babas au Rhum.*

Start by putting a handful of currants—picked *and stoned*—in a cup covered with warm rum and leaving them to soak. Meanwhile, melt in a little milk half an ounce of fresh yeast and to this add a tablespoonful of flour, mixing well together. Leave this in a warm place and proceed as follows:

Put in a bowl four ounces of sifted flour and work in, one by one, three whole eggs, beating very well until you have a really smooth batter. Now add the yeast mixture and beat together *with the hand* until you have a kind of smooth, elastic batter.

Now add two ounces of butter worked to an ointment, the currants, a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of castor sugar. Beat the mixture again until it returns to its elastic state and pour it into the Baba moulds, well buttered, half-filling these.

Let them rest in a warm place until the batter has risen almost, but not quite, to the top, then bake them in a hot oven for twelve to fifteen minutes.

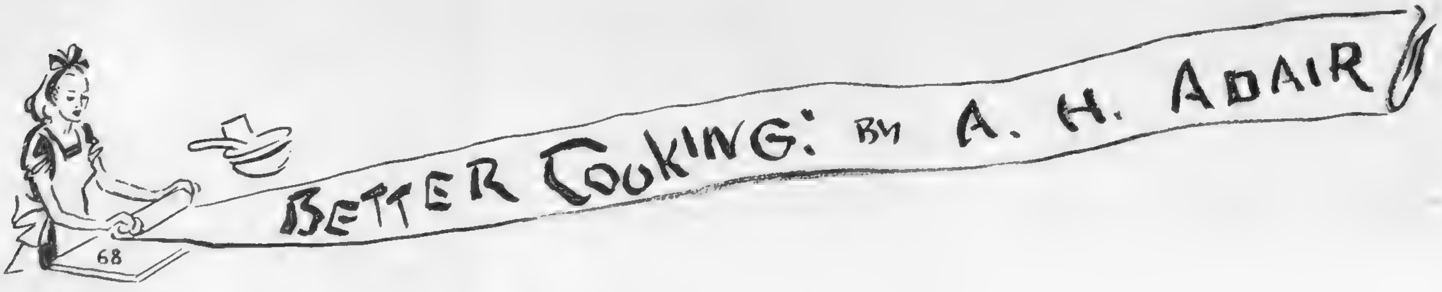
Turn them out and let them get cold, when they are served with a little sugar syrup poured over. At the last minute, when the Babas are actually on each person's plate, moisten them with a little rum.

### *Galettes du Pays.*

Work together four ounces of sifted flour with the same quantity of butter. Add one whole egg and beat with the hand until you have a really smooth mixture which comes away easily from the fingers, leaving a fairly thick dough. Knead it well and put it on a floured board.

Roll out fairly thinly (about a third of an inch) and cut into rounds with a small glass dipped in flour

(*Continued on page* 108)


BETTER COOKING: BY A. H. ADAIR

*Two hors d'œuvre dishes: (Left) Eggs Ivanhoe and (below) Salade de Nancy*

# SUNDAY SUPPER

We all know the traditional formula of the English Sunday supper. Hot soup (left ready and just " warmed up "), cold meat, salad, and possibly potatoes baked in their skins. A cold shape to finish with, and there we are.

I have no objection to this meal as it stands, provided the soup, the cold meat, are really good, but very often they are not. In any case, however good, this meal becomes a bore if we eat it for at the least forty Sundays a year.

However, hostesses, even in houses where quite a large staff of servants is kept, are taking more interest than ever in cooking, and many of them prefer to cook some little extra dish not only to brighten the dull Sunday supper, but because they are genuinely interested in cooking for cooking's sake. So here are a few miscellaneous recipes for various dishes all of which can be easily and quickly prepared by the hostess herself.

Some of them are for *hors d'œuvre*, some for an entrée, salads, savouries, and so on.

### *Salade de Nancy*

Line a salad bowl with a few leaves of crisp, dry lettuce and sprinkle them with salt and lemon juice. Meanwhile cut up in slices a few cold boiled potatoes, tomatoes and beetroot, also one apple peeled and cored. Add a slice of lean ham, one or two filleted herrings in oil, both of these cut into small pieces. Mix with the vegetables and add a gherkin or two finely chopped. Mix well, dress with oil, vinegar, salt, pepper and mustard, and put the mixture into the bowl lined with lettuce leaves.

### *Salade Basquaise*

Take one tin of tunny fish in oil and flake it into a mixing bowl. Add the best white parts of a head of celery well washed and cut in rounds. Add a few tomatoes, sliced, and one red sweet pepper cut into small pieces. When these are not available fresh, tinned ones will do. Mix all this well together and dress with an oil and vinegar dressing, but with the addition of a good drop of Worcester sauce.

### *Eggs Ivanhoe*

A small smoked haddock could be cooked in the morning and left ready flaked (all skin and bones removed) just covered with the liquid in which it has cooked, and when you want to use it in the evening make it hot in this liquid. Meanwhile prepare a dish of scrambled eggs, allowing two for each person. While they are cooking, season them well with salt and pepper and a good pinch of curry powder. When they are about half cooked, add the pieces of haddock flakes, well drained, and stir together till the eggs are just set, but do not over-cook them so that they become hard and leathery. Serve the mixture piled on crisp, hot buttered toast.

### *Fricassée à la Russe*

The remains of a cold chicken can be made into a really exciting Sunday supper dish in this way. Cut the chicken in small pieces, removing all skin, gristle and bone. Fry these quickly in butter just enough to make them hot, adding salt, pepper, a pinch of paprika, and the juice of half a lemon. Add to this a tin or bottle of button mushrooms made hot in boiling water—the mushrooms should be well drained, of course, before you add them to the chicken—mix well and pour in a teacupful of cream. Bring to the boil and boil for a few minutes to let the cream thicken. Stir well and serve with, say, plain rice or some spaghetti boiled and well drained.

### *Salmis de Faisan*

Here again we can use up the remains of a cold bird, this time pheasant. Prepare the flesh as for the chicken dish and warm it up in a little butter. Add a glass of Madeira and let it reduce almost to nothing. Sprinkle over a very little flour and then add a teacupful of stock or clear soup. Bring to the boil and simmer very gently till the sauce thickens. Meanwhile put a small handful of currants (picked and stoned) to soak in warm water, and put these in when the sauce is ready. You may also add a few button mushrooms—made hot if tinned ones, or cooked in butter and lemon juice if fresh—and if you want to be very grand, one small truffle chopped.

### *Apple Salad*

Take fairly large eating apples of a crisp kind and as far as possible of equal size, allowing one for each person. Cut off the tops and remove the cores with cutting through the bottom. Scoop out as much of the flesh as possible, which you keep. Put a little lemon juice in each of the cases and swirl it round, which prevents the apples from becoming too discoloured.

(*Continued on page* 118)

# CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

The woman who wears tailored suits and likes really well-tailored blouses should not fail to ask to see the new range of Tengol blouses, which are stocked by all the leading stores.

They are made in Macclesfield silk, all-silk satin and crêpe de Chine in the loveliest range of plain colours and stripes. They wear and launder exceptionally well.

One of their newest models is made in navy, nigger, black or Lido blue crêpe de Chine with white spots, and has the smartest detachable white linen turn-down collar and cuffs, with a tie of spotted crêpe de Chine.

Another, available in a delightful colour range of plain Macclesfield silk, has a well-fitting turn-down collar and turn-up cuffs, collar, cuffs and the front of the blouse being stitched with silk in a shade darker. This may be had in dusty pink, flame, greys, yellows, new tan, a beautiful new blue, and a number of other shades which can be seen at the stores which stock the Tengol range.

A speciality is also made of faultlessly tailored riding shirts in a new all-silk hopsack. These are obtainable in nigger, beige and ivory.

It is probably not generally known that olive oil is the basis of many of the best and purest beauty preparations. People have a mistaken idea that oil of any kind will grow hairs. This is quite a delusion, for it is only coarse animal fats, notably bear grease, that encourage the growth of hair.

Realisation of the value of olive oil in the preservation of a fair and lovely skin gave us a soap of undisputed purity—Palmolive. This soap contains the beautifying oils of the olive and the palm, and the splendid lather that it gives is in itself a beauty treatment.

Those who use soap on their faces can use Palmolive with confidence, and in districts where the water is hard this soap will still give a generous lather.

Whether you want to fry fish, eggs or liver, mix cakes, puddings or pastry, there is an all-purpose fat which you can use with the confident assurance that your cakes and pastries will be light and appetising and your fried dishes free from excessive grease.

It is called Spry, and is ready creamed so that it is easy to handle, and constant in consistency all the year round. It is packed in handy tins containing half or one pound, and can be kept in the store cupboard indefinitely without deteriorating in any way.

In these tabloid days when many housewives have only a tiny kitchenette in which to cook, one of the major advantages of Spry is that it cooks without smoke or smell.

Many housewives who have acquired the Spry habit have written to the manufacturers telling them that in addition to the qualities claimed for this product, they have been delighted with its digestibility.

After summer holidays, when sandals and beach shoes have to be discarded for more serviceable footwear, many of us become aware of our feet.

To combat this state of affairs, there is a splendid penetrating cream called FeeTeeS. It is non-greasy, and so will not soil stockings or bed linen, and nightly application will rid the feet of hard skin and callouses and will banish aches and pains from inflamed and tired feet. It also prevents excessive perspiration and foot odour.

FeeTeeS should be rubbed well into all parts of the foot until it disappears, leaving the surface of the skin soft and velvety. If used before going to a dance, it will ensure foot comfort throughout the evening. Price 6d. and 1s. 3d. from all leading chemists.

Every well-dressed woman realises the importance of perfect foundation garments which will give adequate control and mould her figure into faultless line.

The Kempat range has been specially designed with this end in view.

The brassières, which are priced from 2s. 11d., are cleverly modelled with elastic straps that pass through a ring at the back and then come round and fasten in front, in this way maintaining a firm upward pull, without chafing or cutting the skin.

There are special models for sports, models for the fuller figure, and an evening model of completely backless design for use with low-cut dresses.

Kempat suspender belts, and girdles too, are obtainable in a wide range of styles and materials priced at 2s. 11d. upwards. For diaphragm control there is the special Kempat Diaphragm Support made in an all-elastic material, so designed that it cannot wrinkle or crease. This is 6s. 11d.

THE oil of the green turtle, which has been recognised for some time in American beauty salons for its amazing rejuvenating properties, has now made its bow in this country, and a special offer is made on page 106 by Philip H. Mason and Son, the well-known cosmetic chemists, of Norwich.

The Green Turtle Oil Night Cream is splendid for erasing wrinkles and keeping the complexion fair and young, while the Day Cream carries on the good work during the day.

Fill in the coupon now; it is an opportunity which should not be missed, for you can get a full-sized 4s. jar of either cream for 2s. 6d., or a jar of both creams for 4s. 6d., thus effecting a saving of 1s. 6d. on one jar or 3s. 6d. on the two.

Woollen underwear to-day is different from the clumsy, ugly garments in which many of us suffered agonies of irritation during our childhood. Women who sensibly discard their wisps of chiffon and ninon for something more practical for treacherous winter days can now get gossamer fine undies in pure wool and silk and wool in the Pesco range of modern underwear.

Combs, vests, panties, knickers and nighties are all included. Children and men are also catered for.

Pesco also specialise in sportswear: their cardigans and jumpers and skirts are available in pure wool, pure cashmere and flecked wool in a great diversity of colour and up to the minute designs. They are admirable for all country and sports wear.

Two of the newest models are in pure wool, very soft and fine, one in an attractive old rose shade with perfect fitting turn-down collar buttoned to the neck, the other in a soft blue-green with round collar and tie ends.

The Pesco range of underwear and sports wear is sold by most of the leading stores.

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Distilled and Bottled only by
GORDONS
IN THE BOTTLE WITH THE SQUARE FACE
Gordon's
Special Dry

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon,

WHICH IS BLENDED WITH THE JUICES OF THE FINEST ORANGES AND LEMONS

*to make*

## the Perfect Pair

GORDON'S
ORANGE
GIN
TANQUERAY, GORDON
The Distillery
LONDON
GORDON'S
LEMON
GIN

Purity and perfect ingredients! The juices of the finest oranges and lemons blended with the finest and purest of gins, to produce Gordon's Orange Gin and Gordon's Lemon Gin!

Energising and exhilarating as an appetiser or cocktail, refreshing and invigorating as a long drink with tonic water, ginger ale, etc.

Health giving—not only because of the vitamins contained in the fruit juices—but because they are made with Gordon's—the genuine gin.

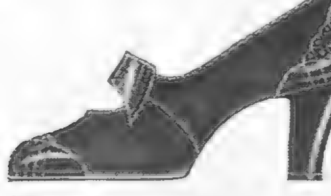
# Gordon's

**ORANGE GIN · LEMON GIN**

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., Ltd., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

What VANI-TRED now means to you

There's fashion—designs that you know are aces for brilliant styling. There's fitting—sixty fittings to every model, and five to every size and half size. There's comfort—because of the exclusive VANI-TRED feature giving you a natural tread-base. And now, just when you're thinking of new shoes for the Autumn, there's a fresh price range that offers you VANI-TRED leadership without hurting your pocket—25/9, 29/9 and 35/9. Ask to see them; you'll know when you get your fitting that something pretty wonderful has happened to your feet.



*Marcel* *The stitching on this attractive court shoe is distinctive without being obtrusive. In suede and kid with a choice of either brown or black. 2″ covered heel. . . . . .* 25/9

*Enid* *Suede and calf is the combination of this distinctive Derby shoe and there is a choice of either black or brown 2″ covered heel . . . . .* 29/9

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(Dept. 15 ), Phoenix Works, NORTHAMPTON

# An Emperor in Exile

(Continued from page 10)

confidently described as having taken place, quite apart from the fact that Otto's tastes are of the simplest. He behaves, and is treated, like any other Royalty in his own house, and those who pretend the contrary have never been to Steenockerzeel. I have met a good many so-called democratic statesmen who have a much greater idea of their own importance than this young man whom his supporters term Austrian Emperor and Apostolic King of Hungary.

If exile is romantic (for those who do not have to suffer it), in the case of Otto this effect is heightened by the medieval appearance of the castle of Steenockerzeel, which is actually the property of the ancient Croy family. Although so near Brussels, and within a mile of the tram, it is secluded and rural to an inconceivable extent. Not unattractive in spring and summer with its wide moat and encircling trees, it is the abomination of desolation in the winter, and as one crosses the drawbridge to ring the bell it is impossible not to contrast the forbidding pile with the glories of the Hofburg in Vienna. Some claimants to thrones live in such comfortable quarters that they are not unjustly suspected of little desire to assert their rights, but Otto has no such inducement to tempt him from what he so firmly believes to be the path of duty.

In common with nearly all monarchs, Otto is a model of punctuality, and a visitor is never kept waiting. The first impression (so important in a public man) is pleasing. One finds a singularly courteous young man of middle height, with a manner calculated to put the most nervous at their ease. A few years ago Otto was somewhat diffident with strangers, but he has grown out of that, and he is now sure of himself without being in any way dictatorial. In appearance he has many Habsburg characteristics, though not in an exaggerated form. There is a greater decision in his face than there was in that of his father, and he more nearly resembles his great-uncle, the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Otto speaks almost faultless English, which is the more surprising as he has probably not conversed at any length with a dozen Englishmen in the course of his life. Nor is this all, for he is fully acquainted with everything that is going on in England, and he knows such details as the result of the latest by-election. He has never been in the British Isles, which is a source of great grief to him.

Elsewhere he has travelled extensively, except, of course, in the countries that composed the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. For a time he lived at Lequeito in the Basque provinces of Spain, and he has recently been out on a visit to General Franco. Two years ago he paid an extended visit to Scandinavia, and he has been several times in Italy, where his mother's family have property. Germany is barred to him since Hitler's accession to power, for he is the principal obstacle to a Nazi annexation of Austria.

He has been brought up very simply. With his brothers and sisters he attends Mass daily, winter and summer alike, at 6.30, and the rest of the day is spent at work. When he first lived at Steenockerzeel he was an undergraduate at Louvain University, and used to go there every day. There was little of the divinity that is said to hedge a throne, and he mingled with the other students on an equal footing. I have heard young Belgians of all classes say what a good "mixer" he was, and that there was no conceit about him. He also displayed considerable ability, and his thesis for his degree was on the historical and legal development of the peasants' rights of inheritance in Austria, and in the preparation of it he consulted an enormous number of books and documents of various kinds.

When one talks to him of politics and sport, of people and books, it is always to feel that at the back of his mind are the kingdoms his father lost. Tragic as has been the Habsburg inheritance, he is ready to accept it—for better or for worse. The death of the Archduke Maximilian before a firing-party in Mexico; the murder of the Empress Elizabeth at Geneva, and of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Serajevo; the mysterious end of the Crown Prince Rudolf: none of these examples deters him. Yet it is with a very deep sense of responsibility that he wants to go back, for he feels that he might be of use to those whom he has never ceased to consider his fellow countrymen.

It is possible to hold two views about the advisability of restoring the Austrian monarchy at the present time, but there can be no question that if the vacant throne is to be filled Otto is the man for the position. He has been specially trained for this purpose, and has in addition had the advantage of going about the world as a private individual—"seeing what streets look like without the flags," as King Edward VII once so aptly described it. Otto has consequently escaped the official outlook, and if he has a defect from this standpoint it is an impatience with what appears to him to be the everlasting procrastination of the older generation. Those who imagine him as the personification of Habsburg obstructiveness have only to talk with him for five minutes to be utterly undeceived.

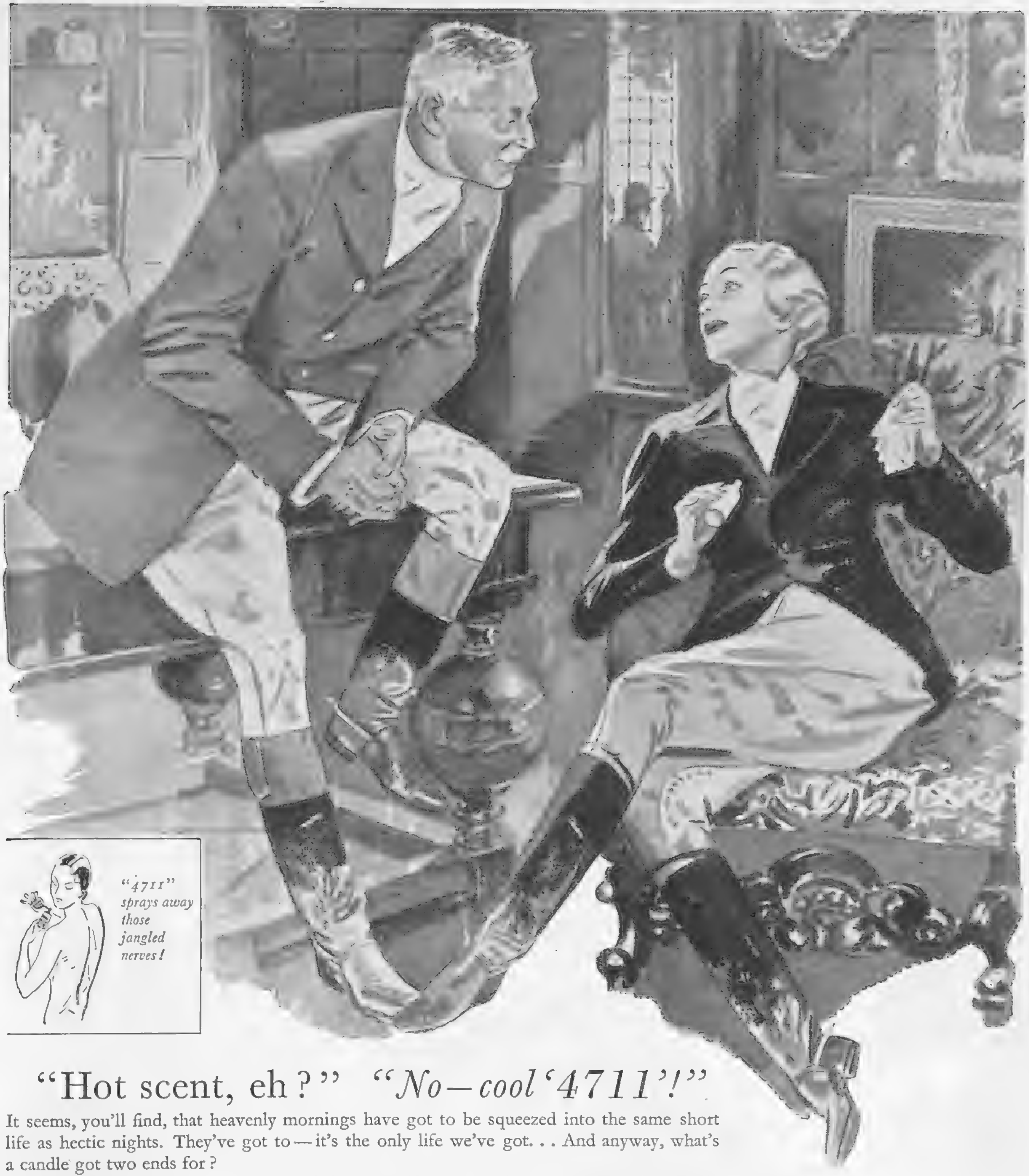
The irony of the position is that whether or no Otto is to be restored rests, not, as one might suppose in this democratic age, with the inhabitants of Austria and Hungary, but with other people, especially the German and Italian dictators. Before the Berlin-Rome axis began to revolve Mussolini was distinctly favourable to a Habsburg restoration, at any rate in Vienna, but now he appears to have put it on ice to suit his German partner. It is not easy for him to support Otto in any case. Every Italian child is taught at school that the Habsburgs have always been the enemy of his country, and, all-powerful though the Duce is in many spheres, it might prove dangerous even for him to run counter to opinions thus formed in early years. Moreover, in his youth he was expelled from Austria by the government of Francis Joseph, and when that monarch died Mussolini headed his article in the *Popolo d'Italia* "His Majesty the Gallows." Apart altogether from Germany, there is a lot to forgive and forget before Italy can be quite happy about a Habsburg restoration.

Then there is the Little Entente, that is to say, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Jugo-Slavia. These countries were wholly or in part carved out of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, and their rulers are frightened that if Otto goes back to Vienna or Budapest there will be a tendency for his father's dominions to draw together again.

Whatever may be the case with regard to Spain, in respect of the Habsburgs the attitude of the interested Powers is certainly not dictated by any ideological considerations. Monarchical Italy is at the best hesitant, while authoritarian Germany is strongly hostile; on the other hand, Litvinoff is definitely favourable, as is France of the *Front Populaire*.

Some years ago it appeared probable that if the restoration did take place it would be in Hungary rather than Austria, but the position has now been reversed. Otto himself would undoubtedly prefer to go back to Vienna, at any rate in the first place, because Austria has no frontier questions at issue with her neighbours: once established there, he could make his own terms with Hungary. There are also those who look forward to the day when Hitler's Reich will crash, and on its ruins will be built a new Holy Roman Empire, with Otto as its head. He is truly the object of many hopes, sometimes contradictory, but it can be said with confidence that he himself has no wish to be the cause of international complications.

The problem is, can he regain his throne without these complications? With Europe a prey to fear, the slightest incident might precipitate a catastrophe, and that is why many who really believe in Otto's cause hesitate to urge him to go forward.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## "Hot scent, eh?" *"No—cool '4711'!"*

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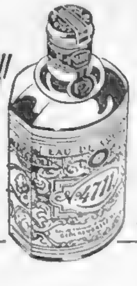
**'4711'**  **Genuine Eau de Cologne**

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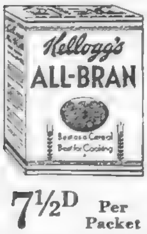

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

7½D Per Packet

*The Natural Laxative Food*

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# Hollywood's Hundred-Acre World

(*Continued from page* 13)

thongs were dealt with by the Property Department; the engraving was handed to those responsible for that kind of job. When the man who was organising things went to the private lunch room at 12.15 next day to inspect the tables and take a final look round, he found sixty engraved bronze medallions resting peacefully in their appointed places—and all of them had been manufactured on the premises inside six hours! As that organiser said when telling me the story, "Why we ever bothered to go outside for a thing like that, I shall never know, when we have people right on the spot who can do everything that is needed, and five times as fast as ordinary factories. I believe we could reproduce the Crown Jewels if anyone put in a requisition for them!"

Some of the world's strangest jobs are being done as part of the day's routine inside the studios. I noticed a spectacled man, in blue-and-white striped dungarees, standing outside one of the stages at M.-G.-M., violently twirling a thermometer round and round. He twirled so long and with such vigour that I felt it was essential for my peace of mind to discover what he was doing it for, and *why*—or maybe there would be no "why," and I should find he was one of the Crazy Gang in disguise. So I spoke to him while he was twirling. He shook his head and went on dealing with his thermometer.

When seeming ages of time had passed he removed a large watch from one of two pockets decorating the chest section of his dungarees, took a quick look at it, whirled the thermometer some more, still staring at the watch, and finally came to rest. Having inspected the figures on the thermometer, he spoke. He was, he informed me, Fred Thompson. For the past fifteen years, man and boy, he had been Thermometer Twirler at the M.-G.-M. studios. Famous, quoth he, he had become for his fifteen-minute twirls. Even Garbo had been known to pause and take a look at him twirling. Why did he twirl? To test the humidity of the atmosphere, so that the absolutely correct temperature of the big laboratories could be maintained and the miles of film being treated therein saved from ruin. Strange Job Number 1.

Strange Job Number 2 struck me as "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," 1937 version. I saw a young man carrying a ladder marked "Electrical Shop," wearing a very natty nigger-brown suède jumper with a zip fastener, striding along between the stages. Two high-powered electric light bulbs were fixed to the top of the ladder. He carried a third in his hand. Harry Garvey is the name of the man who trades Old Globes for New—or the other way round. If a light-globe burns out anywhere in the studio a "trouble" call is put through to Mr. Garvey. Inside three minutes he will appear in the office of the caller armed with a new bulb. For ten years Mr. Garvey has been doing this job; he calculated he must have installed over fifty thousand new bulbs in that time.

Harold Pelton weighs reclaimed silver, and qualifies for Strange Job Number 3. By means of electrolysis, silver is reclaimed from the film-developing tanks at M.-G.-M. studios. It is collected into round tins that look like out-of-work dustbins. Every six months, its weight having been checked, the silver is shipped to the mint at San Francisco.

"Film Library: DO NOT TAKE" shouted the white-lettered sign on the odd-shaped wheelbarrow outside one of the vaults in which film is stored. The barrow was loaded with round tin cans, clearly lettered with names of films and number of feet of celluloid inside each can. Pushing the barrow was grey-haired Chris Gegan, who is employed to transport yards of finished film backwards and forwards between the Film Library, where it is stocked on endless shelves, and the Projection Rooms, where it is run off for directors to see how many mistakes they have made, or newcomers to take a step upwards because of a scene well played. Chris Gegan likes his job, though admitting it does come a trifle hard on the feet! He's been at it for ten years, and calculates he has walked an average of ten miles a day during that time just to load and unload his merchandise. I must introduce him to the man who carries those bulbs around the place. Between them they should arrive at some striking statistics. Chris Gegan, meantime, wins the prize for Strange Job Number 4.

Inside the Make-up Department I found a pretty blonde girl—she ought to be in pictures!—playing a complicated game with a grisly collection of moustaches, wigs, side-whiskers, and other adornments of the male countenance. Cards liberally plastered with moustaches of every shape, colour, and size, disported themselves round the girl's chic blonde head. Wigs leered from their blocks near by. Beards dangled revoltingly from a bench at her elbow. Verda Moir is the girl's name, and she likes her job. Says it is "real interesting." She knows all those facial fitments by heart; could put her finger on Shakespeare's beard inside a couple of seconds.

When the adornments have been made, from sketches, Miss Moir files them in neatly labelled drawers. If an actor has to look like Lord Nelson or George Washington somebody telephones Miss Moir, and she has the necessary hair-work ready so swiftly that it simply isn't true! Those side-whiskers Clark Gable wore as Parnell—after the noise of battle over the authentic beard had died down—came in the first place from Miss Moir's department. False whiskers of different types were tried on Mr. Gable, and photographed. When the right shape, size, and length had been fixed, the star proceeded to grow his own side-whiskers, using one of the photographs as a guide. Strange Job Number 5 goes to Miss Moir by popular vote.

Walking along the miles of paved streets that make up the city known as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the visitor passes strings of little rooms, with the doors open as a rule, from which strange whirring sounds proceed. The little rooms are furnished mainly with complicated machinery, a desk, and sometimes a typewriter. Pausing at one of the open doors I heard a string of animated dialogue proceeding from the interior of a machine on which four large discs containing film were twisting madly. By the side of the machine sat a striking brunette, striking a typewriter. Like lightning, her fingers thumped the keyboard. She was taking down, word for word, all the dialogue spoken in the film she could not see; the machine by her side had been specially made to give her all the sounds with none of the pictures! Mistakes in dialogue are checked up in this way, and the striking brunette is Alberta Bryson, who says she finds her Strange Job Number 6 highly entertaining. Luther Stahl, who manufactures artificial spider's webs, romps away with the award for Strange Job Number 7. He's been at it for years!

My own view about the studios is that such things as these strange jobs, and the greenhouses, and the restaurant, and the first-aid department are far more intriguing than the sheerly mechanical side of the colossal business of making films and the technical perfection that turns out over fifty big films yearly for our entertainment. But cities that lie inside fences are not as familiar to others as they are to me; so let me provide a few facts and figures that tell their own dramatic story.

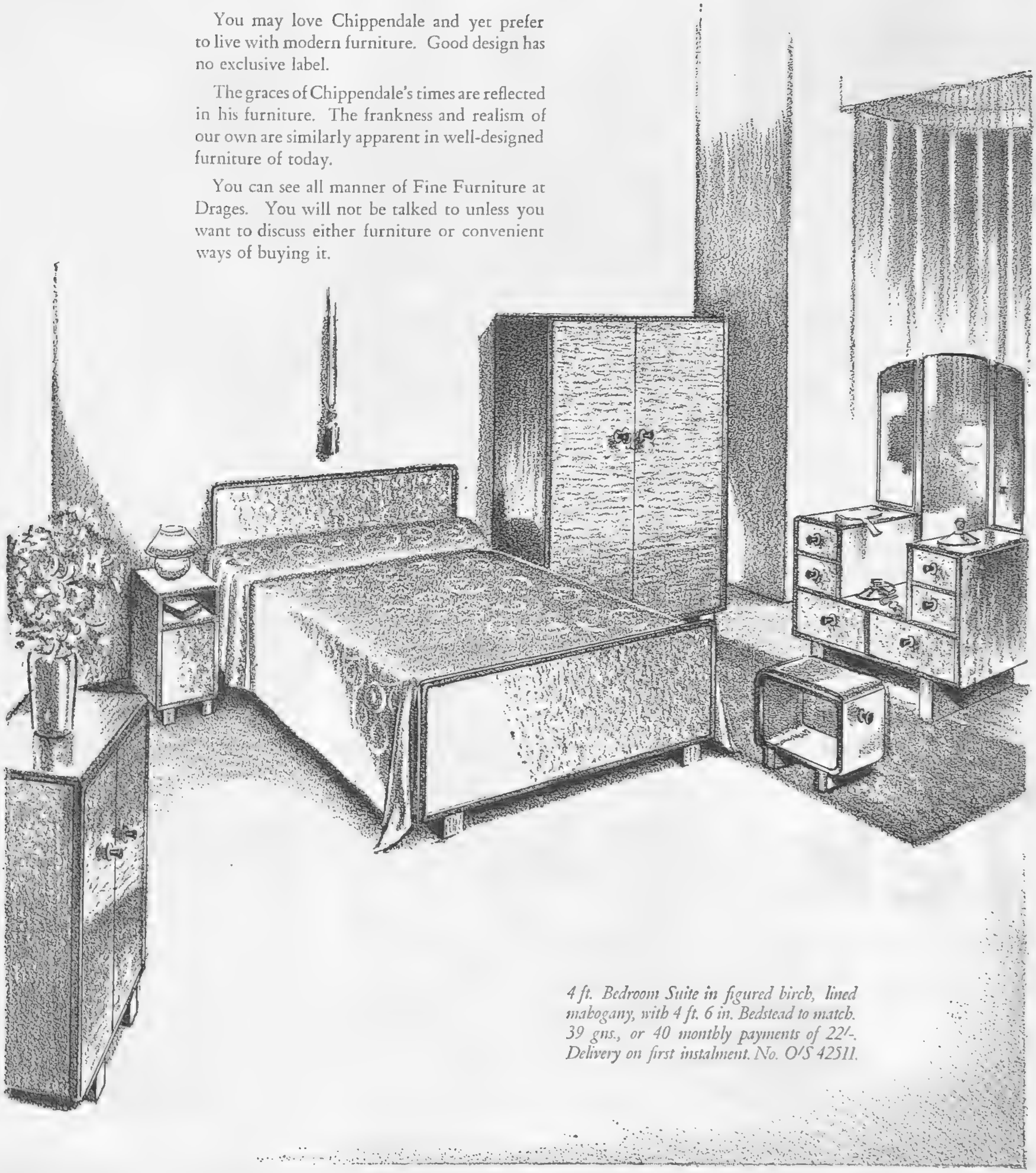
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios form a city complete in itself. There are ten miles of paved streets; they are patrolled by an up-to-date police force, with a chief of police and his officers. (*Continued on page* 76)

# A MODERN ENSEMBLE
# by DRAGES of Oxford Street

You may love Chippendale and yet prefer to live with modern furniture. Good design has no exclusive label.

The graces of Chippendale's times are reflected in his furniture. The frankness and realism of our own are similarly apparent in well-designed furniture of today.

You can see all manner of Fine Furniture at Drages. You will not be talked to unless you want to discuss either furniture or convenient ways of buying it.



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*A.2.*

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The Tek design was approved by 96% of the dentists to whom it was sent. There's nothing 'just as good' as Tek. Tek is registered—legally protected from imitation. To clean your teeth *from behind* as well as in front, you need Tek, the original shorthead toothbrush.

GET HIM TO TAKE TO A

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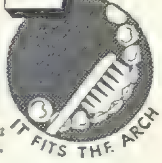

"Stop and Go" signals for traffic are enforced as in the world outside the gates. At the main gateway a philosophical Irishman, Jimmy Owen, guards the sacred portals from the security of his little sentry-box. He has held this responsible post for over twelve years, and in that time he says he has never failed to recognise any star who has applied for admission at the gates.

The signs Mr. Owen lives up to are as Irish as he is; contradictory, if you follow me. The sign by his sentry-box says so distinctly: "No Admittance Through This Gate." Yet the overhead sign swinging from long chains above the open roadway reads "Go," in no uncertain fashion. Perhaps it really means "Go—Away." Anyhow, the no admittance notice applies only to foot passengers, so Jimmy Owen explains with a grin. People in cars can either drive in or drive out—provided he O.K's them.

So to get in, or get out, you have to pass the blue-eyed scrutiny of Jimmy Owen. And then where are you? In a city of six thousand enthusiastic citizens, With No Unemployed, and no politics—outside the usual studio brand. The life of those citizens is ordered on exactly the same lines as that of other citizens in towns outside this hundred-acre world. The city lights itself, feeds itself. From its huge power plants, at the demand of a director, any of the stages may draw 3,000 amperes—and that's enough electricity to light a city of 15,000 inhabitants.

More than 250 separate jobs of work are represented in this model town. Labour is employed that ranges from an artist to a labourer (pick and shovel variety); from a bricklayer to a precision machinist; from a poet to a musician; from a portrait-photographer to a dishwasher. Even bargemen and fishermen are on the job-roll, for the studio town has its own dock and quay-side, all ready for use when sea pictures are in production. Authors form a large percentage of the workers; their offices are side by side with those of skilled chemists, always experimenting. Across the courtyard a symphony composer may be creating something startling in the music line. Round the corner the foundry hums with its clanging hammers and roaring furnaces. The man who designs dresses that will be copied all over two hemispheres has as his neighbour a dance director who is planning on paper or in his brain a new production number that will paralyse audiences in the near future.

Lawyers have their offices in this town; the Legal Department is one of the most vital and is in constant demand. The stenographic section of the city offers jobs to hundreds of girls and men; it is under the charge of a woman, Edith Farrell, whose position is one that comes into the high-salaried class. The wardrobe building is an institution in itself; like a big store is the first part, with bales of materials reaching to the ceiling, on long shelves. Jewellery, hand-bags, gloves, stockings, lingerie—everything a woman could search for in the luxury shops of the world is found here under one roof. Henrietta Frazer is assistant to Joseph Rapf, who is the manager of the wardrobe. It is Mrs. Frazer's pleasant task to see that the Garbos, Shearers, Crawfords, Loys, and other luscious ladies on the city pay-roll go out to work looking as chic and well-groomed as she does herself.

Natalie Bucknell, Russian, but married to an Englishman, is in charge of the Research Department; it is her pride to say: "Ask for the most difficult thing a research expert could be expected to produce and I'll get it for you, if I haven't got it already, within a day." Set dressing offers attractive employment to a girl in the studio world. At M.-G.-M. the slim shoulders of Margery Prevost carry the task of decorating most of the modern sets for the big pictures turned out at that studio. She is the sister of tragic Marie Prevost, whose death shocked Hollywood not long ago.

Lillian Rosine, a Russian-Italian brunette, and Jack Dawn, an American, look after the Make-up Department; they have a big staff working with them. Sometimes as many as a thousand faces have to be made-up in a day if there are several pictures in production at once calling for big bunches of extras. The casting office has its staff too; and the First-Aid Department is under the charge of Peggy Coleman, who found herself in the studios after a fine record of active service work overseas during the war. If Robert Taylor cuts his finger or Joan Crawford twists her ankle, it is to Peggy Coleman they turn for help.

What about the telephone exchange? The telephone room is one of the most exciting places in the entire studio. Rows of girls work like the proverbial beaver, handling thousands of calls a day for their 600 subscribers—none of whom pay any rent or call charges! The daily trunk call business handled by this exchange is as heavy as that of an average American town of 25,000 inhabitants. There is a post office, naturally, also a telegraph office. And there is the restaurant.

Everyone calls it "The Commissary," but I prefer our name for it. In the main restaurant over two thousand lunches are served every day. It would be hard to demand any seasonable, or even out-of-season, kind of food that the chefs could not supply. Players use this eating place; there is a quick-service lunch counter, also, where the other citizens can get cheap and excellent food right through the day.

Did I say that the city has its manager as well as its police chief? In addition, there is a health officer, who works in conjunction with the doctors employed by the studio. There is a street inspector, a city engineer, and even an official garbage collector—glorified dustman, to us. There is an industrial centre, with a railway-track passing through steel gates; freight comes right to the city's heart in this way. There is a railway station, which undergoes astounding changes to suit the needs of films. It has been Victoria Station, London; the Gare du Nord, Paris; Friedrichstrasse Bahnhof, Berlin; and whatever the big stations in Vienna and Petrograd are called. Just a few slaps of paint, some correct posters, the right kind of trains, and the thing is done.

That industrial centre, by the way, includes carpenter shops, plaster shops, paint shops, machine shops, precision machine shops, lumber yards, and planing mills. It can produce anything from a tea cup to a railway engine, and is entirely independent of the outside world. There is also a dental surgery—but not in *that* section of the city!

The greatest film laboratory in any studio is to be found in this studio world. There is a music department, and a concert hall where Lawrence Tibbett and Jeanette MacDonald put their songs into celluloid form before facing the cameras. There is a boxing arena, a gymnasium, a river, and a lake. One man is employed to look after the boats, and transport them to any location that may be chosen for boating scenes outside the studio. On a chunk of land near the lake is a zoo, where you can pick your own elephant, lion, weasel, or marmoset. A realistic African jungle close at hand must make some of the animals feel really at home.

Wandering through the city's thoroughfares—or driving, if one has any luck, because it is a long, long trail, indeed—houses and streets of amazing variety squat side by side. In one jump the visitor leaps from Shanghai to Paris, from New York to Honolulu, from an American prison to a castle in Verona. There is always a New York street; always something that can be used as a typical English exterior at an hour's notice. Chinatown is another permanence often in request.

Somebody told me that the wardrobe department contains enough clothes to dress 15,000 men and 8,000 women straight off the bat; and I believe it.

Out of all this emerges a steady stream of celluloid—16,000 miles of it, yearly—offering unlimited entertainment at a reasonable price to the entire civilised world.

End

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Special Motor Show Section: Compiled by The Earl of Cardigan

EARLS
COURT

# THE NEW HOME of the MOTOR SHOW

By

The Earl of Cardigan

FOR a very long time, so far as motorists have been concerned, "Olympia" has been a term synonymous with "the Motor Show." We have been accustomed to say, with equal readiness, "Are you going to the Motor Show?" or "Shall I be seeing you at Olympia?"

Now we have to change all that. The Motor Show, this year and in future, is to be housed in the new Earl's Court building. This, in itself, should lend more than ordinary interest to the present Show. Many visitors will for the first time be seeing a block of Exhibition buildings which are not only impressive in size but also striking in their originality.

It will probably be noticed, in the first place, that the floor of the main building is considerably raised—some 15 ft.—above the ordinary ground level. There is a good reason for this—namely, that six lines of Underground Railway track have to pass beneath. A great part of the building is based not on the solid earth, but rather on a series of arches by which the railway is spanned.

Curiously enough, it is claimed that the building, thus raised in the air, cost less than it would have done if normally constructed. Can this be because the air space above the railway tracks cost nothing to acquire? It would be interesting to know the terms of the arrangement made with the Underground people. (Legally, I have a notion that they could have claimed ownership of this air space.)

Another advantage is that, the roads around the building being correspondingly elevated, cars can be taken directly on to the upper deck of the huge car park. This park could therefore be designed to take, without difficulty, no fewer than 1,800 cars. The total car-parking space available is 5 acres, which is quite exceptional for an urban property.

Thirdly, it proved possible to carry a bridge, on the same level as the elevated building, across another railway track—that of the West London Extension Railway. This bridge forms a direct connection with another part of the Earl's Court property, on which stands the Empress Hall.

THUS, before we even begin to examine the interior of the building, we find a great deal which is out of the ordinary. Inside, the enormous area of floor space will provide the first sensation. It is estimated that the "net rentable area," when an exhibition is being held, is some 420,000 square feet.

There is one remarkable feature which may not be immediately noticed. The building has no windows at all, in the ordinary sense. There is, of course, plenty of fresh air, and this probably circulates better by artificial means than if it came in haphazardly through window spaces.

There is similarly no daylight; but this again may be considered advantageous by exhibitors. The artificial lighting is at all times perfectly uniform, and the strength and colour of it can be so arranged as to show off every sort of commodity, whether it be a motor car or a pair of silk stockings, to the best possible advantage.

The big swimming pool is sure to attract attention, even though it will presumably not be functioning as such during the Motor Show. The floor of this pool is divided into three sections, any or all of which can be raised on hydraulic rams either to floor level or above floor level.

This is a wonderful scheme, for, with one or more of these sections below floor level, the turning on of water at once provides swimming facilities. With these sections at floor level, exhibition stands can be placed right across them, just as if the flooring were continuous. With one or more sections raised above floor level, on the other hand, an elevated stage of more than generous size becomes available.

THE simpler human needs are also amply provided for. There are four large restaurants, thirty-two snack bars and four lounge bars. Speaking with some experience of exhibitions generally, I should say that the snack bars should prove especially popular. A quick snack is just what most people want in the intervals of going round the stands.

Altogether, although many of us must retain pleasant memories of Olympia, there seems little doubt that the changeover to Earl's Court will be welcomed. It is, after all, appropriate that the motor car, in its latest and most modern form, should be housed for exhibition purposes in the latest and most modern of London's great buildings.

# MOTORISTS & LAGONDA

It is confidently predicted that the 1938 Lagonda range of 4½-litre 12-cylinder and 4½-litre 6-cylinder motor cars . . . built by Mr. W. O. Bentley according to his own inspiration and ambition . . . is destined to open up new perspectives in the motoring world, and, we hope, add lustre to the Lagonda name and honour to the British motor industry.

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# A SURVEY of the MOTOR SHOW

## Some Points to Look for at Earl's Court

### By The Earl of Cardigan

EVERY year, at about Motor Show time, I hear people debating whether or not they should pay a visit to Olympia, or Earl's Court, or wherever it may be. The chief question at issue seems to be "Will there really be anything new to see?"

The answer, I think, depends entirely on what the enquirer means by "anything new." If he means "anything utterly new and unheard of," the answer is fairly definitely in the negative. The Motor Show is not likely to produce, either this year or any other year, a practical motor car of such startling novelty as to be entirely different from all that we have seen before.

Machinery does not evolve in that sort of way—particularly not when it is transport machinery which has to be sold to a conservatively minded public. Changes are more or less gradual. Brand-new ideas are tried out in a small way. If found to be both effective and popular, they are extended and applied more widely. Thus every advance is made by stages, and not by any sudden, revolutionary means.

For those who understand this, there is always something new to be seen at the Motor Show. A certain type of engine has taken a further step on the up-grade. Several new manufacturers have adopted it. A particular gearbox, on the other hand, of which high hopes were entertained, has begun to lose favour. Only a few firms have remained faithful to it . . . That is the way in which the changes happen.

WE shall see a good deal of this sort of thing in progress when we come to study the 1938 models. Broadly speaking, we shall find a slight but general increase both in size and power. There will be a greater choice of cars round about 14 h.p.—*i.e.*, of cars verging towards the medium-powered rather than the light-car class. Hand-in-hand with this use of greater engine power will go a tendency towards more generous coachwork space.

As regards engines, we shall see one new type—new, that is, in relation to private cars—beginning to appear. This is the Diesel engine, which hitherto has gained most of its success in commercial chassis. It will be very interesting to see—and, without doubt, the Trade will be most anxious to discover—just how the private owner reacts to it.

The great advantage of the Diesel is certainly its economy. Not only does it use less fuel, and therefore give greater mileage to the gallon, but the fuel used is also cheaper in itself. Thus the total saving is quite considerable.

Serious disadvantages are few. Although Diesel oil is not everywhere available at the present time, it is certain that all garages will quickly stock it if the demand increases. Further, although the Diesel is certainly not quite so flexible in performance as the petrol engine, it is continually being developed in the direction of greater flexibility, so that the difference is by no means so great as many people may imagine.

*A BRAND-NEW Austin model is this "Big Seven." Its engine is a size larger than that of the ordinary "Seven," and there is a corresponding gain both in performance and in comfort*

Among petrol engines, we shall see a definite increase in the use of overhead valves, which undoubtedly contribute towards greater efficiency. (They permit the cylinder heads to be of a more desirable shape.) On the other hand, we shall not find that side valves are by any means "finished." There is still much to be said for the side-valve engine. It is the simpler type, not only to build but also to maintain. It is also, in a good many cases, rather quieter in operation.

Regarding the number of cylinders, it will still be found that most high-grade engines are "sixes." There will not be a great many "straight-eights" on view, although we may count on seeing a few. "Vee-eights" will prove more popular. With the cylinders in "V" formation, much space is saved, and there is also the advantage of greater rigidity. *(Continued on page 83)*

*THIS Austin "Ten," photographed at Whipsnade, is the "Cambridge" saloon model. Full advantage is being taken of the sliding roof! Among other improvements the new "Ten" has longer road springs and therefore rides extremely comfortably*

# ROVER

## 1938

## MODELS and PRICES

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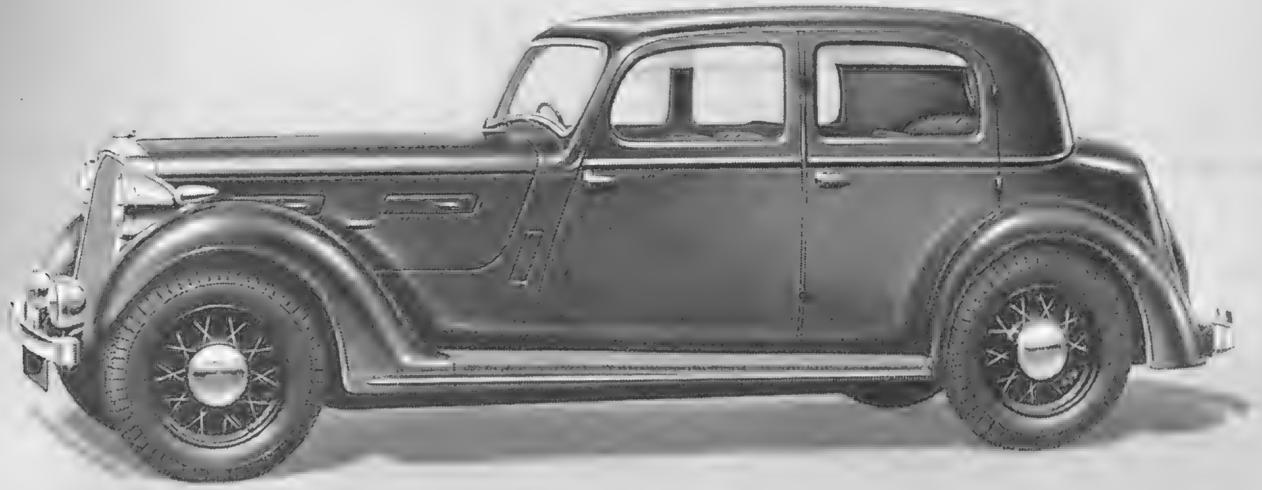

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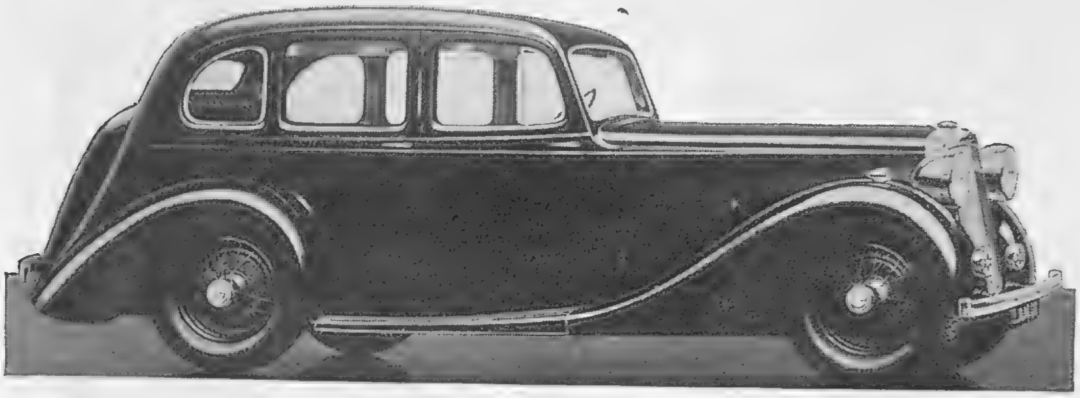


*THIS Lanchester "18" saloon is a comfortable car. It has, of course, the notable Daimler system of fluid transmission*

## A Survey of the Motor Show
## (*continued*)

The "V" principle is now almost universal where 12-cylinder cars are concerned. (A "straight-twelve" would require such an immense length of bonnet!) We shall see some new "double-sixes," as they are popularly called, among cars of the most powerful and luxurious type.

Among the smaller cars, however, there will still be found plenty of "fours." There is much merit in the four-cylinder engine, especially in the matter of sturdiness, and there are plenty of people who prefer four cylinders to six in the 12 h.p. class. Thus the battle between the "Twelve-four" and the "Twelve-six" is still being waged—and it is well worth watching.

There are always interesting developments going on in regard to gearboxes. For some years past, opinion has been divided as to the relative advantages of synchromesh and epicyclic (pre-selective) gearing. We shall find at this year's Show that the synchromesh system still leads in popularity, although the epicyclic gear remains very strongly entrenched as second favourite.

It is good to see that manufacturers using synchromesh are not being content merely to rest on their laurels. There is a general tendency towards the *all*-synchromesh gearbox—already standardised by one or two firms. Where four ratios are provided, it is now common for synchromesh to be applied to three of them, so that a second gear which is other than fool-proof is becoming something of a rarity.

Incidentally, the four-speed gearbox is now a great deal more popular than the three-speed unit. In the case of low-powered cars, at any rate, this is clearly an advantage.

THE epicyclic gearbox will be found most commonly in conjunction with some other device, such as an automatic clutch or a fluid flywheel. It lends itself admirably to being used as a unit in some complete scheme of trouble-free transmission. The same may be said of the free-wheel, although this last-named aid to gear-changing is not used so generally now as a few years ago. It is clear that many designers have the wish to go much further than the synchromesh addicts (if I may so describe them) in the direction of making a car "drive itself," and be independent of the skill or otherwise of an individual driver.

There is a good deal of new development to be studied at Earl's Court in the matter of springing. In the first place, we shall find that independent front springs are no longer a rarity. It is becoming quite orthodox practice to let the front wheels be sprung independently. The main effect of this is that any bump struck by a front wheel affects that wheel alone, and does not, as where a front axle is employed, disturb the whole front end of the car.

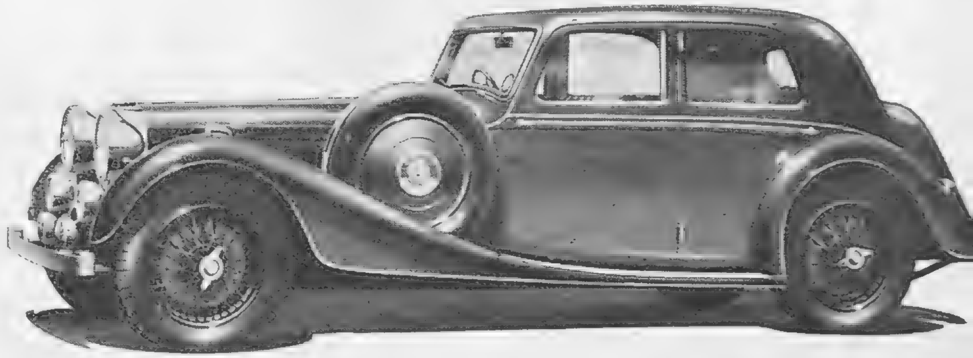
MORE use is also being made of remote control for the shock absorbers. This also is a desirable feature, for it enables the driver to provide himself with "hard" springing for the purpose of travelling at speed, or alternatively with "soft" springing when he requires to go slowly over a rough surface.

There is little novelty to be expected in regard to steering gears. The only tendency to be noted—and it is a healthy one—is a reaction from the excessively low-geared steering which was employed a year or so ago.

It now seems to be agreed that most people prefer what one may term the "English" type of steering gear. That is, they like to get round a corner without making too many rotations of the steering wheel. They also like the front wheels to centre themselves automatically, by means of a castoring action. To provide such steering has once again become the manufacturers' objective.

The rise and decline of different braking systems is always interesting to observe. This year

(*Continued on page* 85)



*A JUSTLY popular Alvis model is this "Speed Twenty-five" saloon. With its very fine performance, it is quite modestly priced at £885*

*THIS 1938 Triumph model is highly distinctive in appearance. It is the "Dolomite" 1½ litre saloon, selling at £328*

# *Presenting*

# JAGUAR

## *1938 Range*

With seven new bodies and three distinct chassis types—3½ litre, 2½ litre and 1½ litre—the Jaguar models for 1938 are predestined to eclipse an already established record of refinement and performance.

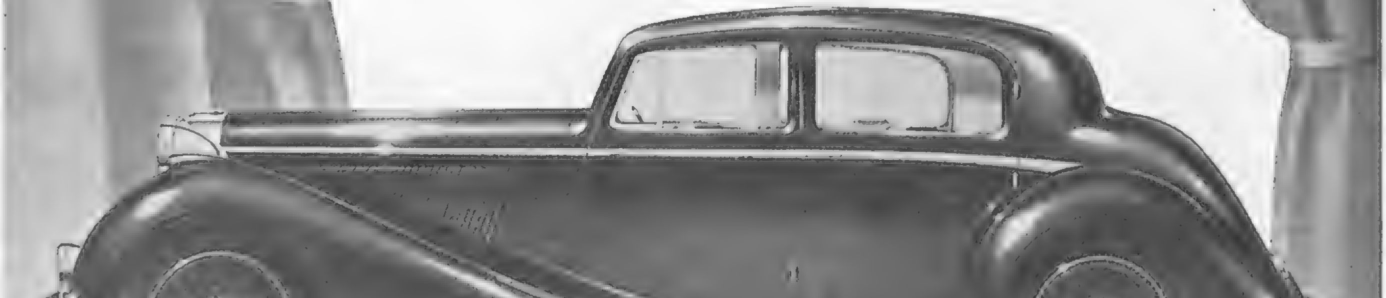
The 3½ litre—an entirely new model—will offer 95 m.p.h., and like all models, with the exception of the "100" open two-seater, will offer full five-seater accommodation. Drophead Coupé bodies are available on all chassis.

At the Motor Show you will find the 1938 Jaguar Range on

**STAND 57**

♣

*Manufacturers: S.S. Cars Ltd., Coventry.*



**London Showrooms: HENLYS LTD., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1**

## A Survey of the Motor Show (*continued*)

THIS 12 h.p. saloon is one of the most popular models of the Rover range. It has exceptionally pleasing lines

we shall see an increase in the use of hydraulic brakes, although there will still be a majority of makers in favour of "mechanical" braking—*i.e.*, of brakes actuated by cables and assisted by a Servo device.

Hydraulic braking was introduced as a new system some years ago, and has always since enjoyed a considerable measure of popularity. Smoothness, when brakes are applied by hydraulic means, can virtually be guaranteed, and fierceness of action is unknown. It is probably for this reason that fresh adherents to the hydraulic principle are still being gained.

In coachwork we shall witness a change which again is in the nature of a reaction. The craze for stream-lining has passed its peak, and far more attention is now being paid to the question of comfort. This does not mean that there will be no so-called "stream-lined" cars at Earl's Court. On the contrary, many cars will continue to use stream-lining as a motif or style for their coachwork. My point is that such cars—unlike those of two or three years ago—will be built for comfort in the first instance, and will adopt the stream-line form as a secondary consideration.

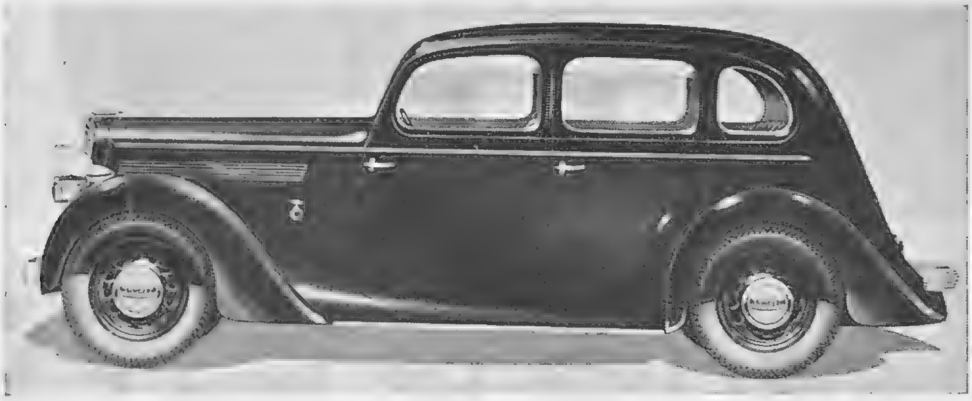
THIS is a very welcome change—for, of course, the strict practical value of stream-lining, as it is understood by designers of coachwork, is precisely nil. (The conventional car has a basic non-stream-line shape which no mere curvature of the panels can ever alter.) It is only when it is used to please the eye, and without any sacrifice of seating comfort, that the stream-line style becomes a good and admirable one.

The most popular type of car will continue to be the five-seater saloon, carrying two people in front, with room for two more—and an occasional third—at the back. A few makers will be found to provide a bench-type front seat, wide enough for the driver and two passengers, and thus give accommodation to six people in all. This, however, will remain exceptional.

Seven-seater models will be more numerous than before. This is due to the fact that a new market has been discovered for the seven-seater in the £500 class or thereabouts. It has lately been shown to be quite a simple matter to take a £400 car of 20 h.p. or so, lengthen and strengthen the chassis, and then sell it with two additional seats at about £100 more. This may involve a slight loss of performance; but this is outweighed, in the opinion of the family man, by the increase in usefulness.

Prices, on the whole, are a little higher than hitherto; but we all know what the cause of this is. Raw materials are costing more, and a great many manufacturers are finding it necessary to pass on the difference to the purchasing public. Certain car prices will, of course, remain the same, but I doubt if any firm this year will be able to make reductions.

In touching on this and other points, I am naturally thinking for the most part of English cars and English firms. There will, however, be a large foreign contingent at Earl's Court, and those who are looking for original or unfamiliar ideas in motor car design should not fail to study some of the 1938 models which come to us from the Continent.



*THIS popular Singer model is the "Super Twelve" saloon. With roomy and comfortable coachwork, it sells at £239*

THEY will find that Continental designers are much more preoccupied than we are with such matters as front-wheel drive. It is very interesting to see how the entire "works" of a car can be compressed so as to go under the bonnet, and very instructive to learn what a front-wheel-driven car is like to handle on the road.

There may also be one or more examples at Earl's Court of rear-engined cars. These are always of significance, for the rear-engined design links up very naturally with the stream-lining of coachwork. Given a chassis with the engine at the rear end, one really *could* develop stream-lining on a scientific basis.

I have said enough, I hope, to show that, for those who have eyes to see, the Motor Show at Earl's Court will be anything but dull. Only to the very uninstructed view will the new models appear to be "much the same as last year's."

*THE new 12 h.p. "Flying" Standard is a fine-looking car, capable of exceeding 70 m.p.h. It will seat five people, and is priced at £205*

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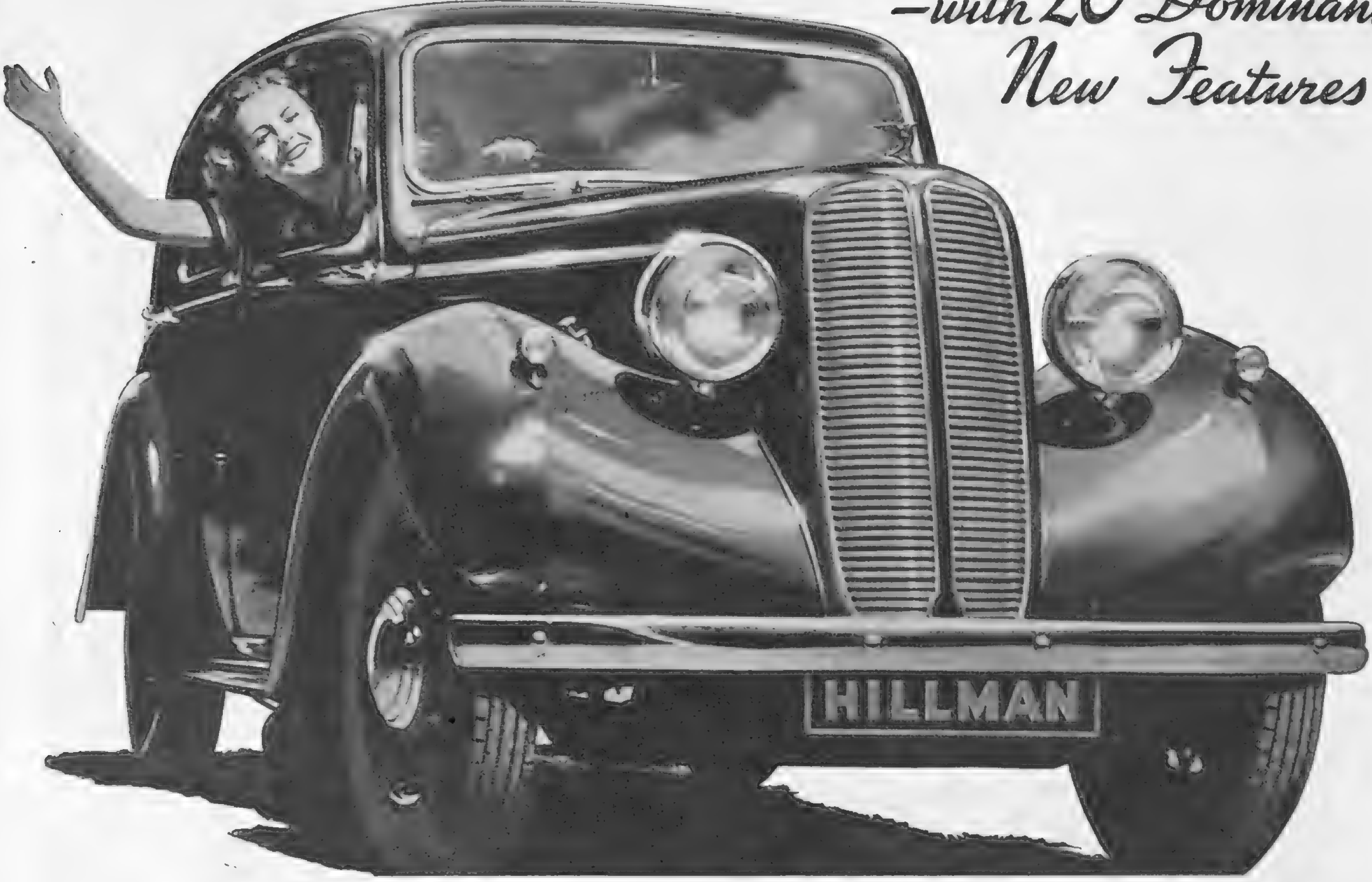

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C.F.H. 210

# AMONG *the* 1938 MODELS

## By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is always a difficult matter to answer the question which is in the mind of nearly every non-professional visitor to the Motor Show: " What particular cars ought I to make a point of looking at ? " Moreover, as the years go on, it certainly does not become any easier.

There are so few cars destined for Earl's Court this year which are *not* worth looking at. There are practically no bad or unreliable cars now surviving, and only a few which may be said to cost more than they are genuinely worth. Therefore, in mentioning a score or so of cars to be specially studied, I can only follow what nowadays is my usual practice, and pick out those which are of such significance that it would be absurd to omit them from any detailed survey.

In this category we must obviously place the new Morris models, of which there will be several. The Morris range of cars now covers almost every motoring need for the man of moderate means, between the limits of 8 and 25 h.p.

A NOTABLE new Morris is the " Twelve." This is a four-cylinder car, differing from its predecessors in that the engine has overhead valves, operated by push-rods. We may certainly expect from it an increase in liveliness and also in speed. It is said that the maximum reaches the very creditable figure of 70 m.p.h.

A four-speed gearbox is another attractive feature—the more so since second, third and top gears are synchromesh. With saloon coachwork, the price is £205, or £215 with sliding head. For a further £5, in-built hydraulic jacks can be supplied.

Unquestionably, the new Austin models must be examined. Of these, the chief newcomer is the " Big Seven." This has a larger engine than the ordinary " Seven," the R.A.C. rating being just on 8 h.p. There is a saloon model of very useful dimensions which sells at £160, or £5 less with a fixed head.

Among the larger Austins, the " Eighteen " is certainly outstanding. This car can be supplied with a long-wheelbase chassis, in which case it very easily takes seven-seater coachwork. For many people this is a great asset, and one which is rarely obtainable in a car which is moderate both in price and running costs. As an example of excellent value one may quote the " Iver " saloon with division, at £383.

A NOTABLE range of cars will be shown by the Standard company, comprising six basic models of the " Flying " Standard type. There is a " Nine " which is uncommonly lively, and larger cars of 10, 12, 14 and 20 h.p. The " Twenty " is supplied either with an ordinary six-cylinder engine or with one of the compact and efficient " V-8 " design.

All these cars for 1938 have new-style radiators. Engines are of the side-valve type, transmitting their power through four-speed gearboxes. The synchromesh system is used for all ratios except the lowest. As for prices, there is a 9 h.p. saloon at £152 10s., while an attractive example of a high-powered car is the 20 h.p. saloon at only £295.

The Wolseley programme is always of interest, and we may count on seeing some practical developments in the 1938 models. No radical changes need be anticipated, (*Continued on page* 89)

*THE new Morris " Twelve," Series III. Fitted with O.H.V. engine and four-speed helical gear-box, with synchromesh on second, third and fourth. This car has a high performance and is finished in a variety of duo-tone shades. Price, saloon, £205, or with sliding head, £215*

*THIS 9 h.p. "Flying" Standard is a remarkable little car, being uncommonly fast for its size. It has a four-speed gear-box and is priced at £152 10s.*

BY APPOINTMENT

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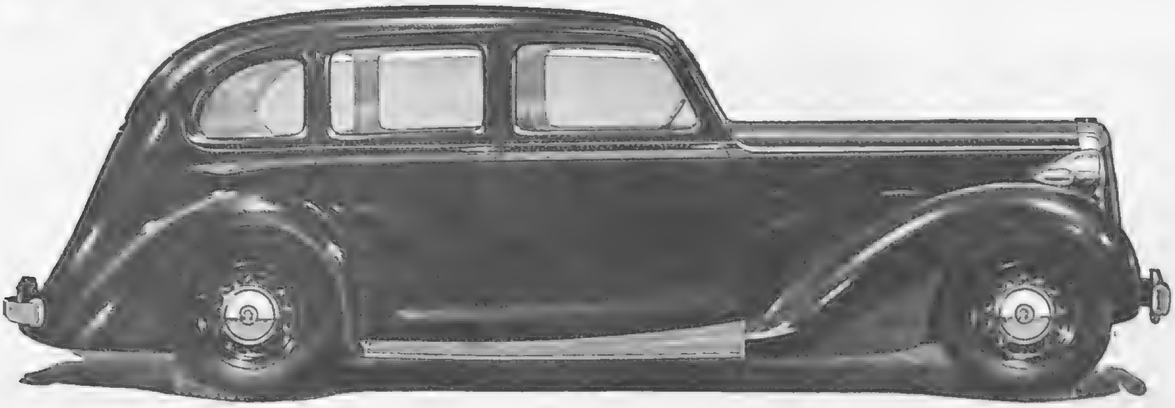

*It is not merely its beauty, its speed, nor its superb comfort that makes this latest Daimler so highly interesting a car. Here, with Daimler's own standards of good taste, is the road-holding capacity of cars built solely for speed. How has this been achieved? By patient experiment at the Daimler works and on difficult roads—experiment with independent front wheel springing, with lateral control, weight distribution, inter-axial seating. From this has emerged a car in which five persons can spread themselves, a car that takes fast bends without roll or sway or slide — that corners as though on rails. Steering feather light, yet positive. An interesting car, as an hour at the wheel would show.*

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*THIS big Vauxhall is the 25 h.p. model which has a top speed in the region of 80 m.p.h. With saloon coachwork, it sells at the extremely modest figure of £315*

## Among the 1938 Models
## (*continued*)

but Wolseley springing will be found to have been improved by the adoption of what is termed "phrased" suspension. All Wolseley cars, as is well known, have overhead-valve engines and four-speed gearboxes.

The new coachwork will be remarkable for its roominess, and the prices of familiar models, such as the "14/56" and the "18/80," will remain unchanged. In saloon form the smaller of these cars costs £275, while the larger is listed at the very moderate figure of £295.

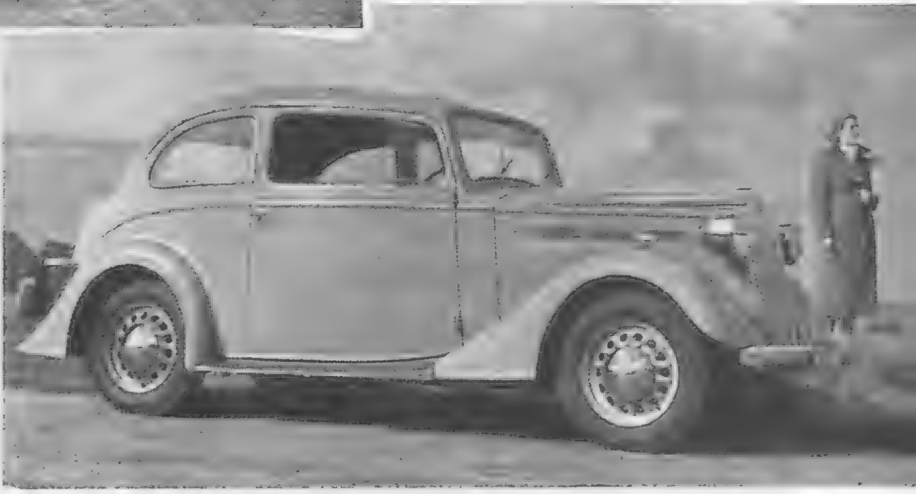
ON the Rover stand we shall find a range of cars in which again no major alterations have been made, but merely certain improvements in matters of detail. As before, cars of 10, 12, 14, 16 and 20 h.p. are being manufactured, and fitted with coachwork which will attract attention by reason of its pleasing lines.

An interesting chassis feature of all Rover cars is that the transmission includes a free-wheel. This device is controlled by the driver, who is able to make use of it as and when he wishes. With the free-wheel in operation, all gear changes are, of course, rendered entirely fool-proof. Prices range from £255 upwards—an attractive 12 h.p. model being listed at £300 precisely.

The Vauxhall programme is likely to contain at least one surprise, which, however, I am not at the moment at liberty to divulge. As regards the popular 12 and 14 h.p. models, there will be no substantial changes. These cars, with their independent front springing, may still be considered exceedingly up to date—and even advanced—in design.

PRICES for these cars have recently been increased by about £10 all round. In this connection we should remember that a £10 reduction was made at about this time last year. Thus, in consequence of the price of raw materials having gone up, Vauxhall prices have merely reverted to what they were in 1936.

The big 25 h.p. Vauxhall is retained, with only minor modifications. This fine car, which is capable of reaching 80 m.p.h., is now listed at £315.



*AN attractive Vauxhall model is the coupé, which is available on either the 12 or 14 h.p. chassis. It has independent front springing in either case, and is priced at £245*

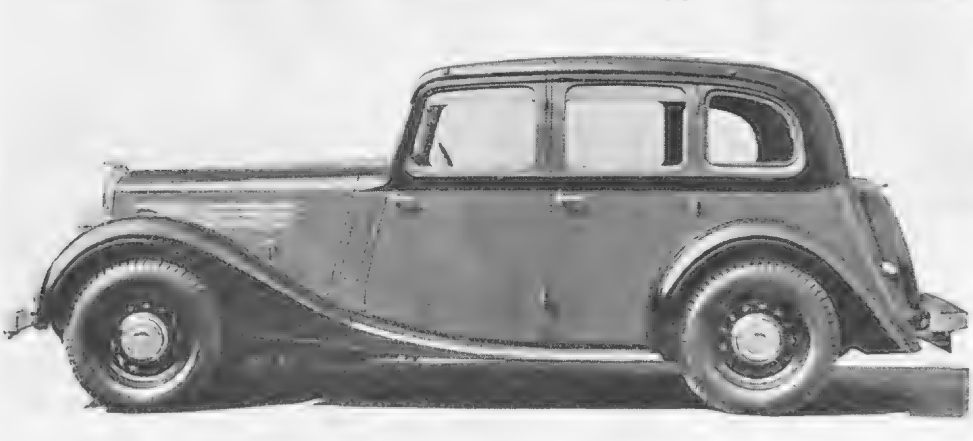
ORIGINALITY in design has always been a feature of Lanchester cars. This year, three Lanchester models are being exhibited, all with overhead-valve engines, the details of which will repay close examination. In each case the Daimler "fluid flywheel" is a feature of the transmission, giving infinite flexibility, while a pre-selective epicyclic gearbox gives four speeds, all of which are "crash-proof."

The 11 h.p. model has four cylinders, and is sold in saloon form at £275. The 14 h.p. car is a "six," having an uncommonly lively performance. (The 7 to 1 compression ratio of this engine is of significance.) The biggest Lanchester is the "Eighteen"—a large and comfortable car which sells at £525.

Great interest similarly attaches to the latest Daimlers. All these cars naturally have the system of transmission which the Daimler Company originated, including the fluid clutch or "flywheel" which is a Daimler patent. All have six or eight-cylinder engines, and are capable of a surprising turn of speed. The most recent in design is the "Fifteen" which, in its latest form, is likely to sell very well at prices ranging from £475.

Then there is the 20 h.p. Daimler, and a larger "Twenty"—actually of 24 h.p.—which is intended to carry luxurious limousine coachwork. These cars are "sixes"—but there is a "Light Straight Eight" of 26 h.p. which has a great many attractive features. Finally, for those who demand a car of the very highest quality, there is a big "Straight Eight" of 32 h.p. The chassis will take any desired type of special coachwork.

An exceedingly interesting car which will be on (*Continued on page* 91)



*THE 18/80 h.p. Wolseley Saloon de Ville has an overhead-valve engine which gives it an excellent performance. The list price is £330*

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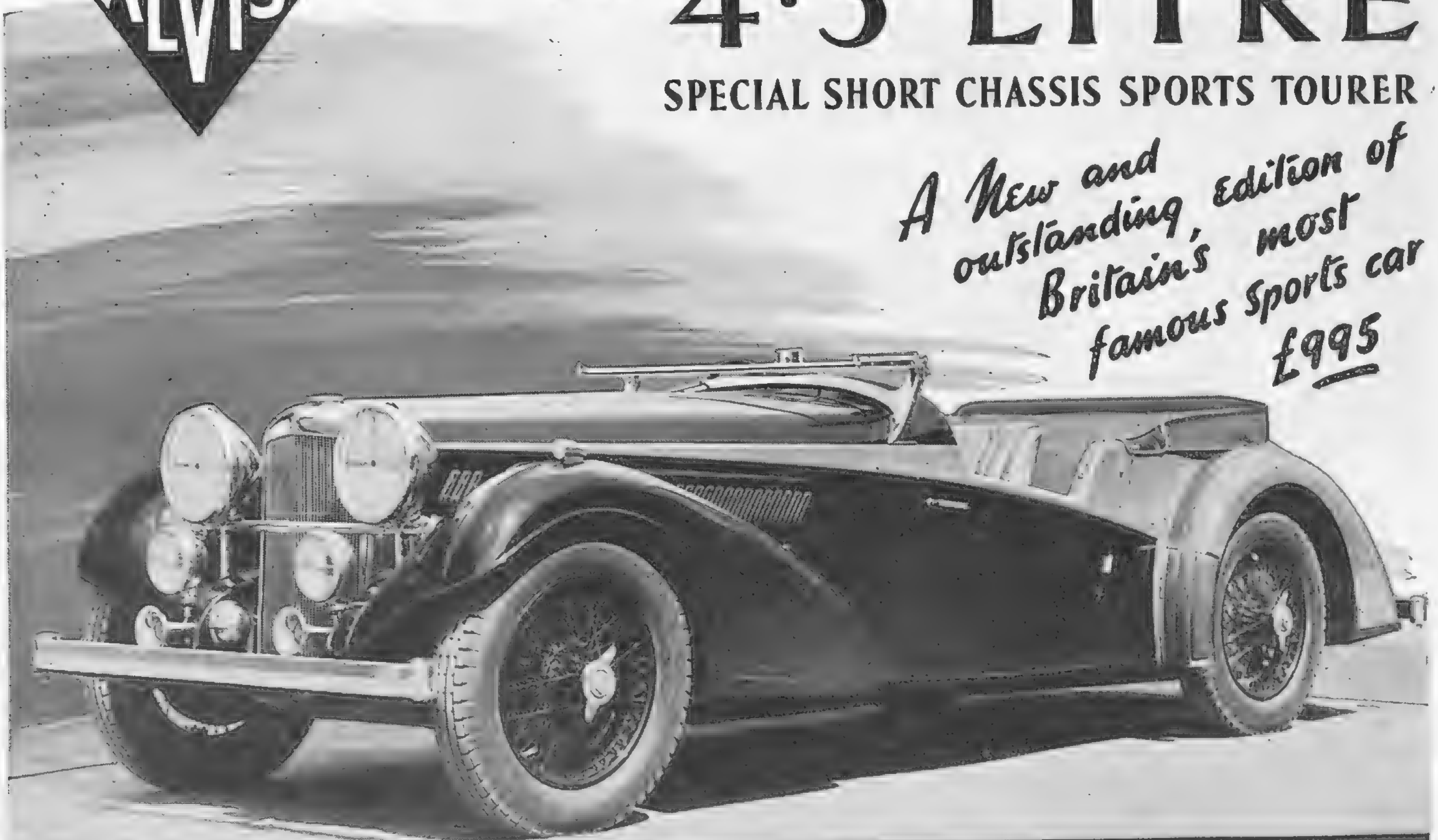
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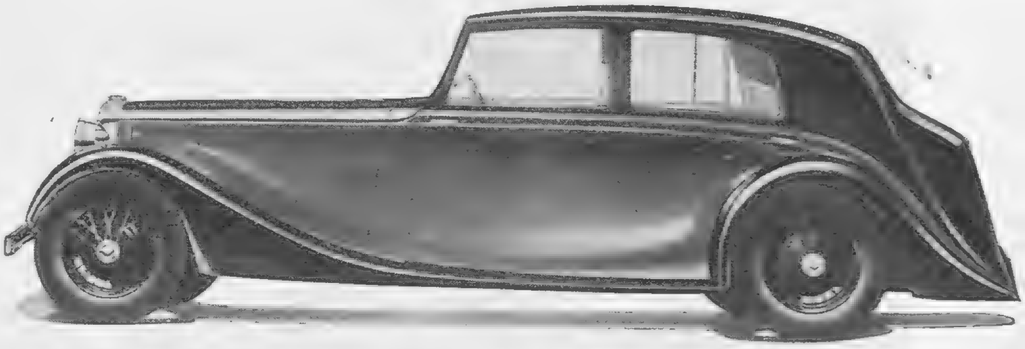
SERVICE STATION AT 124 KING ST., HAMMERSMITH, W.6. RIVERSIDE 1023 view at Earl's Court this year is the eight-cylinder Jensen. I see that almost every previous writer who has described it has boggled at mentioning the fact that it has a Ford engine —but why? I personally do not see how one can be more complimentary about a "V-8" engine than to say that it follows the wholly admirable design laid down by Mr. Ford.

When I add that the low-built chassis follows the best English sports car practice in a great many particulars, the combination would appear to be a highly attractive one. There is an over-drive (pre-selective) which gives the equivalent of a 3 to 1 top gear. The saloon model costs £695, with coachwork "lines" which are uncommonly pleasing to the eye.



*ONE of the finest cars in the Daimler range is this "Straight-Eight" Touring Limousine. The lines of the coachwork are very distinctive*

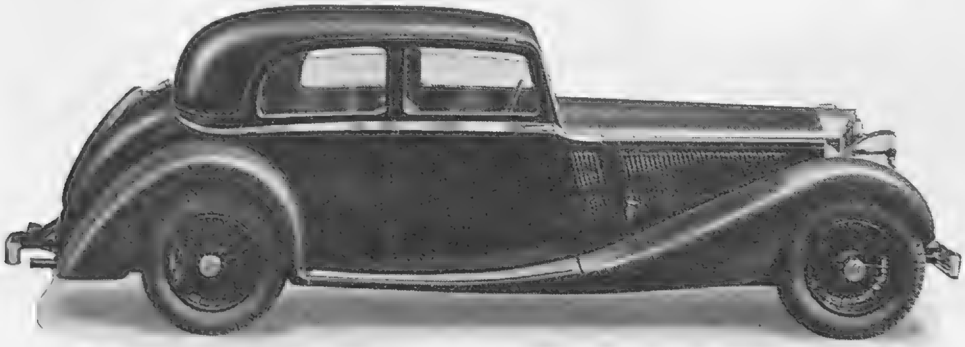
Without giving any details, I am able to reveal now that a smaller model will also be shown of 2¼ litre capacity. This should make a still wider appeal, being sold at prices from £495 upwards.

## Among the 1938 Models
## (*continued*)

IN the realm of sports cars the M.G. always deserves attention. The famous "Midget" will, of course, be shown at Earl's Court. It now has a 10 h.p. overhead-valve engine, with a four-speed gearbox. How fine its performance is, for a light car, may be gauged from the fact that without any basic alteration the same car is capable of winning road and track races. A creditable feature is that in touring form it remains perfectly docile and easy for the amateur to handle.

A size larger is the 1½-litre M.G., which is rated at 12 h.p. Then, for those who like really generous coachwork space, there is the 2-litre model with an 18 h.p. R.A.C. rating. This latter is a most comfortable car, having a six-cylinder engine which runs with great smoothness, while at the same time developing a remarkable turn of speed.

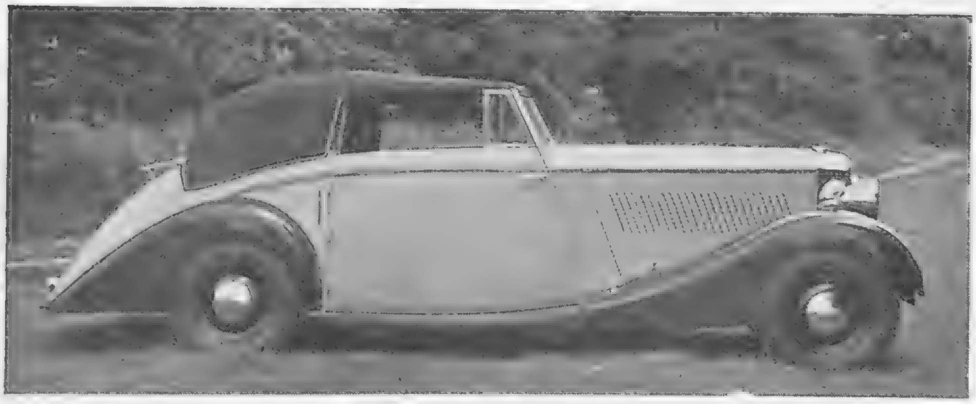
*THIS 1½ litre M.G. is a very popular model. It seats four and has a folding head. The price is £335—and it should not be necessary to add that the performance is first-rate*



*THE new 3½ litre Jensen—an eight-cylinder car which gives a remarkable performance. It has an over-drive top gear of 2·9 to 1 ratio*

AMONG cars which are truly impressive in their performance one must count the Railton, which has an eight-cylinder engine of 29 h.p., based on the deservedly successful Hudson unit. The chassis is low-built and, as regards steering and road holding, is calculated to please the most fastidious of drivers.

It will be noticed that only a three-speed gearbox is supplied—but the reason for this may easily be ascertained. Although the Railton is a fast car and high geared, it also has an exceptionally high power-weight ratio, so that it is capable of doing practically all its work in top gear. No lower gears therefore are needed in ordinary country, except for the purpose of getting the car on the move in the first instance or for momentary use following a check. Prices are graduated from £498.



*A VERY striking-looking car is the Railton coupé. With its high power-weight ratio, it is capable of a remarkable road performance*

A typically English car of the high-efficiency type is the Triumph, which is being shown in three forms. There is the "Dolomite," which is immediately recognisable by its distinctive radiator grille. This normally has a 2-litre engine of 16 h.p., but can also be supplied with a smaller engine either of 12 or 14 h.p.

Then there is the "Vitesse," which normally is also of 2-litre capacity, with the 14 h.p. engine as an alternative. This is a car of no less attractive but rather more (*Continued on page* 93)

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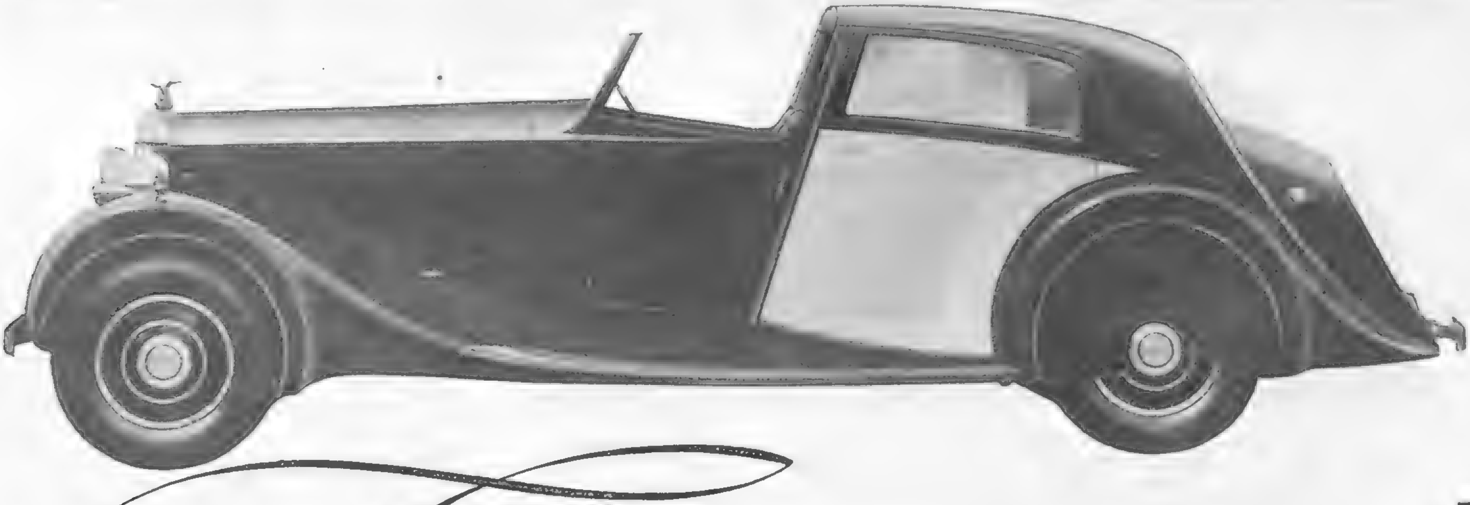

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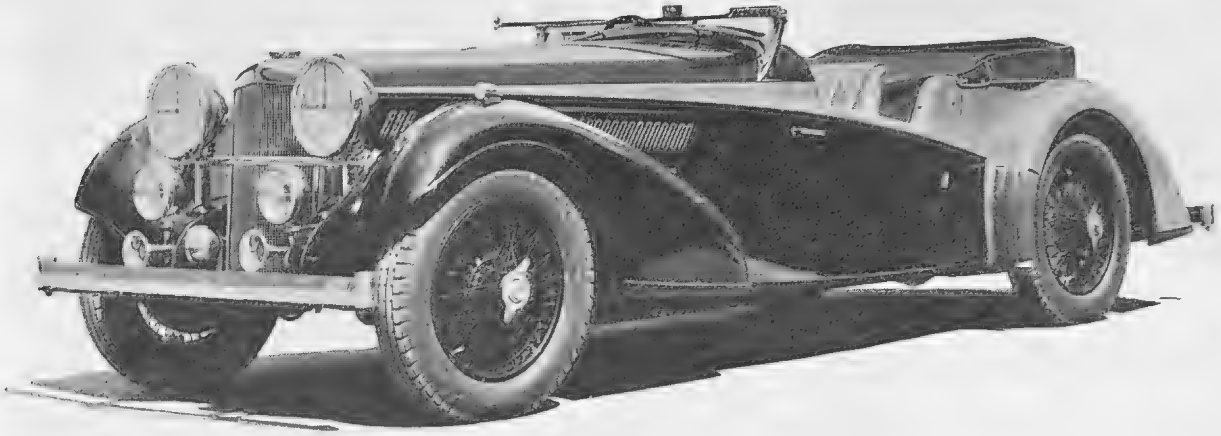


*HERE is an exceptionally fine car for the sporting type of owner. It is the 4.3 litre short chassis Alvis tourer, listed at £995*

## Among the 1938 Models (*continued*)

orthodox appearance than the "Dolomite." Finally there is the "Gloria," in which a four-cylinder 14 h.p. engine is standard. This is a smart little car which performs extremely well, and which is moderately priced at £288.

NO enthusiast is likely to visit the Motor Show without examining the Alvis exhibit. This will consist of five models, each of which represents a real achievement in motor engineering. The smallest Alvis is the 17 h.p. "Silver Crest," of very recent design. Then comes an entirely new car, which will be known as the 20 h.p. "Silver Crest." This is designed to give a first-rate performance, with a maximum speed in excess of 80 m.p.h.

Then there is the "Speed Twenty-five"—perhaps the most attractive Alvis ever built, from the point of view of the sporting driver. To take larger and more comfortable coachwork, there is the "Crested Eagle," which may have an engine of either 20 or 25 h.p. Finally, there is the 4.3 litre car, which is a "luxury" model in the best sense of the word. In saloon form, this big Alvis costs over £1,000; but there are "Silver Crest" models from £565.

THE Lagonda exhibit is another which cannot possibly be overlooked. Who, for instance, could fail to examine the "Rapide," which must surely be the fastest of normal British sports cars? Almost equally interesting is the standard six-cylinder Lagonda, which, although carrying coachwork of generous dimensions, still contrives to be astonishingly fast and at the same time smooth and flexible.

A most impressive new model is, of course, the twelve-cylinder Lagonda. This car is certain to be immensely flexible, with a speed range in top gear which will extend from nearly zero at one end of the scale to 100 m.p.h. or more at the other. Extremely comfortable coachwork is to be carried; but the overall height will be kept low—in the region of only five feet.

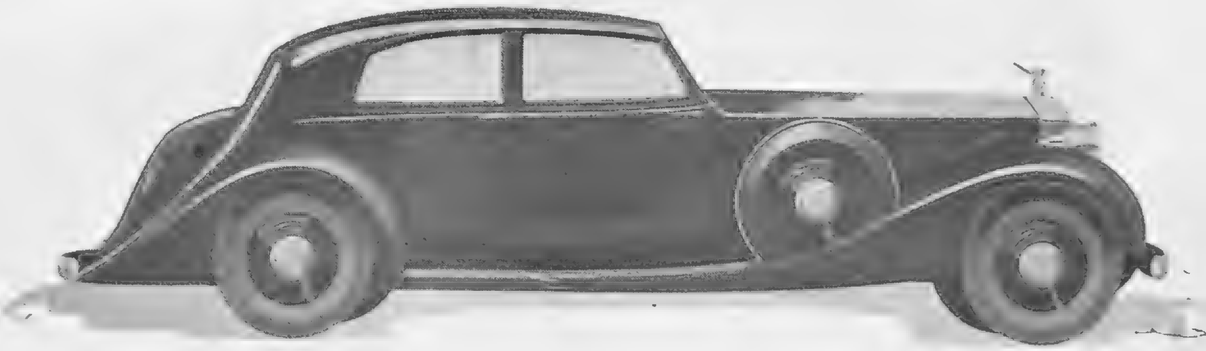
AMONG sports cars, the Bentley is always remarkable, and its development always worth studying. Was not the new Bentley the first car ever to combine high speed with perfect quietness? This combination still forms the keynote of the 1938 model. This is a car which has undergone no radical alterations, but rather a number of slight modifications, all tending towards still greater refinement.

The Bentley, as is well known, may be supplied with an engine either of 3½ or 4¼ litres capacity. It runs with equal smoothness in either case, and the difference in maximum speed is not very great. Acceleration, on the other hand, which is very good even with the smaller engine, becomes quite remarkable when the extra power is employed.

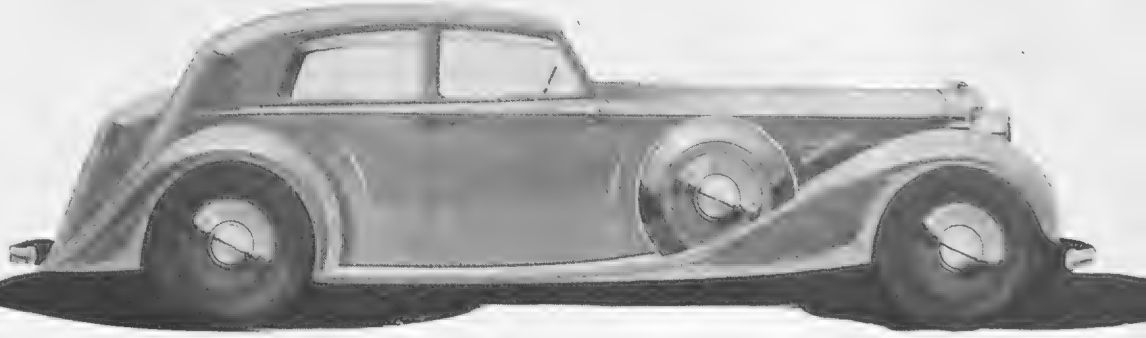
On the Rolls-Royce stand, cars of two main types will again be shown. There is the six-cylinder Rolls-Royce, which may have an engine either of 25, or alternatively of 30 h.p. This, although it is sometimes referred to as the "small" Rolls-Royce, is actually a big car, capable of carrying luxurious seven-seater coachwork, and with ample power to do so at a good turn of speed.

The larger Rolls-Royce is a magnificent car in every respect, having a twelve-cylinder engine

(*Continued on page* 94)

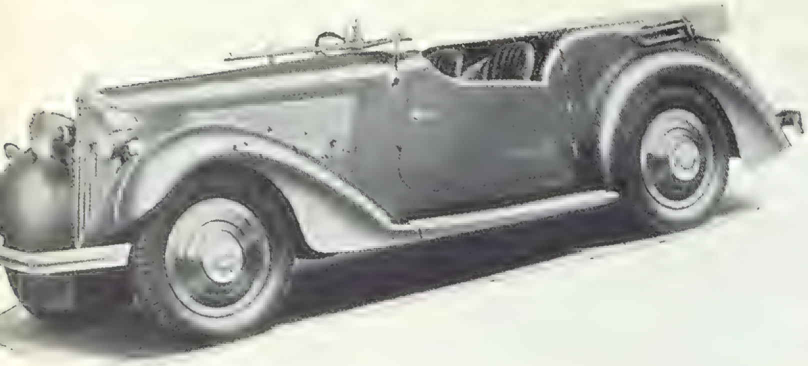


*A SUPERLATIVELY luxurious car. Thrupp and Maberly coachwork is mounted on a "Phantom III" Rolls-Royce chassis. The 12-cylinder engine is rated at something like 50 h.p., and the front wheels are sprung independently*



*THIS very striking car is a 4¼-litre Bentley, with coachwork by Thrupp and Maberly. Its slightly angular lines are most distinctive*

## Among the 1938 Models—(*continued*)



*A VERY popular and efficient light car is the Talbot " Ten." This attractive open model is the " Sports Tourer "*

and independent front springing. Its road performance is of an exceptionally high order, and the only feature of it that many of us will regret is that—inevitably—it is sold at a price which is beyond the reach of the majority. That need not, however, prevent the ordinary motorist from studying it and being able to appreciate it.

Turning again to cars which most of us can afford, the Hillman range should have a practical appeal for many people. There are several large Hillman models, with engines developing an impressive amount of power. One of these is notable because, while being very reasonable in price, it is big enough to be capable of taking full seven-seater coachwork. It must be one of the lowest-priced cars to have such a carrying capacity.

The Hillman " Minx " is a firmly established favourite among light cars—but the design of it is modified from year to year, and a number of improvements have been made, in the direction of greater comfort and convenience, for 1938. The chief mechanical feature of the " Minx " is, no doubt, its gearbox, which has four ratios, all synchromesh. It is most remarkable for a 10 h.p. car to have this admirable arrangement, whereby every possible gear-change is rendered fool-proof. The price of the new saloon model is £169.

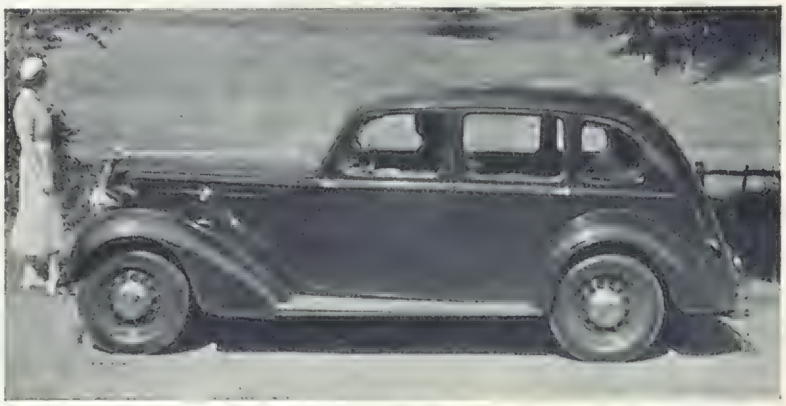
*A SMALL British sports car which is universally respected. This " T " series M.G. " Midget " costs £222*

Cars which are both attractive and practical can be viewed on the Singer stand. A good example is the " Bantam," which, although only of 9 h.p., is both comfortable and lively. For 1938, the engine has been completely redesigned, and its greater power is matched by the adoption of hydraulic braking. A saloon model is listed at £139 10s.

Then there is a 10 h.p. Singer, which is available in two forms. The more luxurious model is known as the " Super Ten." An attractive feature is that it is upholstered in genuine leather. A larger car which performs excellently is the Singer " Twelve," of which there is again a more luxurious edition—the " Super Twelve." Prices are from £169 10s. upwards in the case of the " Ten," and from £229 in the case of the " Twelve."

THE Talbot exhibit always contains much that is of interest. This year, as usual, there will be several large Talbot models, having engines of really high efficiency. In addition, the popular Talbot " Ten " is being continued. This little car, with its sporting performance, has not been greatly altered, and will retain its all-synchromesh gearbox, thus eliminating every possible gear-changing difficulty.

For striking originality, the Fiat stand should certainly be visited. From the technical point of view, the " Baby " Fiat should be noticed as perhaps one of the most interesting cars in the Show. From a practical point of view, it is also exceptionally handy and efficient for " runabout " purposes. An attractive larger car is the 1,100 c.c. " Balilla " Fiat, which has a 12 h.p. R.A.C. rating.



*THE new Hillman " 14 " is a sturdy car of moderate cost, having high performance and plenty of room for five. Synchromesh is provided to all four gears and Even-keel independent front-wheel suspension is a notable feature. The saloon is priced at £248*

*A DISTINCTIVE car is the A.C. four-seater drophead coupé. This car won the Eastbourne Concours d'Elégance for the most distinctive car up to £550. The price without disc wheels is £520*

*EFFICIENCY is the keynote of this 12 h.p. " Balilla " Fiat. The sloping bonnet line, for example, is extremely practical, since it results in wonderful forward visibility*

# Escape

The spirit that is eager for Beauty . . . that is impatient of the past and smiles with a half-tolerance at the present. The spirit that drives men and women to escape to the next generation before others are ready to do so.

That spirit can change lives . . . can, when harnessed to fine brains, produce fine motor cars. The new Chryslers offer an escape from the half-ideal of present-day motoring and from all those laboured by-products which will pass as new with those of little vision. Chrysler's newness can be felt as well as seen—it has captured the spirit of a new and more daring Age.

**INTERESTING FEATURES**

*Automatic Overdrive • Floating Power • Large hydraulic brakes • Hypoid rear axle • Synchromesh gear box • 5 to 80 m.p.h. in top gear • Wide roomy body • Best English leather or cloth upholstery • 12 volt lighting.*

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*The new range of Chryslers will be exhibited at the Motor Show, Earl's Court, Oct. 14—23. See these new models at the Chrysler Stand No. 88.*

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"AUTOCAR," AUGUST 20

***EARLS COURT Stand 65***

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

*(Sole Exporters : Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England)* M.197

# COACHWORK FEATURES AT EARL'S COURT

## By The Earl of Cardigan

ALTHOUGH, most probably, the majority of visitors to the Motor Show will have paid their entrance money with a view to going round the stands of the car manufacturers, they will be making a great mistake if they do not also make a study of the exhibits of leading coachbuilders. Any coachbuilder is of necessity a specialist, and his particular product is therefore a work of art, demonstrating all that is best in this particular branch of the motor industry.

The same is true of the constructor of high-quality tyres, and of the designer of accessories which contribute to the ease and convenience of motoring. Such people play an invaluable part in contributing to the improvement of motor cars in general—and their products must always be of very real importance and interest.

For example, we all know that the "all-weather" type of body is gaining in popularity. For this state of affairs, Messrs. Salmons and Sons must be largely responsible. They have been busy with the development of all-weather coachwork for a very great number of years.

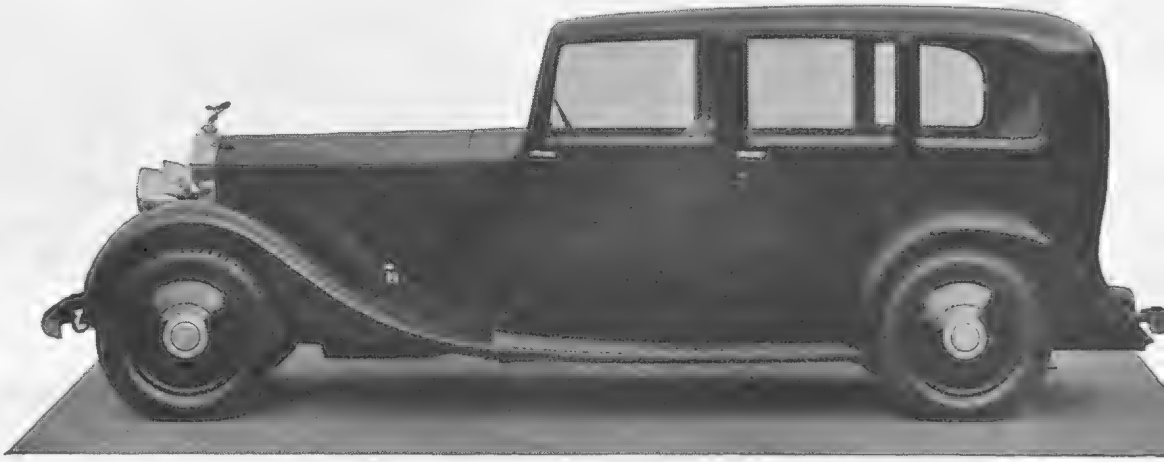
The Salmons speciality is, of course, the "Tickford" saloon body, which has now been standardised by quite a number of car manufacturers. (In cases where it is not standardised, it is a comparatively simple matter to have an ordinary saloon body converted, and a "Tickford" head built into it.) On the Salmons stand, Daimler, M.G., Vauxhall and Studebaker cars will be shown, all having "Tickford" coachwork. It is significant that, in each of these cases, such coachwork is fitted as standard by the particular manufacturer concerned.

A coachwork firm of very high reputation, which specialises more in luxurious fixed-head body styles, is Messrs. Park Ward and Co. Among their exhibits this year will be a pillarless saloon on a Bentley chassis. This should be an exceedingly interesting car—for it is obviously a very real advantage if, without suffering any corresponding draw-back, one can dispense with the door pillars which normally obstruct one's access to the seats of a conventional car.

Other important examples of Park Ward coachwork on view at Earl's Court will be a limousine on a six-cylinder Rolls-Royce chassis, another on a 32 h.p. Daimler chassis, and a Sedanca de Ville on the chassis of a 12-cylinder Rolls Royce. The last-named combination should certainly result in one of the most impressive cars at the Motor Show.

Where a well-to-do motorist buys an expensive chassis, it is natural that he should want coachwork of more than ordinary merit to be constructed for it. Among the firms to be consulted in such a case, Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly must certainly be mentioned. When we examine the Thrupp and Maberly exhibits at Earl's Court, we shall immediately see one reason for this. The coachwork designed by this firm stands out on account of its clean, sharp and wholly original "lines."

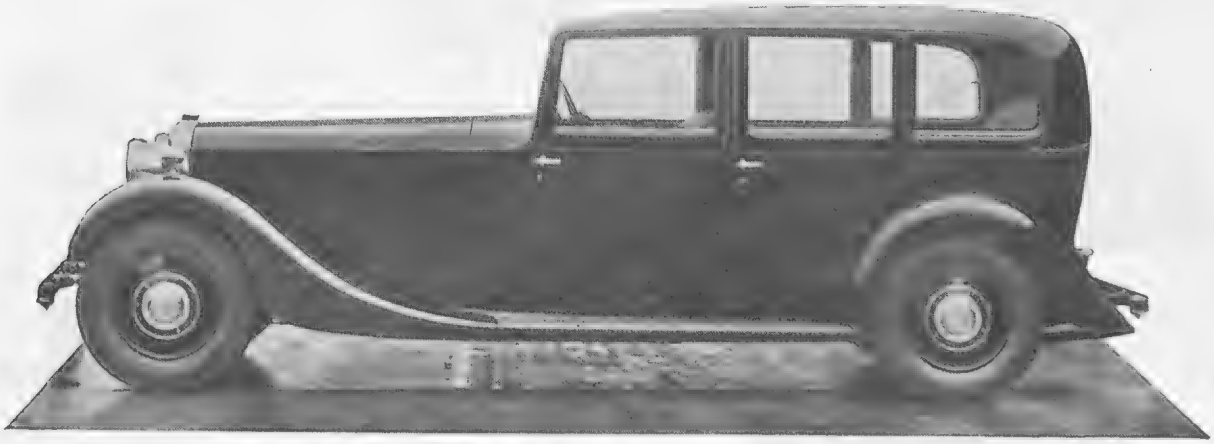
One may mention the touring saloon on a 4¼ litre Bentley chassis, or again the touring limousine on a "Phantom III" chassis by Rolls-Royce. (Illustrations of these appear on page 93). Both these cars, although strikingly luxurious, are more or less orthodox in general layout. There is, however, a certain Thrupp and Maberly "style" about them which is distinctive, recognisable to the critical eye, and indisputably attractive.



*THE 25/30 h.p. Rolls-Royce, although "small" in relation to the "Phantom III," is in reality a big and most luxurious car. It is here shown with Park Ward 7-seater coachwork*

No car is more reliable than the tyres with which it is shod—and therefore any tyre for which super-reliability is claimed deserves very careful attention. This year at Earl's Court, the Avon Tyre people continue to demonstrate their special "Duo-Tread" tyre. This is a type which is specially designed to give longer and more efficient life than is normally available.

Briefly, the Avon "Duo-Tread" carries an exceptional thickness of solid rubber, and this is pierced in such a way that, when the original outer pattern has been worn down, a brand-new tread begins to appear in the rubber which remains. A partly-worn Avon is therefore not worn smooth. On the contrary, it grips the road as well as ever. This is a consideration which no driver of a fast car can afford to overlook.



*THIS handsome car is a 32 h.p. Daimler carrying Park Ward Limousine coachwork. The division window slides horizontally and, a remarkable innovation, is electrically operated*

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it is the one you want. See it at the Car Mart and compare it with others that also take your eye. Leisurely inspection and comparison is easy and pleasant at their showrooms, for a large selection of new and used cars is always on view at any of their depots, and the staff can give you expert advice should you want it.

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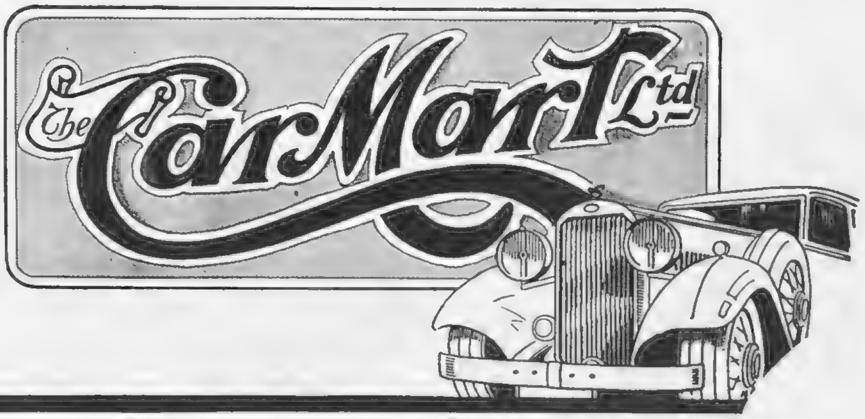

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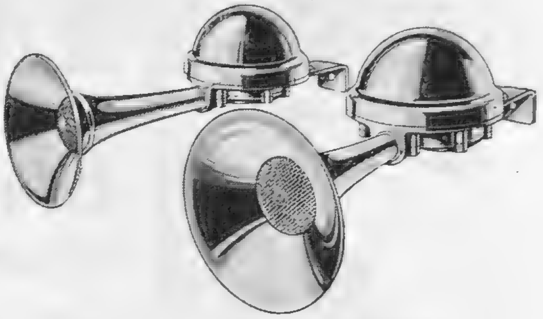
# ACCESSORIES and COMPONENTS



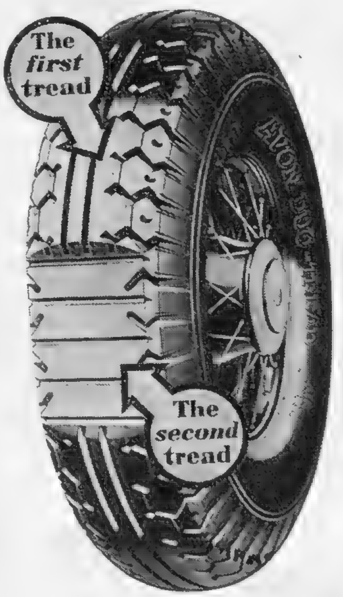
*THESE Lucas "Mellotone" horns are an asset to any car. They have the melodious effect of a pair of wind horns, although, in fact, they are electric*

THE owner-driver, if he is to enjoy motoring at its best, has to make a number of important choices. He must choose a good chassis, fitted with an appropriate style of coachwork, and equipped with the most helpful accessories. Having done that, he must choose his petrol, oil, sparking plugs and other such necessities, so that his car may function to the best advantage.

A difficult business, this. One can only suggest that his choice may be assisted by a tour of some of the stands at the Motor Show.

He can certainly learn much about lubricating oil by visiting the Wakefield stand. Here, in what is believed to be the world's smallest "talkie" theatre—it seats only 14 people at a time—a film will be shown dealing with some features of the new Patent Castrol. In particular (an appropriate subject for October!) it will be shown why the lighter "winter" grades should be used as the weather becomes colder.

All sorts of information about petrol and oil will be available on the Anglo-American Oil Company's stand, for this firm is responsible both for Essolube oil and for Esso petrol. Many instructive exhibits are planned, including a specimen of the latest type of petrol pump. This remarkable piece of mechanism calculates not only the amount of petrol which is served to a motorist when he buys fuel but also the price which, at the current rate, he ought to pay for it. It almost seems to be endowed with the brain of a mathematician!

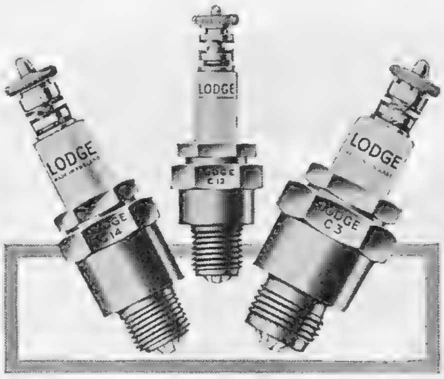


*A REMARKABLE long-service tyre. This Avon "Duo-Tread" has actually a second tread pierced into the rubber underneath the first tread*

There is little or nothing about petrol which may not be learned at the Shell stand. In particular, those who like to master "the why and the wherefore of it" may discover exactly how Shell petrol has lately been "re-formed" and rendered more efficient. The Shell people, of course, also supply lubricating oils of the highest quality—as, for instance, the widely used Aeroshell grade.

A specialised variety of petrol is the chief product of the National Benzole Company, and the particular virtues of Benzole Mixture are well worth studying. A feature to be noted is that the Benzole is extracted from British coal, and therefore creates employment in this country, but this is by no means the only reason for the popularity of "Mixture."

Those who are specially interested in lubrication may profitably visit the Vacuum Oil Company's stand. This firm is responsible for the various grades of Mobiloil, a lubricant which has been known to motorists for a great number of years, and which has given consistently excellent results.



*IT is claimed that there is a Lodge plug for every motoring requirement. Here are three of many different types, the "C 12," the "C 14" and the "C 3"*

MOTORISTS as a rule do not distinguish very carefully between one system of braking and another, but in the case of hydraulic braking an exception arises. We all know that the Lockheed hydraulic brake is something different, that it operates on a principle that is all its own, and that it has its own special and distinct advantages.

It would be easy to fill a page in discussing the hydraulic brake. All that I could say about it will, however, be much better and more clearly explained at Earl's Court to anyone who will spend a few minutes at the stand of the Automotive Products Company. Actual working sections of the brake are to be demonstrated.

We all of us, unless we purchase new cars at very frequent intervals, are occasional buyers of sparking plugs; yet how many motorists are at all well informed as to what special features the newest plugs have to offer? It is probably fair to say that not one person in fifty is really well "up" in this subject.

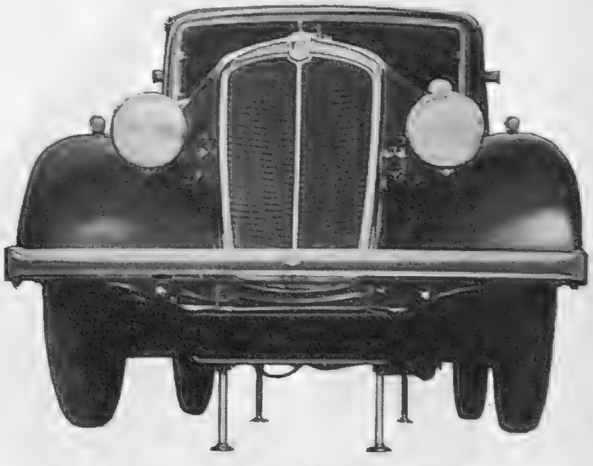
A visit to the Lodge stand at Earl's Court, where all the many varieties of Lodge plugs will be shown, is therefore much to be recommended. A staff of experts will be in attendance, and a pleasant arrangement is that free spark-gap gauges will be given as presents to early visitors. These gauges are extremely handy things to have.

Something of very special interest will be shown on the K.L.G. stand. This is a new type of sparking plug, made from a material known as Corundite. This Corundite—which, although white in colour, is chemically similar to the precious stone which we know as the ruby—is said to be twice as strong as porcelain, with a heat conductivity five times as great. It will be seen, therefore, that the K.L.G. Corundite sparking plug is, on the face of it, a highly attractive proposition.

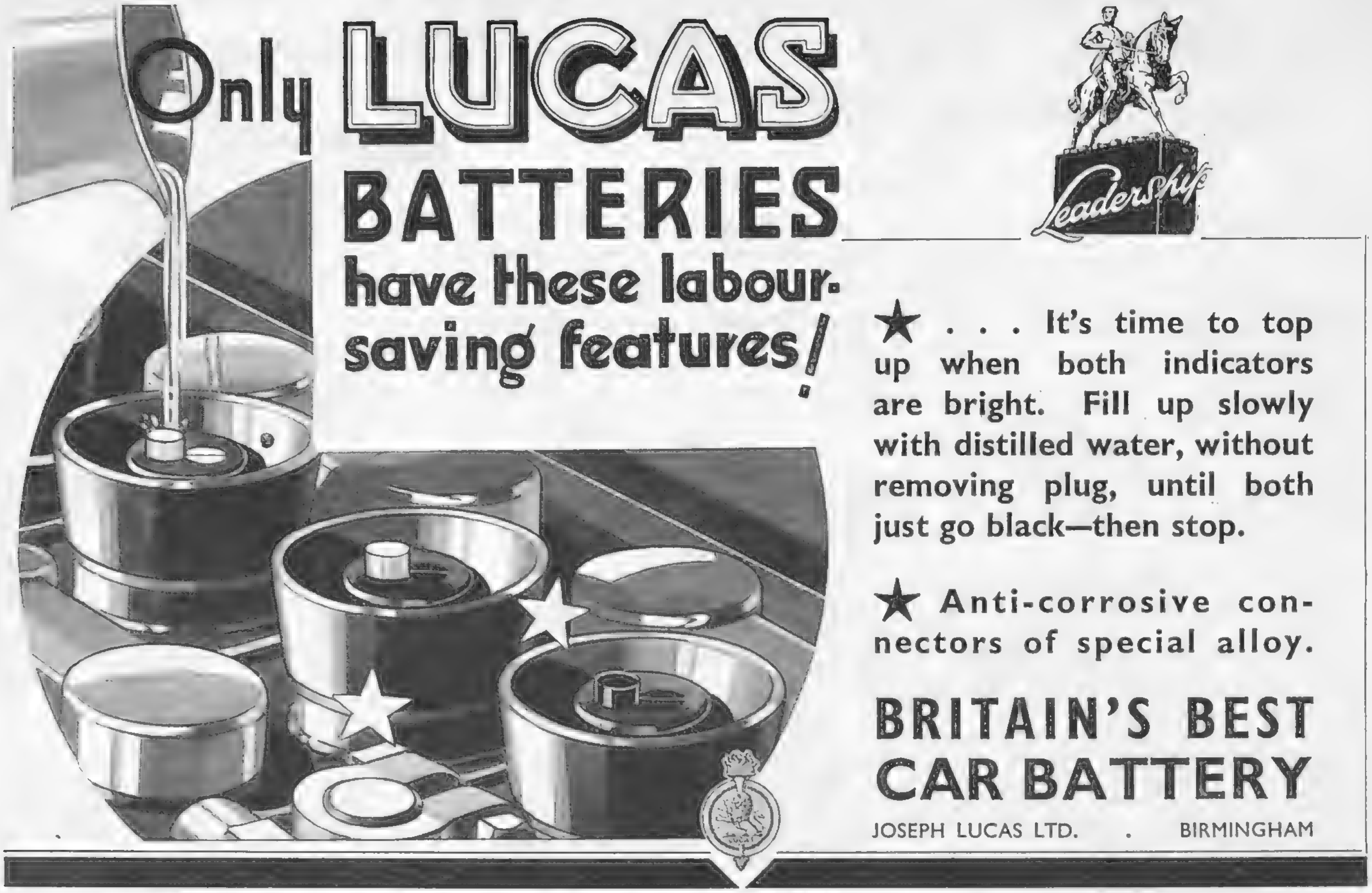
From sparking plugs, it is natural to turn to electrical equipment in general, and this, of course, is the speciality of Joseph Lucas, Ltd. With the new anti-dazzle laws becoming operative in October, the lamp section of the Lucas exhibit at the Motor Show—which will include fog-lamps and many styles of anti-dazzle headlamps—should create even greater interest than usual.

ACCESSORIES are, or should be, always interesting, for by their presence in a car they determine the extent to which that car is handy and convenient. If, for example, we can imagine a car deprived of all those "extras" in which Messrs. S. Smith and Sons specialise (and at Earl's Court one can see how numerous these are), there is no doubt that it would be a grossly ill-equipped conveyance!

It is this firm which is responsible—among other things—for marketing the "Jackall" hydraulic jacking system.



*MESSRS. S. SMITH & SONS have been responsible for many useful accessories, but their greatest contribution to the convenience of motoring was surely the introduction of "Jackall" hydraulic jacking, illustrated here on a Morris car*



Only LUCAS BATTERIES have these labour-saving features!

★ . . . It's time to top up when both indicators are bright. Fill up slowly with distilled water, without removing plug, until both just go black—then stop.

★ Anti-corrosive connectors of special alloy.

**BRITAIN'S BEST CAR BATTERY**

JOSEPH LUCAS LTD. . BIRMINGHAM

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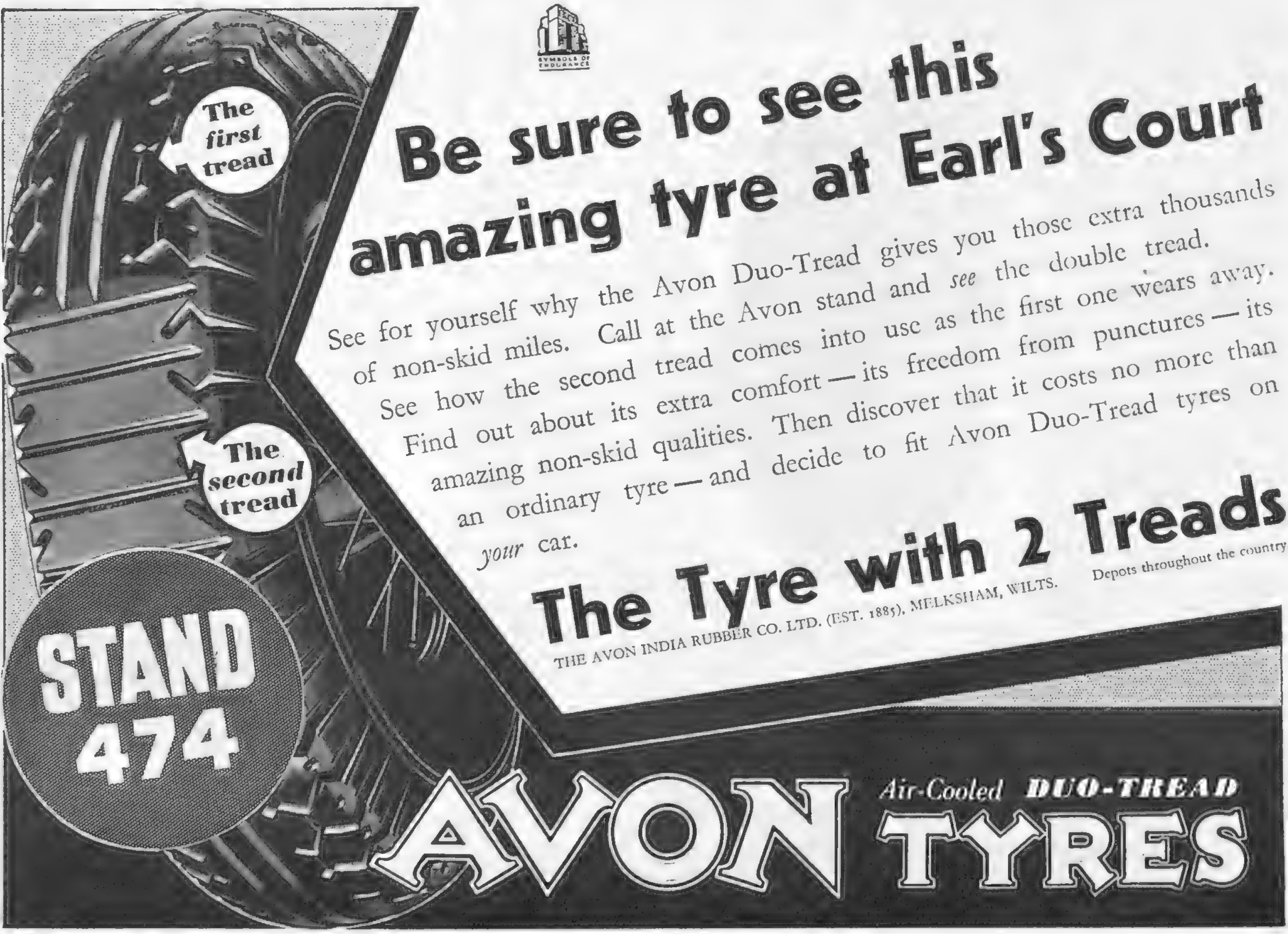

**Be sure to see this amazing tyre at Earl's Court**

See for yourself why the Avon Duo-Tread gives you those extra thousands of non-skid miles. Call at the Avon stand and *see* the double tread. See how the second tread comes into use as the first one wears away. Find out about its extra comfort — its freedom from punctures — its amazing non-skid qualities. Then discover that it costs no more than an ordinary tyre — and decide to fit Avon Duo-Tread tyres on *your* car.

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THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD. (EST. 1885), MELKSHAM, WILTS. Depots throughout the country.

AVON *Air-Cooled* DUO-TREAD TYRES

# International Duel

(*Continued from page* 19)

empty film cartons, ice creams, sports shirts, panama hats, bronzed arms and gay blouses—such is the kaleidoscopic background of the spectators themselves, a good-natured, jostling, keenly *and expertly* interested crowd, keyed up to a pitch of high excitement and surprisingly knowledgeable of the niceties of this grandest of all sports.

Suddenly the crowd grows quiet.

The leaders are due round again.

All heads are turned in the direction of Les Esses, from which the cars emerge " flat out " before cutting-out and braking prior to changing gear for the notorious hairpin turn.

Here they come !

Still the same order—Holtzen's Mercédès first, with Luveralli's Masetti right on its tail.

The crowd cheers wildly as the cars flash past, the determined grins on the drivers' faces showing that they are revelling in the duel no less than the spectators.

Idly, we wonder what it must really be like to drive a modern racing car like that.

What does a man like Luveralli really have to do ?

THE cockpit of Luveralli's Masetti is meticulously made to measure for him. The driver's comfort is of great importance, and the wise designer knows that in a hectic race every little discomfort becomes magnified to a wholly disproportionate extent.

Not only are the seating arrangements measured up for each driver, but the grouping of the controls and instruments is similarly individual.

Nothing is more dangerous or more irritating to a driver than an inefficient mirror, and this detail is given special attention.

The racing driver who is able to give his instrument dials one very fleeting glance on each lap is indeed lucky.

As a rule, it is a whole-time job keeping the car on the road, but after a dozen or so laps of the circuit at speed, experience generally shows a driver the one point at which (unless he is passing or being passed by another car) he may steal a quick glance at the dials with reasonable safety.

It follows, therefore, that the number of instruments on a racing car facia board is reduced to the barest minimum necessary, while the dials are grouped in the most convenient manner possible.

The one instrument with which a racing driver is most concerned is the revolution counter showing engine speed, and this he *must* study.

The first essential in such a man is self-discipline, and unless his team chief may rely implicitly upon his obedience to orders given before, and signals given during, a race, he is useless as a driver—however superficially brilliant he may be.

A certain maximum number of engine revolutions will have been allowed him by his team chief, and woe betide him should he exceed them !

For this reason, the revolution-counter dial in Luveralli's car is marked off in three wedge-shaped zones. From zero up to 4,400 revs. is ordinary white figuring on a black ground, then 4,400 to 4,700 is black lettering on a yellow ground, while 4,700 to 5,000 is coloured red. From this it follows, that under normal conditions 4,400 revolutions per minute must not be exceeded in any gear at any time—but as this, on the Masetti, with its huge rear wheels, gives a road speed of 165 m.p.h., it should prove adequate for most occasions !

Should the driver receive the " faster " signal, it still does not mean that he may increase those revs., only that he must go faster through his corners, cutting out and braking later and accelerating away again sooner.

The spare 300 revs. from 4,400 to 4,700 are in reserve against the driver being told to go " flat out "—an emergency signal only—and for the needle to stray over the 4,700 mark into the sector coloured red is strictly taboo, for therein lurks mechanical disaster !

During the Luveralli-Holtzen duel, the Italian driver is deliberately running behind the German car, although actually he could pass him at any time.

By so doing, he is saving his engine to some extent and goading on the German driver to try to shake him off—a process which may easily lead him into some indiscretion which will put him out of the race.

But also there is another reason.

Luveralli knows that the Mercédès will have to come into its replenishment pits for refuelling, as usual, whereas *his* car has been fitted secretly with a specially large tank to enable him to run right through the race without a stop, and he is only waiting for the German to be called in to move up into the lead and so increase his pace that the forty or fifty seconds which the Mercédès will spend in the pits while petrol, oil and water are replenished, wheels changed and screen and goggles are wiped, will give Holtzen a disadvantage which he will never be able to make up.

And so the duel goes on.

Holtzen never seems to make a mistake. On every corner on each lap he places his car almost in the tracks left by it on the previous lap.

Luveralli's face is stung by the shower of grit thrown up by the wheels of the car in front. If he opens his mouth the rush of wind nearly blows his head off ! As more and more of his petrol gets used up, the car's tail shows a pronounced tendency to swing round on corners and he has to check the incipient skid with increasing firmness.

He is thankful that Benno, his mechanic, remembered to fasten that piece of sorbo-rubber round the outside of the gear-lever housing, for in the Tripoli race it had dug into his leg and left a whale of a bruise.

Thank heaven the rain's kept off. The course is not too good in places, and that fast double curve near the grand-stand is cutting up badly and getting very bumpy.

Good wheeze that talcum powder inside one's gloves. . . .

Great improvement this new steering-wheel, slotted underneath to fit his own grip—taken from a plaster cast.

Phew ! That stone, kicked back by the Mercédès, caught his elbow. Wonder if it's bleeding . . . this chewing-gum's losing its flavour. . . .

Ah ! Here are the pits again.

No signal to Holtzen—wonder when he'll be called in . . . the usual coded "O.K." sign from his own pit.

Must take a look at the instruments before leaving the straight. Now—quick. Water about 80. Oil about 50. Revs. 4,300, charging about 10 amps. Supercharge pressure O.K. That's all right.

Now for the left hairpin.

Cut-out at the signboard. Brake at that tree. Snap down into third. Hello ! Holtzen took it a bit close in that time. Maybe he's tiring.

Accelerate away again. Snick it up into top and roar away under the bridge.

Tricky bit, this next bit. Sudden drop in the road just by a gap in the hedge through which a now gusty side-wind tends to sweep you across to the off-side.

Well, that's all right. Seems as though the wind's falling a bit.

Oh, hell ! Here's that rabbit Ventisano on the old 2·3 Bugatti. Holtzen will be able to run past him going into the Esses, but I'll get baulked until after the hairpin—why do they let an old crock like that run ? It must be quite four years old. . . .

Well, that's that—wish that fool Ventisano wouldn't slide across like that just as I go to pass him . . . always seems to do it.

Still, Holtzen lost the best part of a second by going too fast into the hairpin, and I believe I caught a glimpse of the breaker-strip on his offside rear tyre—serves him right; he's been sliding his corners ridiculously.

I admit my own tyres have squealed a bit at times, but I've treated 'em kindly by going wide both into *and out of* the bends.

Well, here's the wiggly uphill stretch past the mill. I should pick up on Holtzen again here . . .

That's it—right on his tail again. No sign of that white streak on the German's tyre now; must have been wish father to the thought ! Wonder if *my* tyres are all right ? Oh, well, the pits will signal to me if they're not . . .

Phew ! It's getting jolly hot. Wish now I hadn't put on that waterproof waistcoat, but it looked as if it would rain before the race.

ROUND at the pits again there is still the ordinary " leader in race " signal for the Mercédès, but the " faster " signal is hanging out from his own pit.

The next time they pass, he is right on the German's tail once more, but still he is given the " faster " signal.

What can it mean ?

Do they want him to pass and go up in front of his involuntary pacemaker ? Surely not !

Yet he cannot go faster without overtaking Holtzen.

Well, there are another dozen or so laps to go and the Mercédès is increasing speed a shade now—he's never taken the Esses so fast before, anyhow—so Luveralli decides to come round on the German's tail once more and see what happens in the pits.

Still the same from the Mercédès pit, and " faster " from his own.

Extraordinary !

He knows that Holtzen and he are at least four laps ahead of the next man. What can it mean ?

Suddenly he has it ! Evidently his pit has learned that the Mercédès is going to run right through without a pit stop too !

Now for it . . . .

TO the spectators on the grand-stand, the loudspeakers announce nasally that the duel between Holtzen's Mercédès No. 4 and Luveralli's Masetti No. 1 is becoming more and more thrilling.

Reports from all round the course tell of repeated efforts on the part of the Italian to get on level terms with his rival, but of the German's determination to retain the lead.

" Luveralli actually drew level with Holtzen in the straight on the last lap and the two cars hurtled neck-and-neck into the left hairpin, but the German, being on the inside of the turn, came out of it with a slight advantage."

" On the uphill stretch past the mill, the Masetti had again drawn level with the leader, but had dropped behind approaching the wood."

" Both cars on the last lap had broken the record for the course at a speed of over 86 m.p.h."

IN the Masetti pits, the team chief is conferring with the pits manager.

" It's obvious he can't pass him on four thou," he is saying. " I'm going to speed him up."

" Plenty of time," replies Toni. " Let him keep going as he is."

" If you had ever *driven* in a race," rejoins Luigi testily, " you would realise that it is *dangerous* to keep on giving him the ' faster ' signal without also permitting him to increase the revs. Dangerous to the man, not the machine."

" Why ? "

" Because we're asking him now to take risks on his corners. If we give him more revs. he can travel faster where it is safe to travel faster."

" Well, I want the tyres to last. A pit-stop now would be fatal to either man's chances."

" I agree, but so would a crash. I'm going to speed him up."

Toni shrugs—this is the nearest he has ever been known to get to confessing himself in the wrong !

So on the completion of the next circuit, Luveralli sees

(*Continued on page* 103)

# RAILTON

SANDOWN SALOON £498

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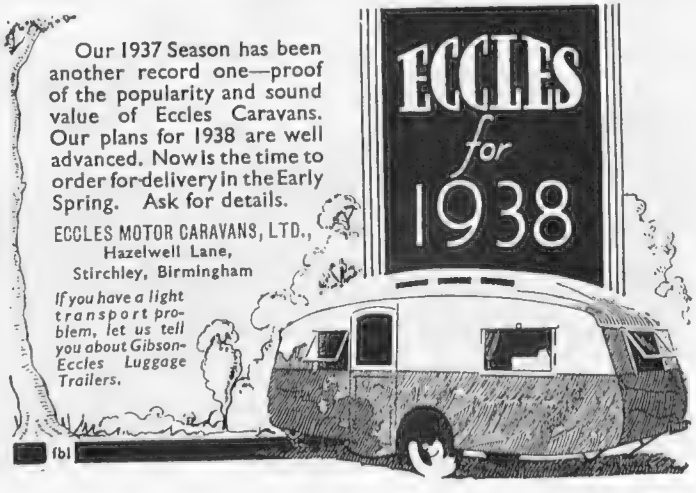

displayed from his pit the signal which never fails to thrill any driver.

At last!

To Luveralli it seems that he will still be able to pass Holtzen without going up to his full 4,700 rev. limit.

He casts a rapid glance at his instruments. All in order, though the water temperature has risen fractionally—doubtless, he tells himself, because he has been running so long close up behind the Mercédès in the vacuum created by its slip-stream to the detriment of his own car's cooling.

Now they are entering the short straight, and when they are clear of a couple of slow cars, Luveralli steers out from behind the German car and presses down a shade with his right foot.

The Masetti fairly leaps forward.

Although the sudden increase in the car's speed is most obvious to Luveralli, it is strange, he thinks, how comparatively slowly he seemed actually to pass the Mercédès.

He could see the momentary look of surprise mingled with chagrin on the German's face, and then . . . his attention is claimed suddenly by a flag marshal on the gate bend violently waving a yellow flag—Danger!

Braking rather hard and changing down a shade early, Luveralli rounds the corner a little slower than usual, to find one of the Alfa Romeos half on the road and half on the green verge, a look of acute surprise on the face of the driver.

A quick glance in his mirror shows that Holtzen is right on his tail, so down goes his foot again and the Masetti screams off to swing through the Esses with the German hot in pursuit.

The next time he is past the pits, the Italian sees a new signal hanging from the Mercédès depot—and he knows what that means!

The exultation with which his appearance in the lead is greeted in his own pit amuses him and spurs him on, but something, some indefinable sixth sense, tells him to be wary of the coming lap.

He is still vaguely conscious of this feeling as he again brakes and changes down for the gate bend.

Just as he is positioning himself to take the corner with the minimum of wheelslip, there is a rush and a roar on his off-side and Holtzen on the Mercédès shoots past.

Luveralli has a confused impression of flying stones and dust, and of seeing the huge white German car at a seemingly impossible angle to the corner and then he himself is out in front once more.

A quick glance in his mirror, when he is clear of the corner and on the straight, shows no sign of the German, and all round the circuit his appearance alone creates a sensation which he can sense.

As he flashes past the pits, he can see the consternation in the German depot, and the surprise in his own, and it is not until he again rounds the gate bend, this time on his final lap, that he sees the Mercédès.

There it is, pushed up on to the grass verge with a buckled wheel.

Holtzen sportingly waves to him with a brave smile as he passes, slackening speed to wave back.

And so ends another international duel—as one might well wish all such duels to end, in a chivalrous gesture.

Such is the spirit of motor racing

End

# Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 41*)

Eventually she was exchanged with some other prisoners, and so became free.

It seems that Fate was tired at least for a little while of battering down this poor girl. She was still only eighteen, and had already undergone enough adventures to last a lifetime.

The habit of dressing in male attire had made her discard the idea of resuming woman's dress, and soon after her release she again sought employment on a boat. But this time she chose the peaceful Mercantile Marine. The vessel was bound for New York, and was under the command of an extremely kind and intelligent person—Captain John Field, who soon detected the superior education of "John Taylor" and gave "him" the clerical post of super-cargo, with the rank of a junior officer.

The long journey and the daily intercourse produced a great friendship between "John Taylor" and the captain. So much so, that on arrival in America, "Taylor," completely recovered in health, bronzed by the sun and smartly dressed, was introduced to the captain's family.

There an unexpected episode took place. A young niece of Captain Field grew very fond of the young officer, and became "his" inseparable companion. "Taylor" was far from grasping the real nature of this attachment, and was dumbfounded when the truth dawned on him. Of all the things that could happen, "he" never anticipated anything like this. "His" embarrassment daily grew worse, for the girl openly declared her love for "him." Yet "he" would have sworn that nothing could spoil the friendship with that family.

Again Mary Anne found herself up against the cruel alternative of either disclosing her sex or running away. She chose the latter course. She told the girl that she would go to England to put her affairs in order and then return to marry her.

Arrived in England yet another bitter experience was lying in store for her. She fell into the hands of the so-called Press gang.

Terrified at the prospect of returning to the sea, she at last decided to play her trump card. She demanded to be taken to the cabin of the surgeon, where she entered as "John Taylor" and came out officially as Mary Anne Talbot.

She came to London and remained there for a long time without deciding what to do.

Peaceful life has always thrust into oblivion those who have previously led an adventurous one. The same would have happened to Mary Anne if a striking episode had not brought her back into the limelight again.

One day, resuming her male attire, she traced the address of Mr. Amos Shuker. With a sword hidden under her coat she forced her way into his house. Since the death of Captain Bowen, Shuker had never heard anything more of her, and when he recognised in this bold young man pointing an eager blade at his throat the frail Mary Anne Talbot he felt at a complete loss and was struck with terror. She threw at him the bundle of letters found in Captain Bowen's kit, a proof that she had preserved through all her vicissitudes. He saw safety only in disappearing into an adjacent room, of which he bolted the door. In a state of terror he remained there for three days, during which time Mary Anne did not leave the place.

The morning of the fourth day, a servant, alarmed at not having any response, forced the door. Shuker, a poor heap of clothes and rigid human limbs, was lying dead.

The investigation that followed ascertained that no sign of violence showed on his body, and that it was fright that had killed him. It also disclosed that Mary Anne's money had been dissipated to the last penny. Only the satisfaction of having killed her enemy with her mere presence was left to her.

After this the interesting figure of this young woman sinks into oblivion. It seemed that her amazing energy had spent itself in a life too condensed to last a normal number of years. In fact, at the age of thirty, at the house of a friend in Shropshire, and after a gradual decline in her health, the last page of her life was closed.

In the comparatively short list of women warriors, Mary Anne Talbot has gained a place.

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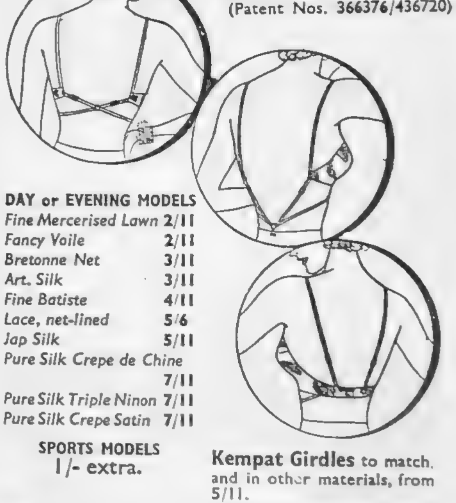

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# Behind the Scenes in the League

*(Continued from page 11)*

recent number of the League Monthly Summary, in which there was an account of one of the League's economic publications: "The importance of this pioneer activity of the League is shown by the contrast between the present situation and that existing before the League began its work on the subject. Prior to the publication of the volume, the field of international accounts could only be entered with difficulty and by a specialist who was prepared to take the trouble to collect and read the scanty literature on the subject, published in a small number of countries at irregular intervals and in different languages.

"The initiative taken by the League has resulted in (1) the regular compilation by many countries, on more or less uniform lines, of statements of their balances of international payments and (2) the publication of these statements in a co-ordinated form, together with an analysis of the most striking conclusions which appear from a comparative study of them."

This appears to be one of those rare occasions when a little self-praise is not unjustified. The volume referred to gave full details of the international trade done by 29 countries, including all the biggest trading nations of the world, except Italy, for which details are lacking since 1930.

There are 48 men and women on the staff of the Finance and Economic Intelligence Section of the League. In addition to the volume just referred to, they produce about a dozen other sets of statistics, year-books, trade surveys, reviews of world prices and various other monthly or annual publications.

The work done by the other Technical Sections of the League is on somewhat similar lines to that of the Economic Intelligence Section. And in each case it can safely be said that there is a growing sense of co-operation between the different nationalities. Many, though obviously not all, have learned to look beyond the veneer of nationality to the far truer test of the individual—namely, character.

As is only natural, the majority of the members of the Secretariat staff are Swiss. Even if messengers, lift attendants and so forth, whom one would expect to be recruited locally, are omitted, Switzerland still heads the list with, in round numbers, 150. Great Britain is a good second with 130 and France comes third with 100. Curiously enough, Italy is next, in spite of the fact that officially she has not been on speaking terms with the League since the sanctions business. But Italy's total is—or at any rate was when the last returns were issued—a mere 26. Only three other countries reach double figures—namely, Belgium with 14 representatives, Germany with 11 and the Netherlands with 10. It is safe to assume that the 11 Germans are all refugees, since, when Germany withdrew from the League, Herr Hitler gave orders for German citizens to resign from their posts on the Secretariat.

With such wide discrepancies between the national representation of the different members of the League, it is not surprising that certain States want more vacancies allotted to them. As most of the jobs on the League are permanent and pensionable, vacancies are not numerous, and it is rather difficult to find a way of satisfying the job-hungry countries—all the more so as a high proportion of the posts on the League require specialised training of one kind or another, including in most cases a thorough knowledge of both the official League languages, English and French.

On a purely nationality basis, the country which is worst off at the moment is undoubtedly Soviet Russia. At one time last year the only Russians on the League staff were holders of Nansen passports, which presumably meant that they were refugees of anti-Soviet origin.

Since then a Soviet citizen has become Under Secretary-General in accordance with the accepted practice that every Great Power should be represented in the upper hierarchy of the Secretariat—a system, by the way, which is bound to bear rather hardly on the prospects of promotion of citizens of the lesser countries. It is also customary to appoint "career diplomats" who often have no experience of League work to these important positions.

It is obvious on the face of it that such appointments are made to promote the national interests of the Powers concerned—a fact which detracts considerably from the value of the declaration of loyalty to the League, the importance of which is so frequently and strongly underlined in the work of the Secretariat.

If the League civil service is to be really international—and there are admittedly arguments both for or against making it too definitely international—it must clearly be put in a position in which it is protected in every possible way from undue national interference. It is impossible to expect people who have come from a national civil service, and expect to go back again to it, to regulate their conduct "with the interests of the League alone in view."

Furthermore, there must be an adequate pensions fund which will ensure League civil servants an adequate income on retirement. Until it is established that all members of the Secretariat are in the League's service for good, they are, to use a bridge term, vulnerable.

In spite of every handicap, however, the Secretariat staff to-day stands on a high level, as everyone who knows Geneva from the inside will be ready to testify.

END

# Europe's "Number One" Women

*(Continued from page 9)*

popular wherever she goes, Juliana is a uniting stroke of luck for the Dutch, for whom she will continue what was thought to be a moribund, 300-year-old House of Orange, and at a critical period in Dutch affairs. Even the British Commonwealth offers no more coveted and vulnerable territory than the Netherlands East Indies, whose fate is wrapped up with that of Singapore. Next year Juliana and her Consort will be globe-trotting in this direction.

Belgium had a wonderful "Number One" in Astrid. Alas, it must now be legend, yet not far from Brussels there endures in exile a very striking character in the former Empress Zita, still in the early forties, though it seems she is already sunk in history and in a world that has gone. But no such listing as this could leave her out. To come through the last nineteen years with a brood of eight and still be on top, to be able to hope that her dream of dreams may yet come true and her son be crowned in St. Stephen's—that is an achievement for one small widow. Uniquely the Catholic Church has been her rock. Without it, not even Zita's austere pride or gift for intrigue or perseverance could have sustained matters. Faith, haughty and aloof, in the mission of the Habsburgs here below; faith and a promise of steadfastness made to the weak but well-meaning Karl whom she happened to love.

France. The Republic is not a country wherein women are encouraged to shine save in the arts, including the greatest feminine art of all—getting what you want from the beast. It is a well-known saying that in the *pays de l'amour* Frenchwomen get everything, run the works, while legally enjoying less rights than Ataturk's merry maidens. Frenchwomen of consequence are usually in the wings, pulling strings.

The resultant back seat does tend to limit "front-pagedom," since George Sands and Sarahs and Rosa Bonheurs are not born every decade. Nor Severines, nor Juliette Adams. Colette the brilliant is still alive, but, nearing seventy-five, prefers her cats and her sandals and her Champs-Elysées penthouse, where she dreams she is in her native Burgundy, and not in this tearing, garish, vulgar Paris at all. Lenglen teaches tennis to children.

It seems to me that the two most remarkable of contemporary Frenchwomen are Louise Weiss, a descendant to type of Juliette Adam, and Maryse Bastié, the airwoman, closely followed by a second ladybird, Marie Hilz. Probably the native vote would go to Mlle. Bastié, who for years has flown solo over continent after continent and been a more enduring Amy. She has done Paris-Tokio in five or six days and beat Jean Batten's South Atlantic record. There are so few "Number One" airwomen—only the U.S., ourselves and France appear capable of producing them, which seems strange—that when a Marie or a Maryse does emerge, she fairly gains the national spotlight.

Running these two close, and possibly in many minds preceding them, is Mme. Joliot-Curie, daughter of the celebrated Polish woman co-discoverer of radium, and no doubt not only France's but the world's leading contemporary woman scientist. Even as did her mother, Irene Joliot-Curie works with her husband Frederic, and two years ago they were given the Nobel science prize for discovering, a couple of years previously, an artificial means of inducing radioactivity. As radium is so minutely scarce—only to be found in the U.S. and Belgian Congo—this discovery promises eventually to be of the greatest service to surgery and medicine. I could not hope to set forth how the thing is being done; suffice that a means is being developed of turning on the mystery force of radioactivity more or less at will—if, as yet, in the most fragmentary particles.

Turning to the British Isles, where are we? The livest, most typical, best known spark in the place is probably Gracie Fields, and for the way she "excited" the Americans in her first broadcast contact one is sorely tempted to list her as our "Number One"! Yet would that be quite serious?

In the Arts: Laura Knight, Ethel Smyth, Sybil Thorndike, Jessie Matthews, Edith Sitwell, Virginia Woolf. In politics, Ellen Wilkinson, Mrs. Corbett Ashby. In sport, Dorothy Round. In the air, a somewhat faded-out Amy.

Taking for the moment the above names, if the intellect alone were in question, Virginia Woolf would carry the day. For fireworks, home and international, little Ellen takes some beating—and she is well known in "Left" countries abroad. Mrs. Corbett Ashby is almost the only woman of importance left as League of Nations delegate.

In Miss Vera Ward the League has a "Number One Woman" well above the average. Miss Ward is small, quiet and seemingly malleable. Actually, she has since almost the start of the League maintained personal rule over the Press of all nations. It is she who examines journalistic credentials from every latitude in the universe, when her decision or reading of an applicant is beyond appeal. Miss Ward's instinct for softly sorting out duds and cranks from the real thing, when thronging Assembly month comes round each September, is only equalled by her subdued efficiency in putting one on to the most yielding sources of information in connection with every kind of activity with which the League has become associated.

Known as she may be across the seven seas, and born of English stock, it is none the less impossible to *(Continued on page 106)*

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visualise Evangeline Booth in the particular framework devised for this article.

Of course, England's "Number One" *was* Amy, the like of whose triumphal London progress in August, 1930, none of her race and sex had ever known before, and some might hold that, in default of successful challengers, she should still bear the title. Yet others, and possibly the majority, may conclude that all in all, and going by the magnitude of the mission she is endeavouring to accomplish, England's "Number One" is currently the Queen. Something of the sporting effort in it actually qualifies her Majesty, apart altogether from the purple.

WE hereabouts take ship at Harwich on what should be an interesting if brief pilgrimage. We land at the Hook and proceed on to Berlin.

"Number One" women in fearfully male Germany are not only discouraged: they are barely admitted to the surface at all. In Nazi eyes, quite literally, a "Number One" woman would be she of record fertility by the age, say, of thirty. One finds but three exceptions to the black-out of potentially feminine high-lights. Frau Professor Troost, whom Hitler has approximately made art dictatress at Munich in succession to her late husband. Leni Riefenstahl, film star and producer. And the woman who runs the Hitler Maidens, Frau Scholtz-Klink. There is also, more in the shade, the English-born Winifred Wagner, whose musical festival at Beyreuth has for years supplied Hitler's happiest interlude, as the lady herself is one of his rare women friends. There was Frau Goebbels, who was to have been directress of German Women's Fashion, but somehow faded out after a short while; and there was Frau Goering, on the stage.

Yet note well that in Germany, as in Russia, are heroines of whom we outsiders reck not—such a one, for instance, as the Koenigsberg Glider Queen, a girl student who has beaten all records—I think 18 hours aloft—in a so-called sport which is really of high importance and which has captured young Germany. However, to sum up, the obvious Number One German Woman must be the Riefenstahl, not only because the Führer chose and has stood for her as the embodiment of the feminine Nazi spirit and physique, but because she was a somebody before the present régime and has held on despite dark rumours that someone had traced ancestors in Jerusalem at the time of the Crusades.

Austria yields two names in the Bergner and Paula Wessely. The first seems admittedly to be the nearest thing we've got to the great actresses of the past, but it is not a very near "near." Elusive little elf, flicked by genius but handicapped by her size, the Bergner would not be chosen by Austrians because she has grown too cosmopolitan in her art and life itinerary. Paula Wessely, on the other hand, is idolised by Vienna, and rightly so.

Hungary gives us the *grande dame* in Mme. Horthy, wife (or Consort?) of the Regent. Of great good looks and carriage, this lady has been every inch the queen for close on two decades. She looks, acts and is what a queen should be, and as her husband has put up an entirely unique show—first an admiral without a fleet, then a ruler without a crown but with one waiting, guarded night and day, round the corner—Madame Horthy is entitled to a place in this *gallère*.

Fascist Italy shows a resembling black-out of feminine high-lights to Nazi Germany. Yet the position is not quite the same. Young Italian womanhood, for reasons of climate and tradition, had never achieved a parallel advancement to the pre-Nazi Fräulein. So her obscured state to-day does not appear in such relief.

As in the case of Hitler, it would be idle to seek for a "Number One" woman outside the immediate circle of Mussolini, and here we find two candidates in the Duce's favourite daughter, Edda, Countess Ciano, and the sculptress and writer Signora Sarfatti. The latter was for long years the only Italian woman having a real job inside the Fascist hierarchy. She acted as buffer between Mussolini and accredited visitors to Rome. But I believe of late she has evaporated, leaving Edda alone in the spotlight. And to Edda must go one's suffrage, if only for the fact of her being the one woman said to have any influence with Cæsar, 1937.

The Balkans provide an indisputable claimant in the Lupescu. "An odd list of 'Number One' Women," some will say, "that includes a king's friend!" Yet the criterion was given at the start, and is the only possible one if one is to arrive at anything like a true picture: "The feminine high-light of her country, and it doesn't matter how she did it."

On and off for many years now a national storm has raged round the presence of Mme. Lupescu at King Carol's side. The Iron Guard or Fascists would have away with "the red-haired Jewess." So would others on moral grounds. And others again on political. For here is no ordinary royal favourite, as John Gunther made clear in his *Inside Europe*—and few knew Bucarest better than friend Gunther. The Lupescu is a woman of character and brain who has caused a volatile monarch to take life tolerably seriously, with the result that a key country is being put increasingly on the map.

The story closes with Spain, where one woman takes all the limelight. "La Passionaria." Only a Latin land could produce this red-hot revolutionary who has quite outdistanced rivals in that Republican Spain which sought to boost women in public life. Who hears now of a Campoamar or of a Victoria Kent or a Nelken? True, the last has a battalion named after her in the International Brigade and is still carrying on herself; yet it is to La Passionaria that serried thousands listen as the screaming harangue rises from the centre of the bull-ring—preferred platform. This woman, who worked for her living and sent her children to be brought up in Moscow, is the main propagandist of Governmental Spain, not only in the lands still unoccupied by Franco but in such foreign countries as will give her entry. We refused last autumn, whereas in Paris the Passionaria packed the vast Velodrome d'Hiver with a delirious multitude not one in a hundred of whom understood what was being shouted at them.

Probably in most of the countries I have touched upon there are women qualified by fine endeavour for inclusion on a national roster. Such are hard to find; moreover, do not "hit the front page." That must be my answer to critics of the maybe somewhat queer company above delineated.

END

# All in Pieces

(*Continued from page 63*)

Fine materials, superb craftsmanship and striking modern design give this Neo-Craft furniture a special interest.

A novel feature is that the sections in all cases but that of the wardrobe extend *upwards* at will. This is distinctly new, as extensions have hitherto been confined to outward progress.

WITH Neo-Craft furniture you can rearrange your collection of sections as fancy dictates and each time achieve a totally new effect.

The tops, ends and drawer fronts of this furniture are solid throughout. Oak and walnut are mainly used, with white sycamore handles as a finishing effect.

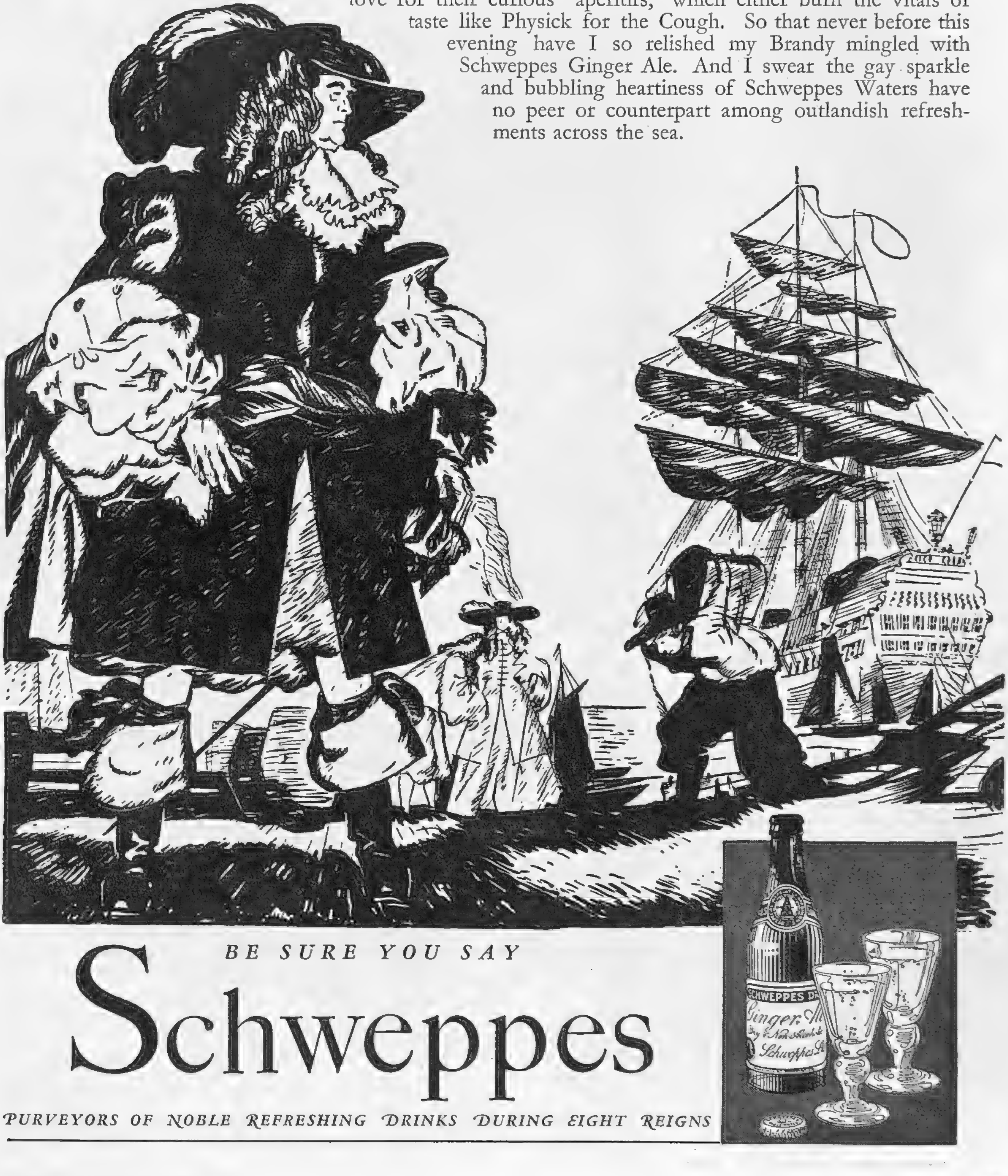
Clear cellulose lacquer gives the furniture a smooth, matt finish which does not fingermark and is not affected by dust. The wardrobes are fitted with the new swing-out coat rails. All metal fittings are chromium-plated.

Sectional furniture has come to stay—at least as long as we are committed to living in small flats and large dolls' houses.

END

## PEPYS
## *into this*
## THIRST QUESTION

*SEPT. 25$^{TH}$* Returned yesterday from my holidaying at Cannes. The sea-passage did leave me somewhat queasy, and the train came scandalously late into Victoria. But this day, although I do feel the lack of the hot sun, in many matters I am glad enough to be rid of the puzzlement of what I should drink between meals. For, albeit I have much liking for French wines, I have no great love for their curious 'apéritifs,' which either burn the vitals or taste like Physick for the Cough. So that never before this evening have I so relished my Brandy mingled with Schweppes Ginger Ale. And I swear the gay sparkle and bubbling heartiness of Schweppes Waters have no peer or counterpart among outlandish refreshments across the sea.



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*WARNING. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.*

C.F.H.

# Unusual Pastry

*(Continued from page 68)*

Put the little *galettes* on a greased baking sheet, paint with beaten egg and bake quickly in a hot oven until nicely browned.

The actual dough can be flavoured in all sorts of ways: with grated lemon peel, vanilla essence, orange blossom water, etc.

### *Cinnamon Sticks.*

Work together four ounces of sifted flour, the same quantity of butter, and add two ounces of castor sugar and a small teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Add one whole egg and work the batter well together.

Turn out on to a floured board, roll out to about half an inch and cut into thin strips. Put these on a well-greased baking sheet and bake very quickly in a hot oven.

### *Anchovy Straws*

Take a small tin of filleted anchovies in oil, drain off all the oil and lay out the fillets flat on a large plate or dish. Meanwhile, have ready some good paste of the flaky kind rolled out as you would for cheese straws. Cut this into strips just a little longer and broader than the fillets, and place one of these on each strip of pastry.

Now make a roll of these, curling the anchovy round the pastry. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven very quickly. These little straws are perfect for a cocktail party, and will keep for several days in a well-closed tin. They will be very good also warmed up for an emergency savoury.

# When Your Daughter Goes to School

*(Continued from page 43)*

of the majority, and voluntarily keeping them.

These children really are free. Though at first individuals accustomed to leaning on rules and regulations may dislike the responsibility that freedom brings, may hate the impossibility of ever creating a scene, since there is no need for one, the experts at Brickwall find that, given a background of security, a minimum of rules for health and safety, girls get together and evolve their own simple rules, and burgeon in an atmosphere that allows them to enjoy work and play and make their own pattern of life.

Among the modern schools already grown to maturity, and yet essentially within the terms of reference of this exploration of the modern parent, is Bedales, near Petersfield.

Instantly, from any parent, will come the comment: *"Oh, that's the co-educational school. . . ."*

This is perfectly true, but only part of the truth, for the education of boys and girls in community is merely the logical outcome of the Bedalian conception of modern education.

Bedales was founded in 1893 by J. H. Badley, and to-day it can accommodate some 250 boys and girls from four years old to nineteen. There is a Junior House, Dunhurst, where your girl would remain until she is twelve.

The harassed parent of the child being educated under an old-style system would hear with some relief that marks are hardly ever used; that there is no form order and there are no prizes and no fagging; that co-operation is stressed and competition not emphasised, and that the unusual measure of freedom given tends to develop a positive rather than a negative attitude to work, school rules and life in general.

But the necessities of accepted examination standards, of training for professional life, are not ignored. Actually Bedalians have a remarkably fine record of successes in later life.

A whole lot of troubles that arise from monastic seclusion of the sexes in schools do not arise here. An astonishing variety of interests caters for the most individual of children. But the most important part of this regime is the transition from life and work in school to the life and work of the adult world, made natural and easy by the fact that this modern system contacts the realities of life at every point.

Kingsmoor School, founded by parents just after the war, is also co-educational, and is founded on the belief that both punishment and reward are best absent from the training of the modern normal boy or girl.

Finally, for the parents who want to follow modern methods, yet methods in wide acceptance and current use, within their own homes, there exists the Parents' National Educational Union, with its famous P.N.E.U. schools, its own training college and its House of Education at Ambleside.

It is outside the space of this article to give details of the P.N.E.U. principles, but I can assure you that they establish sanity and modernity both in the schools and the home classrooms that follow their curriculum.

The mother who does not want, for various reasons, to go all out for an essentially modern school can explore first these possibilities, and the parent educating her small girl first at home can find a valuable link with what can be described with full meaning as a liberal education for the development of the child's whole nature.

END

# Don't Have a Cold This Winter

*(Continued from page 54)*

to swallow no skin, up to seven glasses a day. This will recondition the liver. But nothing else should be taken with the tomatoes, excepting perhaps very hot weak tea—as a separate meal—or hot water with a suspicion of Kruschen salts.

If the cold is in your stomach, a diet of hot milk will be the best, half diluted with water.

As soon as the chill is beginning to clear, eat a large dish of figs that have been soaked for twenty-four hours in boiled water, and then stewed for fifteen minutes in that water without adding sugar. This will effectively eliminate any body-stored mucus and catarrh.

A light diet is essential, and to treat this cold with the suppressive remedies suggested for a head-cold would be to precipitate trouble and clog the organs entirely.

**CONGESTION** You can usually tell this cold, because you know you have been warding it off for weeks, and at last it has caught you out in a moment of fatigue.

Rest after a good sweat is the quickest cure. Take a mustard bath, if no other, rub foot-soles and chest with camphorated oil, inhale friar's balsam and menthol; if a sore throat is threatening, gargle with Glyco-Thymoline; spray the nose with Endrine; go to bed in a well-aired warm room with plenty of hot-water bottles and with your sheets and pillows sprayed with Vapex.

After the perspiration has passed, change into fresh warm night-garb, first rubbing chest and back with eau-de-Cologne. Take Kruschen and rest.

**RESTORATIVE** None of these colds are likely to appear if you follow the precautions outlined in this article.

But if you don't and just forget and trust to luck, and when you have had your cold and finished with it, the restorative *par excellence* is Phosferine.

Don't think that because it has been with us a long time something better must have been found. Nothing better than the ingredients composing Phosferine can be found. And they are admirably combined to ensure the heightening of body-resistance, by building up the appetite and strengthening the nerves.

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# Glamour Girls of the Shows

(Continued from page 25)

because their heart is in their work—and their feet—even though troupe-girl pay starts as low as £2 10s. a week, climbing to £4. Ann Dvorak, who began her screen career in the chorus of *Hollywood Revue*, provided the clue when she said: "Chorus work holds you, once you're in it. It's the physical exhilaration as well as the applause. The speed, the skill, and the timing give you a pecular thrill which is absent from straight acting."

Come with me to the Stoll rehearsal room in the Kingsway, where the London Casino company is rehearsing to a band whose jazz is probably the most effective in town. Here's Kay Young, captain of the show girls, a discovery of Clifford Fisher's, as glamorous in looks and personality as anything even Hollywood ever knew, and a sure candidate for the big lights in the near future if we are not mistaken.

A London girl of good family, educated at Bexhill, her charm is of the cultured, sensitive kind and she speaks with natural unaffected refinement. Clifford took her to Chicago in the show *Hello Paris, Vienno Hello!* Tough guys with an eye for something new and different, she tells me, always hung around the stage door and scared the life out of her. A girl in the chorus would be sought out by some well-dressed fellow eager to give her a swell time and show her the sights of the burg.

"Say," someone would quietly tip her off, "you better soft-pedal with that guy."

"Why? I think he's a charming man, and he knows how to behave."

"I'll say!"

The charmer would turn out to be a two-gun guy, armpit holster type, with a few shoot-ups to his credit. A Limey girl, to him, was just a new dish on the menu.

The Turkish dancer Adalet in the same show—dark-eyed, voluptuous, exotic, a vastly different type—carries a bullet scar on her right thigh. She told me how she was dancing in Smyrna with the handsome partner who is now her husband. She had a suitor, an officer, who thought it sacrilege for a Moslem girl of good family to roam the Near East as a dancer. When he heard of her resolve to marry her partner he said: "I shall never allow you to. I will kill him first!"

One night while they were performing a number a shot rang out from the audience. It missed its intended target and wounded her instead. She fell to the floor, bleeding. In the ensuing uproar the audience turned on the officer who had shot their idol and beat him senseless.

Gordon Courtney, manager of the Prince of Wales's non-stop revues, told me of a girl in his chorus who was playing in Majorca when the Spanish Revolution broke out. Immediately the curtain rang down on her job she had to use her nimble feet to dodge bombardments and air raids. After a terrifying experience she was eventually rescued by a British gunboat.

The British show girl who ventures abroad, except with a *bona-fide* company on an officially arranged and supervised visit, may be in for an unhappy time. Betty Hartnell, the attractive blonde Venus of the Prince of Wales's shows, once decided to try Paris for a change and joined the Folies Bergère. She saw enough hidden heartbreak behind the scenes during those three months to make her long desperately for England again. "It was the Foreign Legion of vaudeville," she told me. "We seemed to count for little more than cattle, and behind their paint and their gorgeous dresses—when they wore any—most of the girls were tragic and pathetic, especially those who had got into the rut and lost all incentive to make a fresh start. In England we are treated as ladies, and getting back to London was like returning to heaven."

C. B. Cochran has done much to raise the status of the chorus by insisting on singing, dancing, and acting talent and not merely physical beauty, and regarding his Young Ladies as potential stars. In this way he helped to produce Florence Desmond and Anna Neagle, among others, and recently brought to the fore Iris March and Sepha Treble, both of whom began in his chorus.

He went outside the profession for many of his discoveries. Iris was a typist in a Liverpool office when a friend of Cochran's saw her and immediately 'phoned him: "I have found the most beautiful girl in the world." Cochran sent for her and engaged her. From the chorus she graduated via small speaking parts to a principal rôle in *Home and Beauty*.

Iris Browne got her first break in a similar way. Constance Carpenter saw her in a Soho restaurant and at once arranged an introduction to Cochran, who gave her a contract and sent her to a dancing coach. She went into his *1930 Revue*, then into *Evergreen* and *Helen*. Actually she was writing stories and eager to become a successful novelist.

Sepha Treble started in the *Helen* chorus, showed talent as a dancer and light singer, and was given an important *ingénue* part with Delysia in *Mother of Pearl*, subsequently playing opposite Bobby Howes in *Please Teacher!*

*Follow the Sun* was unique in that its Young Ladies included a galaxy of daughters of famous parents: Sarah Churchill, Ann Clare, Pamela Gordon, Jacqueline Squire, and Jenny Nicholson. Jenny, sixteen-year-old daughter of Robert Graves, spent much of her time between matinée and evening performances correcting the proofs of his latest book. She knew Lawrence of Arabia when her father was collaborating on *Revolt in the Desert*, the abridged version of Lawrence's classic, and remembers him as an intensely reserved man who used to land his aeroplane in an adjacent field and enter their Oxford home by the back door to avoid meeting people.

It was in this show that Mr. Winston Churchill's gifted daughter met Vic Oliver, the leading comedian, and a romance developed which culminated in sensation when she declared her intention of marrying him and following him to the States.

Another Cochran girl belonging to a famous family is Sheila Douglas-Pennant, now compèring the Trocadero show, *Eve in the Park*. Starting in the chorus of *Streamline*, she had to introduce a sketch by walking across the stage with a board. She did this simple job so charmingly that the audience always "gave her a hand" and several critics singled her out for praise.

Bunty Pain, a Cochran Young Lady up to a year ago, meant to be a hairdresser. Late to bed from theatre or cabaret, she would rise before seven to prepare breakfast for her boxer husband Kid Berg and assist him in his training. Florita Fey had left show work and was helping in a garage when Cochran saw her, told her she was wasting her time, and brought her back to the stage. Phyllis Stanley, the singer, contemplated taking the veil after her appearance in Reinhart's *The Miracle*.

André Charlot has also inspired many of his chorus girls to climb to stardom, among them Jessie Mathews, June, Beatrice Lillie, Wendy Barrie, Joan Gardner, Eileen Peel, and Betty Frankiss. In his girls, he says, he looks for "personality, good looks, ability and, above all, charm—that little something others haven't got. There are too many who are beautiful but dumb. It is intelligence that matters."

Of the eight showgirls in his *Please!* at the Savoy, Kay Dillow was a Sunday-school teacher at Shoreham; Constance Edwards a Kensington teacher of elocution; Vi Lawley, of Dorking, an artist and artist's model; Thelma Kerr, of Sydenham, a journalist who still wrote in her spare time; Jasmine Bligh, of Hendon, an enthusiast for horses and terriers who planned to keep kennels; Irene Davies, a Richmond business girl who wanted to go in for finance and had also been a mannequin; Dolores Ray, of St. Albans, a singer with five

(*Continued on page 112*)

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scholarships who had sung at the Brussels Opera House.

The recruiting of the chorus from educated girls of good family is a remarkable development of recent years. Daphne Day, who was in the Follies at Dorchester House and the chorus of *And Here We Go*, is an outstanding example. Meet her in her parents' delightful home off Portland Place, and you realise that this girl of exceptional beauty and intelligence could live just the butterfly life of Mayfair if she chose, with plenty of parties and admirers and luxury travel. Educated at Waterside College, Westgate, she writes verse—won a prize for a poem at the age of eight—does pencil portraits, and talks well on almost any serious subject. But dancing was in her feet; she chose to go to a school and train hard for the show business—and not simply from vanity or for "fun."

What happens to chorus girls when eventually they fade from the shows, assuming they do not become stars? If the John Tiller school is any criterion, they marry nice boys whom they have usually met through their work, settle in modest homes, and have

bonny babies. When I hinted to Miss Alloway, an official, at stories of adventure and romance, she fished out a batch of babies' photographs with doting inscriptions on the back from happily married ex-Tiller girls.

"There's the adventure and romance," she said. "It's happened so often lately that we're getting a little fed up losing so many. Sometimes they bring their babies to show us, and are they proud?"

All of which goes to show that, with chorus girls, you shouldn't guess without calculatin', for you never know. . . . Who would imagine, for instance, that our beloved Marie Tempest once "showed a leg"? Yet she has confessed: "I remember that when I first wore tights in *The Red Hussar*, showing about as much leg as a lift girl at Selfridge's, I wept for about an hour, and then went on in a large cloak to hide my shame. In a few days I realised how silly I was, and discarded the cloak."

Yes, things have changed. In these piping days of strip-tease they discard everything, including the blush. . . .

END

# The Doctor Ordered Quiet

(*Continued from page* 35)

and then he faded away, as Doctor Thorne had so often found it convenient to do, and Lady Chelcombe went in to hear about Doris.

Inside Noel's spacious room the light filtered dimly through drawn chintz curtains, and there was a screen round the bed to keep out even the few intruding spears of December sunlight.

Nurse Wilkins was knitting a jumper in a far corner of the room, and Flying Officer Noel Chelcombe was holding a long conversation with the absent Doris, which had evidently been going on for some time.

"You knew from the first that we'd have to wait, Doris darling," he was saying, as Lady Chelcombe took the chair the nurse drew forward for her.

"He's on like this all the time," she whispered, "and it's very bad for him."

"You said you didn't mind . . ." the low, hurried voice went on. "You said you'd wait until we could risk getting married. Of course I know I've nothing to offer, not really compared to fellows like Ned Parsons, but you knew that when you took me. You knew I hadn't a bean and never would have, and now you've gone back on it all." Then later, "You do like that ring, Doris . . . . you don't think it's too dud, do you? They showed me a better one, but it hopped away. Odd, wasn't it?" and he tried to laugh.

"Doris . . . Doris . . ." he muttered over and over again. "I want Doris to come and talk to me. Why doesn't someone get her, and bring her here?"

"I'm afraid he's getting a bit too excited," murmured Nurse Wilkins, coming to the bedside. "Perhaps you'd better come back later, Lady Chelcombe."

But Lady Chelcombe shook her head, and Nurse Wilkins didn't dare to press the point. Thus Noel's grandmother heard a good deal more about Doris, and someone called Ned Parsons, whom Noel seemed to regard as a rival.

"A cheap little girl," thought Lady Chelcombe, "playing off one man against the other." A Chelcombe against a Parsons. As if there could be any choice. But obviously this Parsons man had money, and her grandson had not even enough to get a ring which wasn't "dud."

Noel's rambling talk was revealing, and by the time she went away Lady Chelcombe understood the ordinary little story well enough. It was just the inevitable turning down of a negligible young man for someone better by a girl who wasn't prepared to make sacrifices for love—who possibly didn't know how to love at all.

"Doris indeed!" thought Lady Chelcombe, back in her chair by the library fire. Yet she knew that she would give something, quite a lot, in fact, to be able to lay her hands on Doris, and drag her into that darkened room, with stern orders to take away the pucker of misery from Noel's forehead, that haunted look from his eyes

Lady Chelcombe waved away the turkey and plum pudding Morrison proffered, and for her Christmas lunch took only a bowl of soup. But the fragrant coffee steadied her jarred old nerves, and she was enjoying it when Morrison, who had left her, suddenly returned.

"There's a young lady—Miss Doris Winter, I think the name was—who wishes to see your ladyship. I told her I really couldn't disturb you on Christmas Day, but she said she wanted news of . . ."—Morrison coughed—"of Mr. Chelcombe."

The spoon clattered into the delicate china saucer.

Then, surprisingly, Lady Chelcombe said: "Bring her in at once, and fetch another cup of coffee."

Miss Doris Winter was tall and streamlined in figure. Under a little black skull cap gold curls sprayed out alluringly, and under her plucked eyebrows lobelia blue eyes gazed widely at the beautiful room and the old lady who sat all alone at the long silver-laden table. Very sure of herself was Doris Winter, and as slick and sophisticated as the girls who worked at "Beauty Limited" were expected to be.

Taking the slim, white-gloved hand she held out, Lady Chelcombe summed her up at once as what was known in her day as a minx, and in a day before hers as a baggage.

"Sit down, Miss Winter," she said, "and have some coffee. You must have had a cold drive."

The words were polite enough, but there was nothing very cordial about the way they were said. Miss Winter's smile wasn't especially cordial either, as she sat down and put back the veil which floated from that head-outlining Juliet cap.

"You must think me very weird, butting in like this on a stranger," she said, with a genteel intonation which Lady Chelcombe noted. "But when I phoned the aerodrome this morning, to speak to my friend, to Noel Chelcombe, they told me he'd crashed and been brought here. How is he?"

"Better," said Lady Chelcombe rather grimly. "It's his back, and his head."

Doris made a distressed sound.

"Oh dear," she said, "that's bad, isn't it?"

The butler approached with the coffee, and as Miss Winter helped herself to sugar and refused cream, another idea struck her.

"Are you a relative of Noel's?" she asked, sudden curiosity in her blue gaze. "They told me he had been taken to Lady Chelcombe's place, but I never heard him speak of anyone of that name."

"I am only his grandmother," said Lady Chelcombe superbly. It seemed incredible that anyone owning

(*Continued on page* 115)

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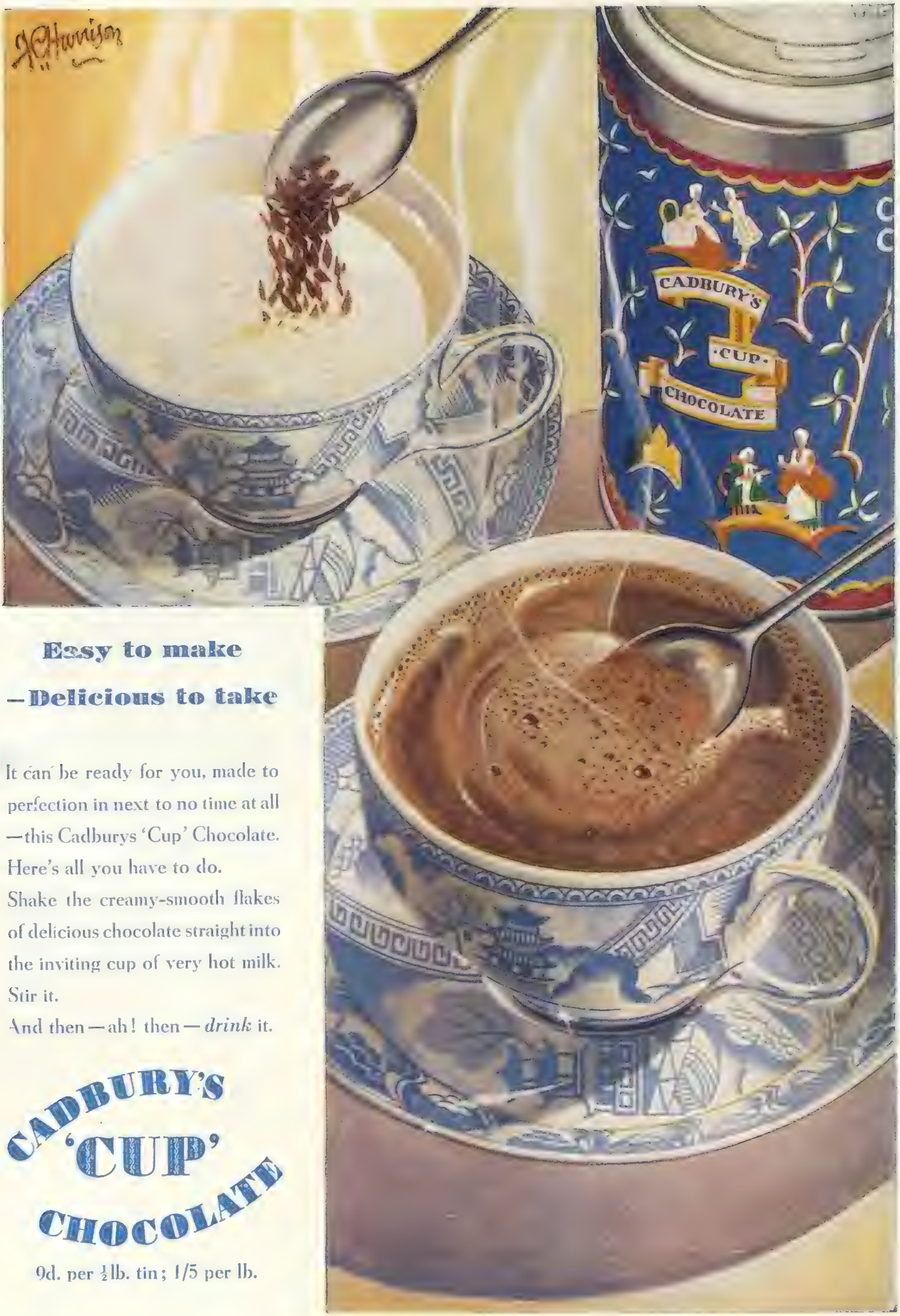

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relationship to her should not have mentioned it.

"Oh, indeed." There was great significance in the raising of Miss Winter's plucked eyebrows.

Then Lady Chelcombe said: "What is more important is your own relationship to Noel Chelcombe. Are you engaged to him, or to someone called Parsons?"

Doris Winter flushed under her artistic make-up.

"That's a leading question, Lady Chelcombe."

"Of course. What's the good of beating about the bush? Noel's calling for you, and you're here, but I shan't let you see him if you're going to make him more unhappy than he is already."

Doris reached out her hand to a silver cigarette box.

"Can I smoke?" she said, lighting up almost before Lady Chelcombe's dignified little nod of assent.

"We were engaged," she offered jerkily. "But it all seemed so hopeless. He had nothing, and I only had my job in the beauty parlour, and a girl can't wait for ever."

"Why not?" said Lady Chelcombe.

"She just can't," Miss Winter enlightened her. "Not nowadays. Not if she's—well . . . not too bad to look at, and has other chances offered her all the time."

"Parsons?" Lady Chelcombe remarked contemptuously.

"Ned Parsons, if you like," Doris agreed. "Though I don't know how you came to find out anything about my private affairs. Mr. Parsons is comfortably off, and could marry me to-morrow, and is crazy to do so," she added, with a shaky laugh.

"Then why do you come here after Noel?"

"Really, Lady Chelcombe. . . ." Doris flushed again, and her blue eyes showed resentment. "I must say you've a very downright way of putting things."

"Answer my question," said Lady Chelcombe implacably.

Doris Winter stubbed out her cigarette first. Then she said: "Well, if you want to know, I came here because, when I heard he had crashed, I knew it was Noel really, and not Ned Parsons. I may be letting myself down, but I'll have to marry him, if I'm really that way about him."

Lady Chelcombe's tension relaxed, and she sat back in her chair with a strange feeling of relief.

"When you have finished your coffee, we will go and see him," was all she said.

She had done with Miss Winter, for the present, but Miss Winter had not quite done with her.

"Excuse me asking, Lady Chelcombe," she began, in a cool little voice. "But if you live in such a grand house and have butlers and footmen and all the rest of it, why have you never done anything for poor Noel all these years?"

Lady Chelcombe looked away from Doris, raised tired dark eyes to the picture of Sir Henry Chelcombe in hunting kit dominating the opposite wall.

She seemed to be answering him, as she said slowly:

"My son married against my wishes, and I quarrelled with him. And as I had not approved of his wife, I did not wish to have anything to do with their boy. My husband was dead and the money was mine," she added, with an odd wish to exonerate Henry, who would have forgiven Arthur anything.

"Quarrels are very sad," said Miss Doris Winter. "And quite wrong too, if I may say so, between near relatives. Noel's often told me about his mother, and he thought the world of her. He's not a snob," added the young lady, making the implication clear.

"I do not wish to discuss the past," said Lady Chelcombe, a small bead of perspiration breaking out on the wrinkled forehead under her beautifully arranged grey hair.

"Oh, well, it's your business, of course," Miss Winter agreed. "But I should have thought you'd have liked a little love from your grandson at your age."

"We won't discuss my age either." Lady Chelcombe's voice was crushing.

"Come," she said. And Doris Winter undulated at her side down the long passage with a gait that was undoubtedly graceful, but which Lady Chelcombe found peculiar.

At the door of that dim room the old lady motioned the girl in, and stood herself in the shadow of the screen, withdrawn yet able to see and hear.

"You poor old thing," said Doris, and the coo of a wood pigeon had got into her hard, cool little voice. "Why ever were you such an old silly as to crash?"

"Doris . . . you've come."

"Course I've come. Do you think I'd stay away when they told me at the aerodrome what had happened? I got Ned Parsons to drive me down, but don't you worry about that, my sweet. He knows now he hasn't an earthly against you, and he's ever so nice about it. Buck up and get well soon, and we'll be married and start housekeeping in that cottage near Calshot you showed me once."

"Doris, you're so wonderful. There's absolutely no one in the world like you." Noel Chelcombe's thin face was turned towards her, and his thin hand was feeling for hers.

"Where's that dud ring I gave you?" he asked tensely.

But Miss Winter was prepared for this.

"On my finger, of course," she answered, with a little tender laugh. "And you're not to call it dud, because I wouldn't change it for a square diamond set in platinum."

That satisfied Noel. He pillowed his cheek on her hand, and was silent. Lady Chelcombe, watching, thought he might have fallen asleep until she heard Doris speaking to him in that same low coo of a voice.

"I had quite a long chat with your grandmother," she said.

But at that Noel made an impatient movement of his head.

"Don't speak about her. I don't want to remember I'm here . . ."

The cold aloofness of his voice hurt the woman listening behind the screen more than abuse would have done. She moved stiffly away, taking care not to be heard. Went back into the silent library, and sat there, thinking . . .

She had written to Arthur. Too late. She had begun to love Arthur's son. Again too late.

His heart was as hard as hers had been. Harder, for the hardness in hers was melting swiftly, like ice under a newly risen sun.

DORIS stayed the night. She occupied the tapestry room, and was treated like an honoured guest by the puzzled servants.

And the next day Doris, in response to an invitation which it cost Lady Chelcombe a lot to make, sent for her suit-cases, gave notice at Beauty Limited, and established herself in the tapestry room.

She lunched with Lady Chelcombe. She dined with her. She drove with her in the big black Daimler, and she spent hours in Noel's sickroom, from which the grandmother felt herself debarred.

Thus it was Doris Winter who broke to Lady Chelcombe, one cheerless January morning, a bleak piece of news in keeping with the day.

"Noel wants to go," she said abruptly, looking up from the pink jumper she was knitting.

"Go . . ." echoed Lady Chelcombe. "But he can't . . . it's impossible."

"He's really quite well enough to go, you know." But Doris looked embarrassed as if some reflection of Lady Chelcombe's distress was reaching her.

"Doris," said Lady Chelcombe, "you must neither of you go. You must be married from here, and make this your home."

The pink jumper slid from Doris's lap. And Doris herself crossed the room with one of those super-graceful movements of hers, and knelt down by the big chair.

"It's ever so sweet of you," she said. "And *I* would, really I would. But, you see, Noel——"

(*Continued on page* 116)

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Doris Winter's vocabulary was limited. It did not admit of her explaining Noel's strange state of mind. Of the almost frantic way he had said, " Let me get out of this house. I can't breathe here."

But Lady Chelcombe understood.

" He hates me," she said, with the calm finality of the old. " It's a pity, but I'm not surprised."

Under Doris's gold hair, set in those careful plastic curls, an idea was growing. Quite a kind idea, because Doris Winter, now in the grip of her growing love for Noel, felt kindly to everyone.

" Why not go in and sit with him this afternoon, instead of me? I'll take some time off, and get a hair set and a manicure at that town I passed through, close by."

Lady Chelcombe didn't answer in words. But she began to realise why Noel felt as he did about Doris.

So it was wordlessly understood between them that Lady Chelcombe was to have a last chance to break down that spiritual barrier Noel had erected against her.

" You must take the car," said Lady Chelcombe finally, " and Dacres shall drive you."

And that, though Doris Winter didn't know it, was the greatest concession of all. Fat old Dacres, former coachman, never drove anyone but her Ladyship. When Lady Chelcombe did a thing, she did it handsomely. The trouble was she so seldom did anything for anybody. Wrapped in cotton-wool, the days, months, years, sped softly by. But then, of course, the Doctor had ordered quiet.

THEY sat side by side. The young man in the wheel chair Sir Henry had used once when afflicted with the gout. The old woman in an armchair Nurse Wilkins had fetched for her.

They were quite close, and yet they were miles apart, as Flying Officer Noel Chelcombe thanked her, with careful civility, for her hospitality to himself and Doris. Now that he was up, carefully shaved, and with his black hair brushed smoothly back from a high forehead, Lady Chelcombe could see less of Arthur in him, and more of that woman.

Noel Chelcombe was certainly not good-looking, or even specially distinguished-looking. He looked just an ordinary young airman, but her old heart yearned after him as he sat there, glancing at the watch on his thin wrist, and obviously wondering how soon Doris would be back, and this uncomfortable interview would end.

Lady Chelcombe said abruptly: " So you don't want to stay here a moment longer than you need? "

" No, I don't." Noel Chelcombe was equally abrupt.

" You can't forgive me for the past? "

" No," he said again.

Impatiently Lady Chelcombe struck one hand against the other.

" Noel, you *must* forgive me," she said. " You can't go nursing a grievance against me all the rest of your life."

Arthur's son might look like his mother, and even a bit like his grandfather the garage proprietor, but, unluckily for Lady Chelcombe, he took after her. There was steel in his voice as he answered:

" Why not? You did it yourself. So far as I can tell, you never gave my father a thought, to say nothing of my poor mother."

Lady Chelcombe's old hands were trembling as she fumbled in the black velvet bag on her lap, and pulled out the unposted letter written to Arthur the day she heard of his death by a telegram from her lawyer.

" Read it," she said, " and don't say that again."

If the young man in the camel-hair dressing-gown was moved by the perusal of that handsome apology, the ink of which was fading, he did not own it.

He handed it back to his grandmother, observing quietly: " There was still me. And my mother. Do you know anything at all about my mother, Lady Chelcombe? "

" Very little," admitted Lady Chelcombe humbly. The humbleness was caused by the fact that he had called her " Lady Chelcombe " as coolly as if the irresistible bond of blood was not between them.

" My mother," said Noel Chelcombe, " was a remarkable woman and awfully intelligent. She was a teacher when she met my father, and after he died she took up her old work again, and got to be head mistress of a high school for girls at Melbourne, and saved every penny of her salary to get me on in the world. She didn't want me to go in for flying. 'I can't lose you, too,' she said. But it was I who lost her. She spoke of you once, and do you know what she called you? 'Poor Lady Chelcombe.' You see, she didn't care about money, or things like that."

" She was quite right," said Lady Chelcombe unexpectedly. And hardly realised in her agitation that she had allowed herself to speak in praise of that woman. Then she turned the vials of her wrath on this obstinate Chelcombe. " You're as hard as I was," she said. " And, like me, you'll live to regret it when you come to be old."

" I'm not hard," Noel Chelcombe pointed out. " But I'm logical. Why should I care for a woman I've never seen? "

There was no answer.

" I'm willing to believe you regret it now, but what's the good? I've always had to be on my own, and I propose to go on. We propose to go on being independent," he amended, looking straight in front of him. " If it hadn't been for Doris, I'd have had no one in the world. That's how I got so fond of her, though she may not be up to all these fine Chelcombes who've lived here. If it comes to that, I'm not up to them either," said Noel Chelcombe, without rancour. " There's no Eton and Oxford and old school tie about me."

Then he stopped, because Lady Chelcombe's face had gone waxy pale, and two lines ran sharply from her hawk nose to her twitching lips.

" Lady Chelcombe," he exclaimed, leaning forward in his wheel chair. " Are you ill? " Then, as she didn't answer, something surged up in Noel. Something he did not understand. Something which made him say, quite urgently, " Grandmother . . . . Granny, speak to me, look at me. It's Noel."

She opened her sunken eyes and tried to smile.

" Stay here with me, you and Doris," she said, with difficulty. " I'm too old to bear any more."

" I can't stay, Granny," Noel Chelcombe told her gently, holding her hand in his. " But it's all right. We'll come back, often, and see you. We'll have a date to spend next Christmas with you."

Then the nurse ran in at one door. The maid, who had been hovering about, ran in at the other. They gave her old brandy in a big glass, which made her choke a little, and Lydia gave Noel a portentous frown which made him feel very guilty.

But later Doctor Thorne, hurriedly summoned, felt her pulse beating more strongly than usual, and was surprised at the vigour of her voice, and the steadiness of her heartbeats under his stethoscope. Still he uttered words of caution.

" When this young man—er, your grandson, has gone," said Doctor Thorne, " we must get back to our old quiet routine, which suited you so well."

And Lady Chelcombe agreed, with astonishing meekness. As she sat in her library, she would have something new to think of now. Something quite ordinary, which comes to most old women. The thought of a grandson, perhaps a great-grandson by next Christmas.

" Don't hurry away, Doctor Thorne," said Lady Chelcombe graciously. " Stay and have a glass of sherry, and tell me about that new grandson of yours."

When the Doctor had left her that velvet silence closed round her again, as she sat in the library, looking into the fire. But she did not mind. Because now it was not the quiet of loneliness, but the happy quiet which is only another name for peace.

END

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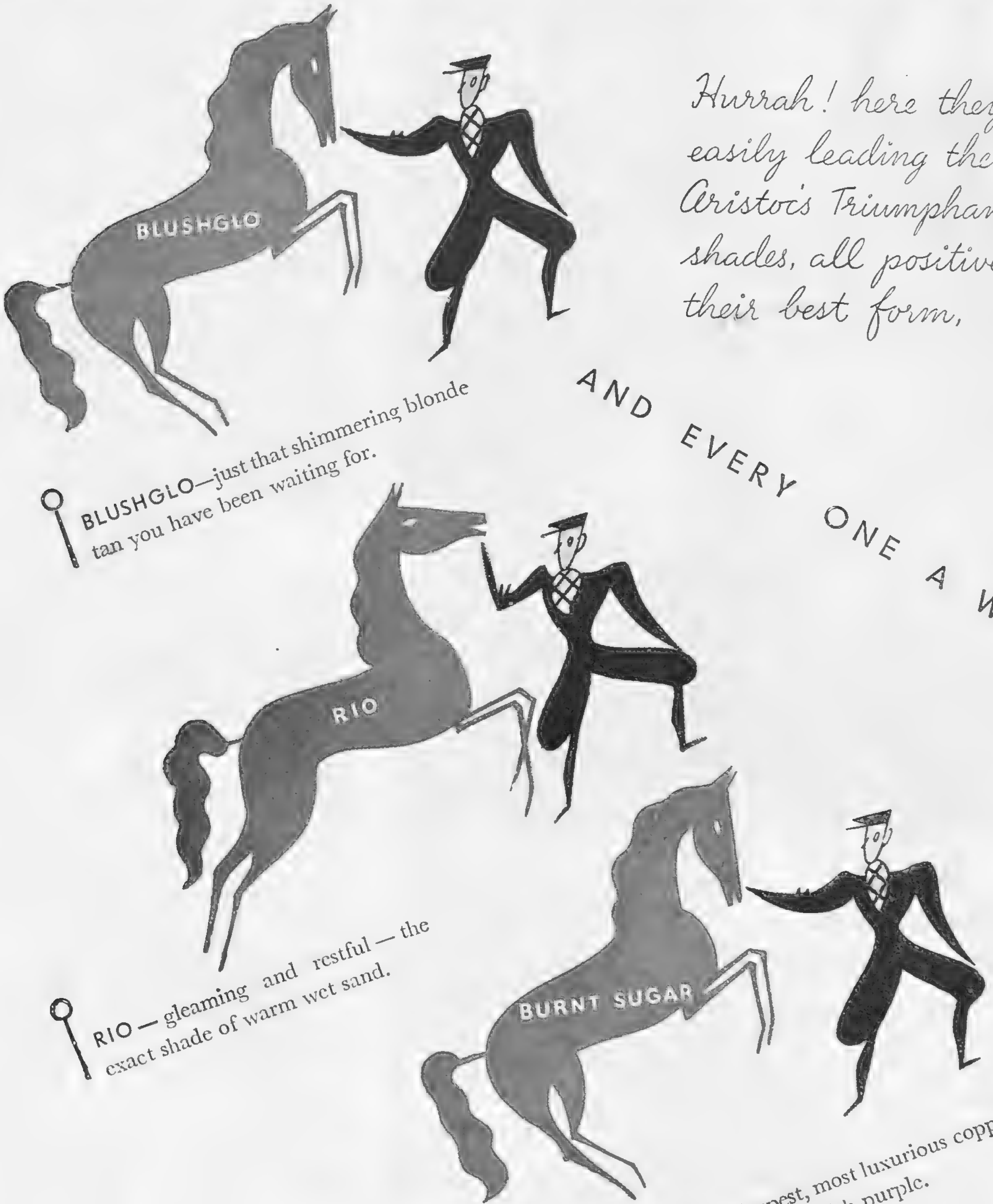

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## Sunday Supper

(*Continued from page 69*)

Now peel and cut into small pieces, removing skin and pips, some tomatoes (half a small tomato for each person) and mix with the chopped flesh of the apples, also a little shredded lettuce. Mix well together with salt and pepper, add a cream dressing and fill the cases with the mixture.

These stuffed apples can be made with all sorts of other fillings—diced chicken and chopped nuts, ham, anchovy, beetroot, etc.—and the dressing varied according to taste.

### *Salade Espagnole*

Have some cooked potatoes of the yellow waxy kind which have been boiled or baked in their skins. Peel them while they are still hot, cut them in slices and put them at once in a mixing bowl. Chop one small onion, one shallot, parsley, and a head of celery, and add this to the potatoes, pouring in a good glass of dry sherry. Mix and let this stand for half an hour, so that the potatoes have a chance of soaking in the sherry. Just before serving, add a dressing made with one-third of vinegar, salt and pepper and two-thirds of olive oil. Stir well before serving.

### *Croûtes au Fromage*

Melt a small piece of butter (about the size of a match-box) in a saucepan and while it is still foaming add, little by little and stirring all the time, two tablespoonfuls of flour, then a teacupful of boiling milk. Cook this mixture gently and whipping constantly for about a quarter of an hour, after which let it rest ten minutes in a corner of the stove. Add two whole eggs, four ounces of grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Meanwhile cut some slices of stale bread about half an inch thick, remove the crusts and cut the bread into two-inch squares. Place a piece of lean ham on each piece and cover with a good layer of the cheese mixture. Drop the little croûtes, bread downwards, into some hot fat and cook till golden brown. Remove, drain well and put a dash of cayenne pepper on each.

## Paris Fashions

(*Continued from page 48*)

Mainbocher (here with uneven hems). Finest silk jersey, chiffon, bagheera, velvet, are draped into gorgeous Greek statue-like dresses. A very popular neckline is a scarf effect crossing in front and disappearing beneath each breast.

Molyneux does several Victorian dresses in rich, stand alone satin with bustle suggestions at the back. Sapphire blue velvet is the favourite medium for a tailored evening outfit seen a lot, a tight, straight, low-cut dress, with high skirt slits, a little fitting jacket.

Colours: White, black, brazen pinks, sapphire, mauve, purple, cyclamen, gold, petunia, hyacinth, wine, plum, geranium.

Evening coats are long, fitting, full, much as last season, but in lamés and brocades more brilliant and oriental in design. There are lots of full-length capes, hanging rather straight from the shoulders, mass sequin trimmed, much like pioneer Schiaparelli did last year.

DETAILS. Maggy Rouff's high boned necks. . . . Patou's Welsh hat trimmed with a veil that slides like a curtain ring. . . . Rustly trimming like Christmas paper chains on the skirt and neck of a bluebell blue evening dress. . . . Downward pockets on suits. . . . Little half belts in front of skirts. . . . Criss-cross flesh straps on slip showing beneath net dinner gown. . . . Shepherd's plaid lamé tailored suits. . . . Pink velvet bishop sleeves on a black afternoon dress. . . . Fireworks bursting in spangles up the skirts of black net evening gowns. . . . Black net tops to afternoon frocks. . . . Ends of zips finished with hanging beads. . . . Embroidered broadcloth and velvet. . . . Pockets embroidered like rouged lips. . . . Silver mesh handbags. . . . Large turned-back hats with formal evening gowns. . . . Black net evening veils, worn like a bride's, with pink sequins for mouth. . . . Short leg-showing slips beneath transparent evening skirts. . . . Muffs everywhere.

End

## Books

(*Continued from page 31*)

Mr. John Brophy's *Behold the Judge* (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is also a long and very readable novel—the story of an eminent counsel who, on being created a Judge, is faced with a painful murder case as the first trial over which he has to preside. This novel improves as it proceeds, and any reader experiencing difficulty in getting into it is advised to persevere. But neither Mr. Brophy, nor Mr. Brett Young, nor even Mr. Arlen will succeed, it seems, in attracting the number of readers earmarked for Mr. T. Everett Harré. This author's novel, *Behold the Woman!* (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.), sold 25,000 copies in its first week of publication in America. We are not told how many it sold in its second week, but we are assured that it is the simultaneous successor to *Quo Vadis*, *Ben Hur* and *Salambo* (*sic*). We are also informed that it is the story of Mary Magdalene, though, as far as I am able to follow the plot, it is nothing of the kind. It is, however, the story of an Alexandrian prostitute in the early days of Christianity—and how Mr. Harré does let himself go over his scenes of more than Oriental splendour! It is often a puzzle to the reader to imagine where the next adjective will come from, but never to the author. His supply is as deep as it is rich. Any criticism of this extraordinary farrago is uncalled for. My readers, I like to believe, will be able to supply their own. But what of those massed thousands who are waiting, apparently, to enjoy Mr. Harré's pages? Is this the sort of stuff they like? Is this really as far as the Education Acts have brought them? The book actually costs more than the ordinary novel. An analysis of those 25,000 American enthusiasts would be of interest.

## Baby Cries

(*Continued from page 59*)

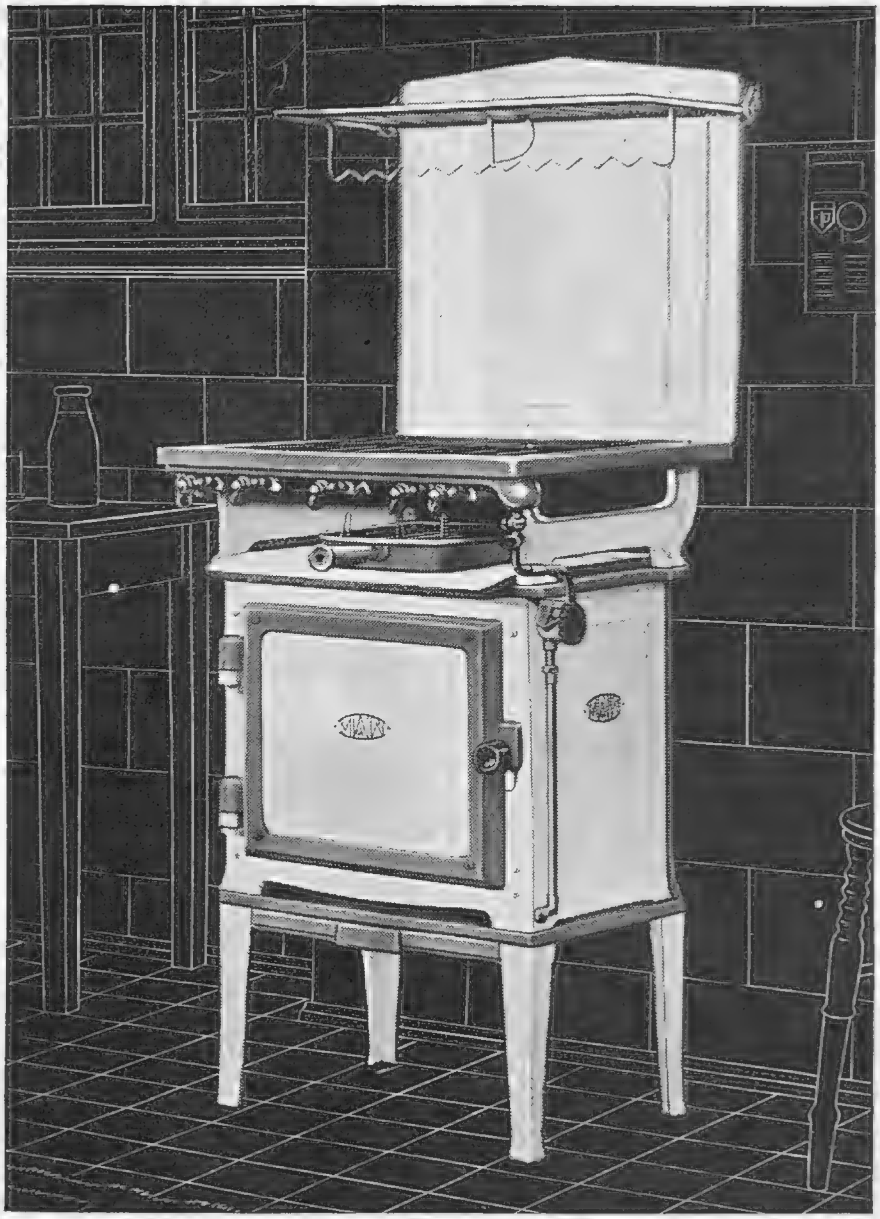
the bogy was easily run to earth. The cuckoo was gently introduced as a pretty bird with a specially pretty way of talking to his friends. Fear gradually subsided and peace was restored.

The difference between spoiling a child and studying his nervous temperament is immense. Discipline, regularity of routine, are admirable in their way, but they must be administered with intelligence and understanding of individual needs.

We all know that a baby will cry to be nursed when he has discovered that a few well-timed screams bring response, but this kind of subterfuge is easily recognised. So also are the tears carefully calculated to attract flattering attention. But these stunts, of which the best babies are capable, must not be confused with the crying which expresses some real need.

Sheer naughtiness is rare in the young baby who is content and healthy both physically and emotionally, and even if a little confusion exists as to what his howls portend, is it not better for the child and his future to err on the side of love?

End



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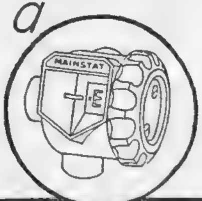

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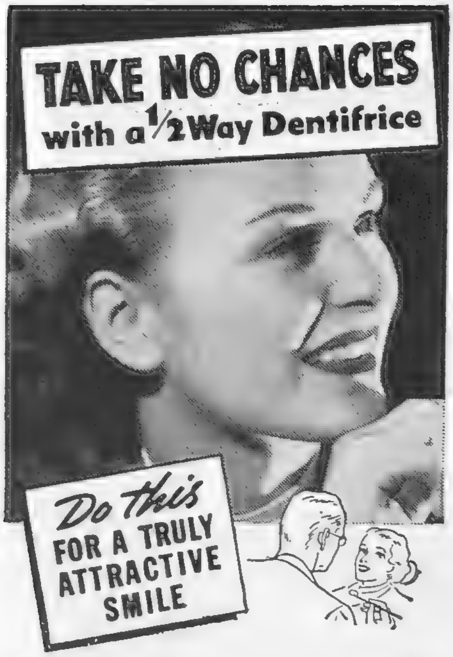

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# The Commander's Wife

(*Continued from page* 23)

a lonely groove too. Captains couldn't help that: they had to make the best of it. The loneliness of high command. But he decided that he would go away sailing more often. He'd take the galley away and shake up the crew. And perhaps he'd have some of the officers to dinner now and again, two or three at a time. He couldn't really afford it with three children to educate, but it would be a break in the monotony of his evenings. If he went down to the wardroom before dinner for a glass of sherry, he only made people uncomfortable: everybody stood up and the youngsters fidgeted. Some captains could do it, but they were on more familiar terms with their officers than he was. He believed in maintaining the dignity of his rank under all circumstances.

All the same, one could be too much alone, especially at his age. It wasn't good for the mind. It played tricks on one. . . .

The boat heeled over from a sudden gust of wind. Captain Lansdale realised for the first time how fast he was travelling. The water slid hissing past the gunwale, and a reef, visible far down through the clear water on the port side, went aft and disappeared as if jerked from sight by an unseen agency. He looked back at his ship and the island beyond, astonished to see how far he had travelled. There was a change coming in the weather: a bank of dark cloud was piling up to windward and sending thin streamers of mist out into the zenith like the fingers of a gigantic hand. The brilliance of the sun dimmed slightly as the haze spread over the sky.

It occurred to Captain Lansdale that it might be prudent to turn and begin to beat back towards his ship. But they would see him and probably think he was afraid of the weather, whereas—he glanced again to windward—there was nothing to worry about. A squall probably, but he could handle the skiff in a squall.

He held doggedly on his course without looking back again. He was a man with complete confidence in himself. It never entered his head that there could be any emergency to which he was unequal; and yet he was not an instinctive seaman, born to it, as it were.

It was Captain Lansdale's intention to spin for barracouta along the outer line of reefs, but as he neared them he realised that he was sailing too fast for a fish to take the spoon properly. He thought that perhaps he would take in a couple of reefs, and began to bring the skiff round. A vicious gust struck her and drove her on to her beam ends. For the first time he realised the force of the wind, but remained quite unperturbed. He got the skiff's bows into the wind, scrambled forward and lowered the sail. While he was knotting the reef-points he observed that the surf was breaking white all along the lines of reefs. He had passed the outer line; had, in fact, come considerably farther than he intended to. The sky to windward was inky black, and every moment the sea got bigger. He decided to give up the idea of fishing, and to beat back to the ship. If he got bored he would signal for them to send the motor boat and tow him back. He hoisted the sail again and commenced to reach to windward; then he realised the size of the seas. One broke over the weather bow, drenching him. He made the discovery that there was no bailer in the boat.

THE Yeoman of Signals delegated the task of keeping an eye on the skiff to the Signalman of the Watch, while he leaned in the doorway of the chart-house and listened to tit-bits which the Chief Yeoman, reclining at his ease on the settee, read aloud from an English Sunday newspaper about a month old. The cruiser was alone in the anchorage and there was no shipping in sight. The Yeoman's reading was interrupted by a sudden gust of wind that shook the bridge awning. The Yeoman moved out on to the bridge and looked to windward. "Here—what's the Captain doing?"

The second hand of the watch, his telescope steadied against the wheel shelter, said he thought the Captain was bound for Cape Horn.

"It's coming on to blow," said the Yeoman. He turned towards the chart-house. "Here, Chief, what do you think of the weather?"

The Chief Yeoman, a stout man, rose with a grunt from the settee, surveyed the sky and the sea, and said what he thought of the weather.

"How about the Captain?" asked the Yeoman.

"Keep an eye on him. That's his orders. We can't do no more. Get the big telescope on to him."

They focused the swivelled high-power telescope on to the skiff. The Chief Yeoman applied his eye to it. "Running down to leeward lickerty split . . . . There's a big sea running out there. He don't trouble . . . . Can't he see the sky to windward . . . . ? Here, Barker." He called the signalman. "Clap your face to this eye-piece and don't take it off the skiff till I come back." He began to button up his tunic. "I'm going to have a yarn with the officer of the watch."

The Chief Yeoman found the officer of the watch staring seaward through his glass.

"We've got the high-power glass on the Captain, sir. He hasn't made no signal and he's still running down to leeward. The weather don't look too good."

"He's brought her up into the wind now. I think he's coming back." Crombie turned a worried face towards the approaching storm. "I think I'll report to the Commander that it's coming on to blow."

"Aye, aye, sir. I've got a hand watching the skiff."

The Chief Yeoman turned and went forward. Crombie made his way to the Commander's cabin, knocked and entered. The Commander, who was asleep in the arm-chair with a book on his knees, opened his eyes at the knock, wide awake on the instant.

"It's coming on to blow a bit, sir, and the Captain's away sailing in the skiff. Shall I send the motor boat for him? He's a long way down to leeward."

The Commander rose to his feet, picked up his cap and telescope and stepped out of his cabin. He glanced to windward. "Where's the skiff?"

Crombie indicated her with his glass outstretched. "He said he'd signal if he wanted a tow back. He hasn't signalled."

The Commander said something under his breath. Forward the notes of the bugle were rousing sleeping men. "Call away the motor boat and send her down to the Captain." Heavy drops of rain began to patter on the awning overhead. The duty part of the watch were running aft with the awning tackles.

"Here it comes," muttered the Commander.

CAPTAIN LANSDALE, nursing the skiff to windward, perched on the weather gunwale with the sheet gripped in his left hand, saw the squall coming towards him. It was like a grey curtain of water that swallowed the island, blotted out the cruiser, and came rushing down on him with a roar like an express train. He brought the skiff's bows round to meet the squall, and for a moment she plunged in the trough of a sea, with her sail flapping and the sheet flogging to and fro. The fury of the approaching cataclysm daunted him for an instant. He thought to himself, "I'd better get the sail down and try and make some sort of a sea anchor." To reach the halliards he would have to relinquish the tiller . . . As he hesitated the universe changed into a pandemonium of shrieking wind and water. The next instant the skiff's sail filled and she heeled over, water frothing across the gunwale. Instinctively Captain Lansdale let the wet sheet slip through his hand and the boat spun round and went tearing before the wind. He held the sheet

(*Continued on page* 122)

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tight; there was nothing else to do: he'd just have to run before the squall till it blew itself out. If he left the tiller to get at the sail and lower it, the boat would broach to and capsize. It would be all right presently. The boat lurched forward drunkenly through the driving downpour. He saw that he must bail or the boat would become unmanageable. Water swilled about nearly to his knees, and he remembered he had nothing to bail with except his sun helmet. Holding the sheet and tiller in one hand, he contrived to get some of the water out of her, but presently the helmet turned to pulp and collapsed.

Contrary to his expectations, the squall did not blow itself out. His watch showed him presently that he had been running with the storm for over an hour and it was still blowing as hard as ever. Yet the water-logged boat seemed scarcely to move through the waves; it staggered to the crest of each successive sea, lurched forward down their slopes, lolled half-becalmed in the troughs. But he knew that he was in reality travelling fast, away from the island, away from his ship, in a roughly southerly direction.

He found in time that it took all his courage to look behind him in an endeavour to sight the island and get his bearings, but he could see nothing through the rain except immense pursuing seas.

Another hour passed. The rain gradually ceased. Captain Lansdale could see nothing but the foaming pursuit of the wave crests astern, and a grey tumultuous sky.

At that moment the wind shifted. The skiff was poised on the crest of a sea and the wind beat the wet sail back against the mast. She spun round broadside on to the seas, and then very deliberately, slowly, it seemed to Captain Lansdale, capsized.

"It's all right," he thought to himself, as he went under. "She has positive buoyancy. She'll float."

THE Commander ran forward to the bridge as the squall struck the ship. The rain obscured the island from sight and there was nothing he could get a bearing from, as he intended, to see if they were dragging. The signalmen had struggled into their oilskins and were staring down-wind at the driving deluge.

"Where was the skiff when you saw her last?"

The Chief Yeoman pointed to leeward with his telescope rather uncertainly.

"I suppose you didn't take a bearing of her?"

The Chief Yeoman admitted that he hadn't. The squall came so suddenly.

Keeling, from the end of the bridge, saw the crew of the motor boat crawling out along the lower boom, the wind beating at their oilskins. He snatched a megaphone out of the chart-house and shouted to the coxswain not to cast off. They must wait till the rain eased up a bit, till they could see better. Useless to send them away in this. Perhaps he'd better send an officer with them. He sent for Masters, the Sub, and gave him his orders. "See there's a compass in the boat and take your course on leaving the ship. Keep a look-out for reefs. I'll send a hand to the masthead when the visibility clears a bit and signal to you if we sight the skiff before you do."

Keeling never doubted that they would sight the skiff when the rain stopped. He assumed that the Captain had hauled down his sail when the squall struck him and just drifted. He had no idea of the size of the seas beyond the reefs, and, although slightly worried, did not feel any serious anxiety about his captain's safety. Keeling's attitude towards his superior was one of uncritical loyalty. His wife, he knew, did not like her husband's captain. She had said so as they were driving home from their first call. She gave no reason. That was Tansy all over: she seemed to get impressions of people through her skin. When he pressed her for a reason, she slid her hand into his and gave it a little squeeze. That meant he was to drop the subject, which he did.

He moved about the ship, busy with measures which the situation called for. The rain lessened after about twenty minutes, and he sent Masters off in the motor boat, giving him an approximate course to steer from the direction of the wind. Visibility gradually increased to nearly a mile. The island became visible as a grey smear to windward, and presently the cutter was visible, close reefed, wallowing back to the ship with the drenched picnic party.

Keeling returned to the bridge, and sent a signalman to the masthead with a pair of glasses. Every five minutes or so he took a bearing, and was reassured to find they were not dragging. Each time he turned from the binnacle, he glanced up at the look-out, clinging to the Jacob's ladder on the topmast. Gradually the visibility increased. He could see the motor boat plunging away down to leeward. They'd have a dusting coming back if the wind held at its present strength. He could see the surf breaking on the first line of reefs to the eastward. They ought to sight the skiff at any moment.

The cutter with the picnic party came alongside. Crombie had the falls rove and the lower deck cleared in readiness to hoist her and the other cutter lying at the boom. Keeling hoisted one, while Crombie took the other. The men, swarming along both batteries, had their faces turned seaward as they hauled on the cutters' falls. They raced one boat against the other, muttering amongst themselves about the fate of the skiff. The boats climbed swiftly to the davits' heads. "High enough! . ." "High enough! . . ." Crombie's shout echoed his. Keeling waited till the boats were secured and then went aft to the Navigator's cabin. He had been one of the picnic party, and was standing naked, rubbing himself with a towel.

"The skipper's adrift in the skiff somewhere down to leeward."

The Navigator stopped rubbing a tattooed arm and opened his eyes wide. "Where?"

"I don't know yet. Visibility's bad still. I've sent the motor boat for him and I've got a look-out aloft. How long do these squalls last?"

"Sometimes a few hours, sometimes longer. The glass was dropping slowly all the morning, but the sky was clear when I went ashore." Hasthorpe began to dress quickly. "Have you taken a bearing of the beach?"

"Yes. The hook's holding all right."

"It's good holding ground. I'll be up on the bridge in a jiffy."

Keeling went out. The rain had nearly stopped and he returned to the bridge. Visibility was improving, but it blew as hard as ever. The signalmen were scanning the grey expanse of foam-flecked sea through glasses.

"Well?" he asked expectantly. Nobody answered him.

His voice rose curtly. "Have you sighted the skiff?"

The Chief Yeoman turned a round, brick-red solemn face towards him. "There's nothing in sight, sir."

CAPTAIN LANSDALE rose gasping to the surface, swam a few strokes and grabbed the rudder lanyard. The skiff was floating bottom up, rising and falling on the waves that every now and again rushed seething over her. For some minutes he floated, holding on to the rudder. Presently it slipped from the inverted pintles, but remained secured to the skiff by the lanyard. The skiff had preserved a certain amount of buoyancy due to the air imprisoned in her, and Captain Lansdale, mindful of the possibility of sharks, contrived to pull himself on to the upturned keel. Some of the skiff's rigging was floating on the surface; he grabbed hold of the sheet and managed to pass it round the boat and secure it. It gave him something to hold on to. After a while he secured the end round his body and lay spreadeagled, clinging to the sheet.

"Now," he thought to himself, "I must just hang on like this

*(Continued on page 124)*

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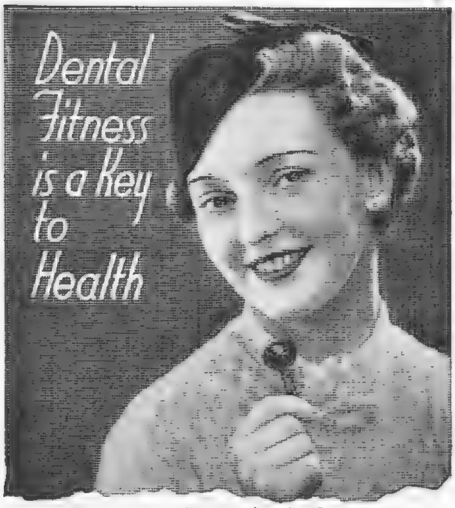

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and wait till I am picked up. The ship must have seen me by now, and the motor boat will be on its way. It's just a matter of sticking it." He lay watching the seas as they rushed towards him.

He was very cold and his mouth was dry and bitter. He had swallowed a good deal of salt water, and at intervals he was shaken by spasms of retching. He wondered how many hours of daylight were left, and discovered his watch had stopped at a quarter past five. Say a couple of hours' daylight. Plenty of time for them to find him. He closed his eyes and held his breath as a sea enveloped him. It occurred to him as he emerged from it and gulped fresh air into his lungs that the seas were too big for the motor boat. He must have been carried a long way out into the ocean. And now he was drifting on whatever current prevailed with that wind. He lay patiently, as if crucified, face downwards, trying to remember the force and direction of the currents.

He began to grow angry. It was outrageous that the ship hadn't sent for him by now. Surely the seas weren't too big for the motor boat. . . . Perhaps the motor boat had broken down. Then why didn't Keeling send a cutter? A cutter could live in that sea all right, reefed down. . . . Funny to think they could see him and he couldn't see the ship. But of course he couldn't, with his eye on a level with the water. He rose uncertainly to his knees, gripping the sheet, and tried to peer over the wave tops. He could only see a mile or two, whereas—he dropped to his prone position and lay shivering, his teeth chattering—whereas, from the masthead, a look-out would have a visibility. . . . His brain became busy with calculations. Of course they could see him. He might even be back in time to have his dinner party. A hot bath and a good stiff tot of whisky would put him right again. He began again to rise unsteadily to his knees. Heavens, how his eyes smarted! Was that boat never coming? He peered blinking through the spindrift, but saw only the brief tropical dusk sweeping over sea and sky.

HASTHORPE, the Navigator, came up to the bridge, glanced to leeward and entered the chart-house. He drew a chart out of a drawer, studied it for a while, and began to make calculations in a notebook. Keeling joined him.

"How much more daylight is there?"

The Navigator looked over his shoulder at the clock. "About an hour. What time was he lost sight of?"

Keeling told him. Hasthorpe twiddled a pair of dividers about the surface of the chart and made a little pencil dot on the surface of the paper. "Assuming he hauled his sail down when the squall struck him, he ought to be there." He carefully enclosed the dot with a circle, as if that settled the matter beyond any doubt.

Keeling leaned over the chart. "Well, he isn't or we'd see him. I've been to the masthead myself and I swear there's nothing in sight." His round, rather boyish face looked anxious. "Supposing he capsized."

"We'd still see him. The skiff would float."

Keeling went out on to the bridge. The motor boat was visible as a small speck at the limit of visibility. Through his glass he could see her rolling and plunging, seas breaking over her. Supposing she broke down. He daren't let her go any further in this wind. He turned away from the rail.

"Hoist the motor boat's recall," he said to the Chief Yeoman, and re-entered the chart-house. "I must get the motor boat back before dark. I've recalled her. D'you suppose the Captain ran before the squall?"

"Must have. Visibility's what? Four miles? He'd be out of sight. He'd be"—again the Navigator made a confident pencil mark—"here—about."

"We'd better raise steam. Can you take her out in the dark?"

Hasthorpe shook his head. "You're not supposed to approach this island at night on account of the currents. It's not lighted, you see. I could take her out as long as I could see the land, but not in the dark."

Keeling glanced at the yardarm where the flags recalling the motor boat were snapping in the wind.

"Motor boat's returning, sir. She's signalled nothing in sight," reported the Yeoman.

Keeling descended to the wardroom, where he found the Engineer-Commander playing bridge.

"Chief, how long do you want to raise steam for slow speed?"

"In an emergency? Three hours."

"That's no good. It'll be dark. The Pilot says he can't take her out in the dark. We'll have to weigh at dawn."

"Right ho!" The Engineer-Commander laid down his cards and rose from the table. The other three players sat with their eyes turned on the second-in-command. It seemed to Keeling as if they expected him to perform some sort of miracle—suddenly to produce the Captain in their midst alive and well. For an instant he felt overwhelmed by a sense of awful responsibility. Suppose the Navigator was wrong in his calculations. Suppose——

"What do you suppose happened to him?" asked the Captain of Marines in a sepulchral voice. The Engineer-Commander had gone from the mess. The remaining occupants sat eyeing Keeling in gloomy silence.

He answered in a sudden unexpected burst of irritability: "How the hell do I know?" and followed the Engineer-Commander out of the mess.

The bridge players sat fumbling with their cards in silence, as if rather ashamed to be doing nothing to help find the Captain, and at the same time aware there was nothing they could do.

On his way forward Keeling stepped into the Captain's cabin. Captain Lansdale's steward was moving about in it uncertainly, duster in hand.

"Shall I lay dinner for the Captain, sir?" he asked, fixing eyes like an anxious monkey's on Keeling's face. "D'you think he'll be back in time?"

Keeling felt as if they were playing a sort of game. "Hardly," he said. "Hardly in time for dinner. We're—we're going to sea directly it dawns to pick him up. I expect he'll be very cold. It's been raining so hard . . . We must have his bunk all ready, and hot-water bottles. . . ."

The steward brightened. "Yes, sir. And a nice hot cup of coffee."

Keeling stood irresolutely in the centre of the cabin. He must clear lower deck again presently and hoist the motor boat . . . prepare the ship for sea. . . . His eye rested on the bookshelf, where he observed the book Tansy had sent him as a birthday present. He remembered that to-day was his birthday, but the book had come a week ago. He had meant to have a singsong in the wardroom that evening and ask the Captain to come down. The Captain of Marines would have played the piano while they sang the old-fashioned naval ditties and chanties the Captain liked. . . . He thought it was a pity the Captain had no interests outside the Service. But then he himself had been like that until he married Tansy. It was she who introduced him to really good literature, taught him to appreciate good music and pictures, insisted on their meeting lots of people, other than Naval officers, and widened all his interests. He turned and went out on to the upper deck.

DAWN came out of a pearly sky, cold and stainless as a sword-blade severing night from day.

Captain Lansdale raised his head from the keel of the skiff and blinked towards the east. He was too stiff and numb to move more of his body; even the effort to raise his head seemed to demand a lot of what strength he had left after the interminable night.

The light grew stronger and he saw that the storm had passed. The skiff was rising and falling on a (*Continued on page 126*)

*When a woman poses for a portrait she naturally tries to look her best (see left). But with a snapshot she's often caught unawares (see below). 7 out of 10 women, when you see them off their guard, look dull and tired. That's Night Starvation.*

# Night Starvation ruins a Woman's Looks

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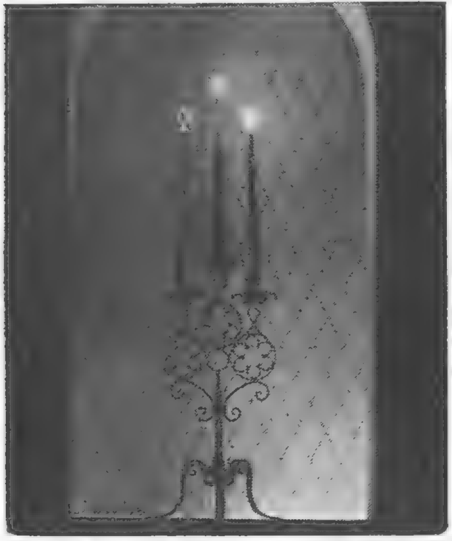

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CVS—20

smooth swell beneath a sky slowly turning from grey to pale turquoise.

The primrose in the east changed to rose, tinting the slopes of the swell with mother-of-pearl. The gold became fire and the dazzling sun rose above the horizon. For a while Captain Lansdale lay motionless in the horizontal beams, feeling the warmth flowing through his benumbed body. Gradually strength and feeling returned. His hands were flayed and bleeding from the rope he had gripped all night and hurt excessively, but as the sun rose higher and he stretched his cramped limbs in its heat he realised that there was nothing else the matter with him. His eyes smarted and he was intolerably thirsty, but he felt no other ill-effects from the strain of the night.

His spirits rose, and after a while he contrived to get to his feet, holding the lashing after the manner of a surf-rider, and stood upright. From the tops of successive seas he surveyed the expanse of heaving ocean in all directions, shading his eyes with his lacerated hand. There was nothing in sight.

He sat down again. In the shock of the disappointment his weakness returned. His limbs trembled. He was seized by a fit of childish hysterical anger. "Damn them!" he shouted, and beat his fists on the boat. "Where are they? Why don't they come and find me? Damn them all! Damn them all!" The futile sound of his voice in the lonely immensity of the sea and sky suddenly shocked him. He mustn't lose control of himself. He must be patient. It was just a question of time . . . Perhaps the skiff was caught in some uncharted current, and they were searching in another point of the compass. Even so, he couldn't have drifted very far. They had only to draw a circle with a radius of, say, ten miles . . . That gave an area of—he occupied himself working out the problem, ignorant of the fact that all night he had been borne by an unknown current at nearly four knots in the exactly opposite direction to that in which the ship had proceeded in search of him.

The hours passed and the sun climbed steadily towards its zenith. The heat beat down on him, reflected brassily from the surface of the water. To protect his head from sunstroke he made a clumsy turban out of his jacket. His thirst became acute torment, and periodically he rose unsteadily to scan the empty horizon with bloodshot eyes.

Lowering his eyes from one of these fruitless surveys, just as he was about to resume his sitting posture, he saw a blue shadow beneath the surface of the water. It moved slowly, circling the upturned skiff, while Captain Lansdale watched it in horrified fascination. After a while it moved nearer the surface and continued to encircle him. He could make it out quite plainly, a shark about twelve feet long. So clear was the water that he could see its black eyes watching him, the graceful, effortless undulations of its tail.

The shark presently turned towards the skiff and passed beneath it. For a moment it was invisible to Captain Lansdale, but he was left in no doubt what its intention was. The boat suddenly heeled, very nearly precipitating him into the water. His extemporised turban fell into the water and floated slowly away.

The shark reappeared, accompanied by a second one. Glancing towards his floating coat, Captain Lansdale saw a third shark swimming slowly round it. He hastily resumed a squatting position, and presently the skiff jarred and heeled over again. He clung desperately to the lashing, peering down into the water. He could count five of the brutes slowly patrolling round him.

The sun blazed down with savage heat; the swell gradually subsided and the surface of the sea reflected the sun's rays like polished brass. Captain Lansdale, clinging to the lashing, expecting at any moment to be precipitated into the water by a sudden lurch of the skiff, felt as if he were being grilled alive.

It was some time in the afternoon that the bird arrived. Its shadow, passing over the upturned skiff, attracted Captain Lansdale's attention. He looked up and saw it soaring above him in slow circles, apparently examining him intently. He crouched, watching it, and the bird rose with a few strokes of its pinions and continued to circle lazily overhead. Several hours elapsed. He lay outstretched along the keel in a semi-conscious state, mechanically clutching the lashing. The sharks had apparently decided that they could not precipitate him into the water, and were swimming quietly backwards and forwards just below the surface. He had forgotten them, forgotten his whereabouts and all hopes of rescue. What consciousness remained in him held bitter thirst, the slow torture of sunburn and overwhelming fatigue. In this state, on the borderland of oblivion, he heard the sound of wings, felt a rush of air and simultaneously a searing pain above his temple. He sat up, blood streaming down his face. The bird had struck at him and soared again. It continued to circle overhead, looking down at him with its green eyes.

He had no idea what kind of bird it was. In his light-headedness, he was not even sure it was a bird. It came nearer, as if meditating another swoop. He wiped the blood from his eyes, and brandished his arms, fighting the hallucinations of sunstroke. The bird uttered a thin cry. It sounded like a note of derisive laughter.

"Go away!" he shouted. "Go away! This is your fault. You drove me here!" His voice rose almost to a scream. This was no bird hovering over him. It had long thin fingers tipped with crimson, hooked to strike at him again. "Leave me alone!" he bawled.

The sun declined towards the horizon, fusing sea and sky in a blazing effulgence of light. The sharks passed to and fro beneath the upturned skiff. The bird circled watchfully above it, biding its time. Presently it was joined by others, concentrating from outer space upon the floating speck that was Captain Lansdale, gesticulating with his fists and babbling about a book.

THE look-out, perched precariously on a boatswain's stool at the foretopmast-head, lowered his glasses and looked down at the ship to rest his eyes.

They had been looking for the Captain since dawn, but as the hours passed and there was no sign of the skiff, the gloom on the messdeck deepened, and by tea time the word went round that likely as not she had sunk and the Captain eaten by sharks.

They liked the Captain. He was fair to everybody and you knew where you were with him, even at the defaulters' table, where you got all there was coming to you. A bit hard, but straight.

The look-out could see the Commander and Navigator on the compass platform below. They were leaning over the chart-table, and the officer of the watch stood by the binnacle with his glasses raised to his eyes. Presently the sun would set and it would be dark. Then what would they do? There was a buzz forward that the Commander and the Navigator had had words on the bridge. It was about currents which the Navigator said weren't in the book nor marked on the chart, so how was he to know? The Commander said it was his blasted job to know, and there they'd been all day searching to the sou'west when for all they knew the skiff was drifting nor'east. So to and fro they went and now they were heading into the sunset. How could anybody see anything in that flaming light? . . .

The look-out shifted his position a little and resumed his scrutiny of the horizon. Far above him and a little ahead of the ship a large bird was flying swiftly towards the sunset. He wondered where it was making for, and presently got it in the focus of his glasses. A whacking great bird with a kind of a hook at the end of its beak. Maybe it was an eagle; or an albatross. The look-out was not much of an ornithologist. But through the glasses he presently saw some more. They were all flying into the aching glare of the sunset. *(Continued on page 128)*

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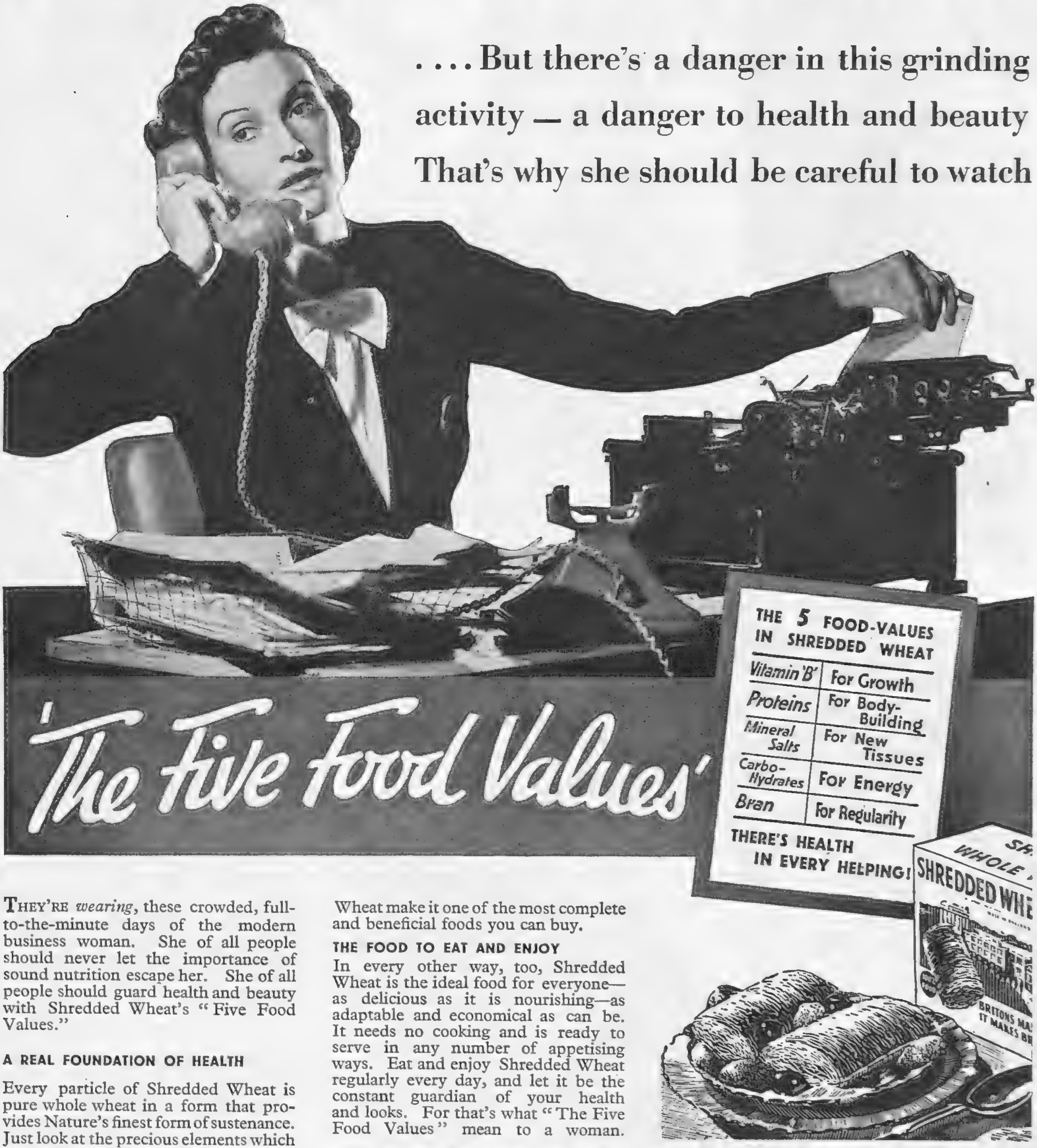

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One of the most disturbing things that anyone can experience is the feeling that some abnormal condition in the stomach may mean an operation. The hours of sickening dread that follow will drag down your vitality, and reduce your natural power to resist the development of the disorder.

When you think of the mental and physical agony that may creep on you in these conditions, you will understand the great relief it means to have the digestive trouble checked and removed in quite a simple way. That is what happened to Mr. F. G. B., of Bradford, whose own words give just a glimpse at the terrifying experience he went through. He says:

" During the last four years I have had two operations for Ulcers on the stomach. I have just had a bad attack and was afraid of being in for another operation, but after trying a bottle of your powder my fears have gone. I am writing to thank you. I shall always look on Maclean Brand Stomach Powder as a godsend."

Every doctor knows the value of the famous Maclean Brand Stomach Powder for all cases of stomach disorder. Its gentle, laxative, action, its cleansing, restorative and protective properties, make it most dependable in serious as well as in milder cases. But you should never neglect what you think is trivial stomach pain. That is where danger lies. Take a few doses of the original MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder at once. You can get it in powder or tablet form, but you must be sure that the signature " ALEX. C. MACLEAN " is on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- or 5/-.

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## The Commander's Wife

There must be something . . . He crinkled up his eyes, trying to see. Five minutes passed; he had lost sight of the birds. Then he saw a speck in the dazzle and lost it again. He rubbed his eyes with his finger and tried once more. Must have been his imagination.

There it was! Seaweed? A bird? No. It was some object or another. A little black speck. He bent down, cupping his hand round his mouth and bawled with all the strength of his lungs:

" Object fine on the port bow, sir! "

It was the shout the whole ship had been waiting for all day. He saw all the glasses on the bridge directed towards the sunset. They wouldn't see anything for a minute. The men on the forecastle rushed to the port rails: men came scrambling up the hatchways in every variety of dress and undress. A ragged sound of cheering floated up to him, died away, and was presently renewed in a great roar of voices . . .

Captain Lansdale lay in his bunk listening to the faint tinkle of the wardroom piano. It was evening and he supposed they were having a sing-song after dinner. It was the fifth day since his rescue, and although he still felt weak and disinclined for mental effort, he thought he would persuade the doctor to take him off the sick list in the morning.

He would have to report the occurrence to the Commander-in-Chief, without, of course, imputing any blame to anyone. His private opinion was that the Navigator was largely responsible for the delay in finding him; although it was undeniable that there were currents in those waters whose strength and direction were a completely unknown quantity. However, when he was off the sick list he would investigate the matter.

It was possible, of course, that he himself had been to blame to some extent. He had held on down-wind too long. A minor aspect of the matter. He was perfectly free to go away in one of his own ship's boats for a sail on a make-and-mend afternoon. . . . His head began to ache again, but his thoughts revolved relentlessly round the circle of cause and effect. He was a free agent: why had he chosen to go away sailing on that particular afternoon? He might as well face the facts squarely. He had gone out of the ship because he had been driven out of it. Driven out of it by thoughts he was trying to escape from: thoughts occasioned by a book he was reading . . .

The sound of young men's voices singing drifted through the wardroom scuttles and reached him where he lay plucking at the sheet.

" *Now first there came the Captain's wife*
*And she was dressed in blue,*
*And in one corner of her hat she carried*
*the galley's crew.*"

It was years since he had sung that meaningless old chanty with its endless verses: not since he was a midshipman in a gunroom. He had even forgotten how it went on, and strained his ears, listening.

" *For she was one of the fair ones,*
*One of the rollicking crew.*"

His hand moved slightly, as though beating time to the rhythm of the song. The voices died away as the verse ended, and swelled again.

" *And then there came the Commander's wife*
*And she was dressed in check . . .*"

Check. That would suit her slender figure, and her queer, resentful eyes . . . Captain Lansdale had ceased beating time with his hand. His fingers strayed to the scarcely healed scar above his brow.

There was a knock at the door and the Commander entered. His friendly, guileless smile held a faint solicitude.

" I came to see how you were this evening, sir. I hope the singing isn't disturbing you."

" Not a bit," replied Captain Lansdale. " I hardly noticed it, as a matter of fact. I am glad you came in. I had just remembered that I still have a book you lent me. It is in my day cabin. Will you take it when you go? "

Keeling passed through the curtained doorway into the day cabin and returned with the book. He had opened it at the fly-leaf and stood looking at it with a smile.

" I sometimes pull my wife's leg about her name," he said. " Tansy."

" The name of a herb, isn't it? " asked Captain Lansdale, staring at the rivets in the plating overhead.

" Yes. A gardening book at home says: 'Is sometimes used as a bitter medicine.' " He chuckled at this humorous aspect of his wife's name. " She sent me this for my birthday."

" Did she? "

Keeling thought his Captain sounded fatigued, and prepared to take his departure. " That scar is healing nicely, sir."

" Yes," concurred Captain Lansdale.

Again his fingers strayed over the wound. Keeling wished him good night and left the cabin, closing the door softly behind him.

When he was alone Captain Lansdale reached for the shaving mirror beside his bunk and examined the scar. As the Commander had said, it was healing nicely. The shape of it was like an exclamation mark.

End

## Pantomime

(*Continued from page* 17)

" Certainly, Shifter, certainly."

He drew the stick from under his arm and walked on. It had been a kindly thought that had prompted Shifter's invitation, but somehow recognition of that could not assuage the Marquis's irritation. The fellow had meant well, but his air had been a shade too familiar. It came no doubt through his own fault of associating too frequently with the customers in the four-ale bar. But if one's means were limited, then, one could not so readily choose companionship, and Heaven knew he knew the pangs of loneliness. It was pleasant to sit in his own especial corner of the " Four Horses " and listen to the news of the day. It was surely excusable, even for one in his exalted position, to share a little in such innocent companionship. Then again, often they would hang on his own words, while he described the wide river valley of his own distant land; the sun-drenched vineyards and the beetling forests beyond the hills; the rocky crags where still the eagles ranged, the glittering cascading streams, the wooden chalets and the grey drifting smoke, the dusty southern roads and the bright-eyed peasants. La belle France . . . la belle France. . . .

He turned into the lane that led to his cottage. The perspiration was beading his forehead, so he swept his hat from his head. His long white hair gleamed in the strong sun. The swift walk for once had exhausted him and there were little red specks dancing before his eyes. Then, as footsteps passed he heard a tittering. The words followed quickly:

" Might just have stepped out of a French farce."

The Marquis drew himself up and looked about him. A man and a woman in khaki shorts and with rucksacks on their backs were receding down the hill. They were still laughing and the woman looked back and nudged her companion.

The Marquis wanted to shout after them, to command them to halt and repeat their words and then at the point of his stick, be made to swallow them. Only his lips were dry and his mouth seemed filled with dust, and before he could act, those insulting strangers had swung round the corner and were out of sight. He mopped his forehead and plodded on.

The interior of " Mon Repos " was dark, with all its windows shuttered. Only from the half-open doorway a spear of light thrust inwards, striking the base of the grandfather clock.

The Marquis sat at the deal table, covered with its check linen cloth, his elbows resting and the tips of his fingers pressed together. He had no inclination to open the shutters and let in the warm bright light. Here, in the enveloping scented shadows, he could better think. He thought of his brief journey into the town and of his return.

Up along. Up along. That was how it was. A long, long hill and the footsteps falling. Now he was home, but the memories were clear enough. Spendle saying, "*How?*" Then the man at the "Ship and Anchor": "You don't look yourself." Then Shifter by the post office, handling his ten-shilling note: "Just drawn my weekly money." Then, farther up the hill, those strangers: "Might just have stepped out of a French farce." What did it mean, all these things coming together? Was everyone to-day looking upon him with a strangely discerning, unfamiliar eye?

A shadow flickered across the door, cut across the shaft of sunlight, as two birds crossed. Thereafter the room was very still. The Marquis's hand went up to his cheek and the fingers fumbled there. It was a trick of his when he was panicky and one of which he'd tried to cure himself when in public.

"They are too much for me," said the Marquis.

It was, for him, an astonishing admission. He had thought so often of defeat that now the fear of it was seldom expressed. Even to play with such an idea was dangerous. But there was no doubt what was happening to him, he was losing his nerve. And the moment he realised the fact, he lost it completely. The icy hand about his heart closed. He began to tremble. His chin dropped forward as his head sagged. His hands fell limp upon the table cover. For so long had he contrived and spun the woof of his life into its insecure texture that now the fabric must fall apart, a ragged tangle of dropped stitches and hasty patchings. He could feel the life running out of him now as sand smoothly runs through an hour-glass.

He thought of all the people he had deceived and his memories went back many years. He was a boy in Normandy and running over the cobbles of the street, barefooted, to snatch a crust from the dust-bin of Monsieur Fournier who ran the Café de Centre. The soles of his feet were as tough as leather and the crust had proved as tough. The memories came in little clear-cut pictures, one after another. He was selling papers on the quayside at Dieppe and the November wind was biting. It took courage to face the bitter evening for a few sous; but then he had always had courage. Memories of women came and faded. Only one remained, Lisette with her flaxen hair and guileless smile. He was bidding *au revoir* to her the night he joined the army for his three years' service. He would be back soon. The months would pass so very quickly. He saw the lines of white tents at Voulanders and heard the bugles sounding réveillé. Dieppe again, another windy, rainy afternoon and his madness at the news of Lisette, gone with a tinker to the south. Then Paris to join a regiment as a regular. Toulouse . . . Metz . . . Egypt . . . Morocco . . . sand and sun and tempest, and the hard dreary life of soldiering. A corporal now and his red moustache waxed and fierce. Comradeship and hardship and no goal in sight. Only sometimes a fiery envy of the young officers with their silver spurs and high brocaded shakoes. Sons of the great nobles, sons of the morning. Later, a decoration and the General's moustache brushing his cheeks. A great day that. . . . Marseilles and the Quartier with the pianos thumping all down Figuer de Cassis Street, the poules in the doorways, the Zouaves and the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the lights and the gleaming eyes and the bare shoulders of the dancing girls. And then, of course, the accident.

Memory of that was as hazy now as it had been then. A woman with tousled hair and the linen of her bodice torn . . . a negro with rolling eyes and his big lips back over his white hound's teeth . . . and then of a sudden, for a woman was still a woman despite the Quartier, the sudden quarrel and the drawing of a knife. Where had he found the knife? (*Continued on page* 130)

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*Write for free cookery book*

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IMPROVED OVEN GLASS

CLEAR *ana stays* CLEAR

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B & E

Whose was it? They had made point of that at the trial. How the hours had dragged in the dingy courtroom. There had never, it seemed, been any real question as to how it would all end. He was standing in the dock, gripping the polished rail and his eyes were fixed on a gas flare at the far end of the crowded room. The judge was speaking. It had not seemed to matter much what he said. The scene changed. There was heat all about him, intolerable, overpowering, and cheek by jowl, evil faces and sweating bodies and the angry voice of the guard. . . . Devil's Island . . . it was madness to seek for memories there.

One year, two, three, four years. They were letting him go. He could stay on the mainland or return to Europe, but not to France. And then that letter. He had it still, carefully guarded. It lay with his medal. The medal had saved him. It had been a very good thing that he had saved his Colonel from the ministrations of the Bedouins so long ago. And it was rare in life to find true gratitude. The Governor had explained the matter briefly, lucidly. An annuity of two pounds a week for life. Even the Governor had realised the justice of that belated award.

And so he had come, as many another outcast, to England and the good people had tolerated him. He had worked in Soho, wine-waiter to the Café Parisien, and in those days the tips had been plentiful enough. And the years had rolled smoothly on, till a chance holiday trip took him south and he saw for the first time the Dorset hills and the blue water of Monckton Bay. In a little time Soho was a thing of the past and "Mon Repos" was built, and then the great lie had begun.

He could scarcely remember the day of its birth, if ever there had been one especial day. Rather the idea had grown insidiously, only becoming an apparent reality when it was too late to destroy an illusion too ingeniously produced. A chance word here and there: an over-fearful covering-up of his past: an urgency to move amongst those of good repute. Vanity; vanity, heightened and strengthened with the ease which people, these unimaginative, kind English people, would believe what they were told.

He had hinted at first of great possessions and of a great name. Then he had chosen the name. Then he had named his house of fantasy, given it lawns and peacocks and terraces. He had basked in his dreams beneath the great cedar on the lawn, had lain between the cambric sheets of the great four-poster. He had ridden at morning tide his white Arab through the clanging, noble iron gates of the drive and fed the carp in the lily pond at evening. And the dreams had become more real than the benches in the "Four Horses": the red sails of the fleet at sea; the very bricks of "Mon Repos." And with the years he had grown more bold. He had boasted openly and the little world of Monckton Pyne had believed.

There had been, moreover, a practical side to all this. They had given him credit. The little tradesman had hesitated to force an issue in the face of such an aristocratic mien. The legend had grown, had been accepted.

He had himself grown accustomed to his own assurances. All would be well. His debts were negligible. Wrapped round in his fairy cloak he would pass amongst them all, free from molestation, above suspicion, and of great repute.

Then this morning, Mr. Spendle, who was shrewd and calculating and a newcomer to the legend, had snapped: "How?"

Well, if this was the end, it must be properly contrived. He had staged his act and carried it through magnificently. He had held his audience to the very end and the applause had been sweet music over the footlights. He must ring down the curtain. But the thought was intolerable. He did not wish to leave the stage and thread his way into the dark streets beyond. And what lay beyond? Silence and darkness and the loneliness of eternity. He could take no more his noontide walk and sup his beer and hear the talk of the mackerel shoaling in the bay. He could not step amongst his flowers and feel the sunshine warm upon his skin. He would see Silver Street no more, nor stop for a chat and a cheerful word, and hear with pleasure: "There goes the Marquis."

Oh! vanity of vanities. All was vanity. And in the end naught but dust and ashes in the mouth; for he was not ready to go. He did not want to die, for the long last days were good and mellow like old wine. And as for the Spendles of this world and those other creditors, should they really grudge him his very little debts? Were they not amply rewarded by the pleasure of his company and their gratifications in knowing so illustrious a member of so ancient a line? No, when the sum total of all these things should come to be worked out, debt and credit would balance. Who should have heart to deny an old man his peace of mind and his vanities?

He knew the answer at once: everybody. They would rise up against him, not in the fury of those lost pennies, but because they had been fooled.

*Alors, c'est finis.* He had been a great actor, but now his lines were gone. It remained, then, only to find a fitting conclusion. It must appear as an accident. There must be no suggestion of self-destruction, to weaken the final exit. Nor must any of those, whom he counted friends, suffer shock. He must pass away suddenly, a victim to the blind fate, so that they could say: "Ah! poor fellow! He was taken in his prime. Such a romantic figure."

Very well, then; there was a ten-shilling note in his pocket. That would suffice. He would take train to Exeter and somewhere on the journey he could fall from the carriage.

He rose to his feet and was not surprised to find he moved unsteadily. He felt weak and tired and there was a pain behind his eyes. He groped for his hat and placed it on his head with a hand that shook. He was mouthing his lips in the manner of the very old and the shoulders beneath the long black coat seemed to have fallen in. He paused at the threshold, his fingers on the latch, drawing in his breath deeply before he ventured forth into the strong sunlight.

Then, surprisingly and suddenly a motor-car drove into the lane leading to "Mon Repos," and backing furiously came to a standstill by the porch.

The Marquis was so surprised that he flung open the door and stepped into the blazing sunlight. The car was but a few feet from the garden border and one wheel had crushed a bed of delphiniums. Two women were in the front seat and they were talking rapidly, excitedly. The Marquis gazed in astonishment, for he knew no ladies who might call upon him, and these ladies were beautifully dressed and of striking appearance.

"We'll chance it here," said one, and without further ado both scrambled out. A very elegant leg in a silken stocking flashed before the Marquis's eyes, and then he was face to face with the intruders.

He swept his hat from his head and held it to his breast as he bowed, but he had seen in that second two lovely faces, one crowned with raven hair, the other with golden; two pairs of bright eyes, two pairs of smiling lips.

"Mesdames?" he murmured and inclined his head again.

"Say, do you live here?"

"But, yes, this is my home."

"My friend's ill"—it was the dark lady speaking. He judged her to be in the early thirties. "Can you give us a glass of water?"

"Of course. Will you please come in?"

They entered briskly and as they passed him the dress of the younger woman brushed against his legs and a faint and subtle perfume was exhaled about him. The Marquis laid his hat on the bench of the porch and propped up his stick in a corner. Then, settling the lapels of his coat, he followed them in.

Both women had taken seats by his table. Their assurance and self-confidence were both surprising and pleasing. The Marquis bowed again.

"If you will excuse me for one moment."

(Continued on page 132)

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"This is real good of you."

"It is a pleasure, Mademoiselle."

He bustled off into the kitchen, filled a pitcher with water, and placed glasses on a tray. When he returned the older of the women was standing by her companion. She was talking again rapidly and in undertones and golden hair was nodding her head vehemently in argument.

"I'd know 'em anywhere."

The Marquis caught the words as he laid the tray on the table.

"May I help you ?"

The girl who was seated raised her face. It was a remarkably pretty face, soft and alluring.

"It's a shame to bother you," she said. "But we've been driving far and pretty fast and the heat—well, there it is."

She sipped the water.

"I am afraid I have nothing stronger in the house," said the Marquis.

"How could you have ? Say, what a charming cottage this is."

"I am glad you like it. It suits my purpose very well."

"And you live here all the year round ?"

"All the year round."

She sipped at the water again.

"Is it always as quiet as this ?"

"Always."

The two women exchanged glances.

"You were just passing through ?" ventured the Marquis.

There was a pause. Then the dark lady nodded decisively.

"Just passing through. We're on our way——"

"Touring," said golden hair. "Say, we ought to introduce ourselves—don't you do that in England ? This is my cousin Mrs. van Huyt and my name is Belle Wynter."

"I am honoured," said the Marquis. "For my part I am the Marquis de Falleroy Montignac-Caston."

"Now isn't that just too cute," exclaimed Miss Wynter.

The Marquis raised his eyebrows. He was a little at a loss.

"She means," said Mrs. van Huyt, "that we're tickled to death to meet a real Marquis in the flesh and blood." She smiled bewitchingly. "We're Americans."

"Indeed, indeed," said the Marquis. "I am overwhelmed."

The door of the cottage swung wider as it responded to a stirring of the summer air. From outside came the sound of a passing car, its klaxon horn screaming discordantly. Miss Wynter made a sudden movement and the glass fell over on the table She jumped to her feet, shaking the water from her frock, while the Marquis produced a large white handkerchief. He knelt at her side, dabbing the silken material solicitously. Over his bowed white head Mrs. van Huyt gestured to her cousin, her finger at her scarlet lips and her eyes aslant as she listened intently. The klaxon sounded again more distantly. Mrs. van Huyt's dark eyes softened, and a little smile curved her lips. Then, for a second her regard was steady on Miss Wynter and strangely full of meaning. That look of understanding seemed to hold them for a full moment, while the Marquis murmured a thousand apologies for an accident which was no fault of his.

"It is only water," said the Marquis. "It will not stain."

Miss Wynter studied the dark patch, standing upright and with her long slim legs moulded behind the thin dress. The Marquis hastily arose to his feet.

"I would like," said the Marquis—for a sudden and illuminating idea had occurred to him—"to make a suggestion."

He smoothed back his hair as Mrs. van Huyt took a seat by the grandfather clock.

"Water," said the Marquis, "is a poor restorative. If you would excuse me for a moment—it is only across the road——" He stepped briskly towards the door.

"A little sherry," said the Marquis, and with another quick bow, was gone.

His movements were sure and full of energy as he walked down the lane and made for the "Four Horses." Old Squiller, behind his bar, stared at him with open surprise as he entered. It was the first time Squiller had seen the Marquis without his hat. Two labourers crouched in the ingle-nook, over bread and cheese and cider, nodded and bade him "good morning." The Marquis greeted them almost curtly, for his mind was elsewhere.

"I will take," he said, "half a bottle of sherry, Mr. Squiller. Please to wrap it up for me."

Two minutes later he was back in "Mon Repos," attacking the bottle with a corkscrew, and the change of his last ten-shilling note in his pocket.

He poured out the wine, apologising for the tumblers, while the two women made faintly protestingly polite noises at his generosity.

"Say, you shouldn't have gone to all that trouble," said Miss Wynter.

"It was no trouble," said the Marquis. "It is the very least I can do when I am so honoured with the presence of ladies. And my age, I think, permits me the liberty of adding, two beautiful ladies."

Miss Wynter turned her face up to him. Her lips were parted and her eyes very wide open and bright.

"You're sweet," she said. "Oh, Daisy, isn't he sweet?"

"Swell," said Mrs. van Huyt.

The Marquis had no option but to bow again. The frankness of the ladies and their use of so unfamiliar an adjective, when applied to himself, perturbed him a little, but at the same time gratified. As he had rightly stated, his age and eminence gave him a freedom of manner and right of a bestowal of small flatteries such as he loved to give, and loved still better to see received with the correct amount of expostulation. The whole affair, indeed, arising as it had done so suddenly and astonishingly, was putting new heart into him. It was in the nature of an unexpected scene, needing surprisingly no rehearsal, interlarded just at the right time, before the fall of the curtain. He would carry with him, into the great void, a latest and dearest memory of two charming ladies and their remembered fragrance would mingle even with the chilly winds of the Styx. Therefore, like the condemned man who can choose his last dish, so now he revelled in this heaven-sent opportunity. To-morrow would never come; there would be no to-morrow. But to-day was burning bright with a three-and-sixpenny bottle of sherry.

"The wine, I hope," he said, "is to your taste."

Both ladies again said: "Swell."

"My doctor," said the Marquis, lying magnificently, "has practically forbidden me alcohol lately. That is why my cellar is depleted. This wine has bouquet, but I have known better."

He finished his glass, then refilled all three.

"In my youth, in my home, we made our own wine."

"Gee," said Miss Wynter. "I'd like to take a stab at that. Do you remember, Daisy, the synthetic gin that guy Dolong used to make out of ether. You just went to sleep and thought you were plastered."

"Four thousand acres of vineyards," said the Marquis.

"And they all belonged to your poppa?"

"They were part—only part, of course—of the family estates."

Mrs. van Huyt lit a cigarette.

"Say, you must miss all that."

"I have my dreams, dear young lady," said the Marquis. "I have my dreams."

Miss Wynter glanced at her wrist-watch. She nodded across at Mrs. van Huyt.

"Why, Lordy, how time goes!"

"We'd best be getting along," said Mrs. van Huyt.

The sherry inside the Marquis suddenly tasted bitter.

"But must you hurry"?

"We ought to be going."

"Ah! Please—"

He thought desperately, urgently. They must not go yet. He had hardly spoken with them. He had so much to tell, so much he needed to

(*Continued on page 134*)

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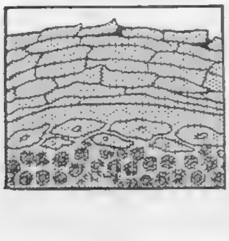

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express, and there was so little time left. The years stretched ahead for them, but for him remained but a few hours.

"We've got a long way to go," said Miss Wynter.

And as she spoke the klaxon horn of a passing car sounded for the second time. There was an abrupt silence in the cottage, while the Marquis looked from one intent face to the other.

"Well, perhaps we'll stay just for a few minutes, then," said Mrs. van Huyt.

The Marquis rubbed his hands together in his joy. His eyes twinkled.

"A little lunch," he said.

"Oh! no, really."

"I insist. It will take but five minutes. An omelette, some coffee."

He would have none of their protestations, which were, in truth, but half in earnest. Sufficient unto his pleasure that they would stay, and turn this chance encounter into a charming episode. There were, by the good grace of Heaven, six eggs left, a new loaf and a quarter of a pound of butter.

He mixed the eggs with a reckless abandon of one who sees six breakfasts disappear in one wild orgy. What matter now, when this companionship and gentle laughter and gay words were with him. But before they sat down to the meal, he stepped across to old Squiller again.

"Please to give me," he said, "a bottle of that red wine on the shelf."

"Ay," said old Squiller, as he dusted the bottle. "Be you celebrating, sir"?

"I am," said the Marquis.

He returned with a bottle of claret. At the door, he remembered the fare to Exeter was five shillings. Well, he would have to find another way out, that was all. As for the present, eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow——

It was an excellent meal. He had learnt, in the old, unhappy days of Soho, the art of omelettes. Moreover, the bread was freshly baked and the crust was crisp. He washed the tumblers clean of sherry and drank the claret in half-glass. They ended with coffee, strong and steaming hot.

"My! That was good," said Miss Wynter. "Say, who'd ever guess we'd eat with a Marquis that cooked his own eggs!"

"Don't you let her tease you," said Mrs. van Huyt, and laid her hand on the Marquis's sleeve. He patted her hand.

"She is not teasing me, dear lady. And if she was I should be delighted. I am poor, but who should be ashamed of that? I know that in my veins the blood that runs there still has its pride. And so, come well, come ill, I am still what I am. That is true, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"You bet," said Miss Wynter.

"I can remember," said the Marquis, warming to his task, "the dinners my father gave, that I gave in my turn. Three cooks, my dear young ladies, and footmen at the head of the table. Such food, such wines. Served in the glasses that came from Venice and on the gold plates. Yes, the very plate that Marie Antoinette once used in Versailles. And the table linen, it was white as snow; and the orchids in the centre."

"Some party," said Miss Wynter.

"Indeed, yes," said the Marquis. "And then when I was older and had reached man's estate, there were dinners for my fellow officers of my regiment. Twenty, thirty, forty at a time. Ah! the talk and the wit and the quarrels. For we fought at times. A hasty word, a woman's name—and then, *alors!* The sabre crossed in the moonlight on the duelling ground. I have killed my man, not once, nor twice—but let us forget that."

"Bumped 'em off, eh?" said Miss Wynter.

"Indeed, yes," said the Marquis. She might have spoken in Japanese for all he cared. His dreams were blinding him, deafening him.

"There," he said, "I learnt, for the first time, to love. There was, beyond the north wing of the château, a little path that led down marble steps, from the great terrace with its statues. It led past a high yew hedge, so dark and tall, it was itself like a castle wall. Then, of a sudden, it slipped through a little archway of boughs, and there were more steps that led to the carp pond and the rose garden. Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, the starlight on the water and the lilies asleep upon their great round leaves, like babes upon a woman's heart.

"I dream of that place, my country, my home. There were four great turrets to the chateau and a slender little spire from the chapel. The gates were of iron with granite posts, and eagles on top with outspread wings. You went through the gates, down the long drive between the trees. On the right were the lawns, to the left the country fell away to a great precipice. Down below the river lay, and always there was sunshine, with sometimes big clouds rolling across the blue sky and spreading wide shadows over the vineyards. Such days. Such nights.

"And the castle is still there, Marquis ?"

"Yes. The Château Montignac-Caston, near Carcassonne. My castle."

"Carcassonne ?" said Miss Wynter.

"Yes, my dear young lady."

"I know it."

"You know what ?" said the Marquis, forgetting his manners, in his surprise.

"The Château. Gee, Daisy, we were there last year, after that show-down at Monte."

"You know my castle ?" said the Marquis.

"Sure we do," said Mrs. van Huyt. "We've never been over it, but we've seen it from the outside. Just as you describe it."

"Yes," said Miss Wynter, "we looked through, and there was an old guy right way up the drive on a white horse. Say, was it you" ?

The Marquis stroked his beard.

"A white horse, you said ?"

"With a long mane," said Miss Wynter.

"And a flowing tail," said Mrs. van Huyt.

"He looked like a king."

"He wore a long, black riding coat. Now, isn't that strange ?"

"Yes," said the Marquis.

Miss Wynter clapped her hands.

"If this isn't the cutest thing. What a lovely day we've had."

Mrs. van Huyt leant forward.

"You should go back there."

The Marquis shook his head sadly.

"I should have no welcome there. I am not wanted."

"It's a shame," said Miss Wynter.

Mrs. van Huyt again touched the Marquis's sleeve. He turned and looked at her. And it seemed to him, then, that for the shortest space of time he saw beyond her powder and painted lips and eyelashes with thick heavy mascara. It was like a mask falling away, and her dark eyes were grave and wide. Nor did she look so very young. It was as if she had drawn aside a little curtain and for the moment he caught a glimpse of those secret, inner places of her mind, a little secret room, where she kept the symbols of her sorrows and past joys.

"But you can dream," she said softly. "Never let anyone steal your dreams away—I think sometimes they are the only things that last."

She rose to her feet.

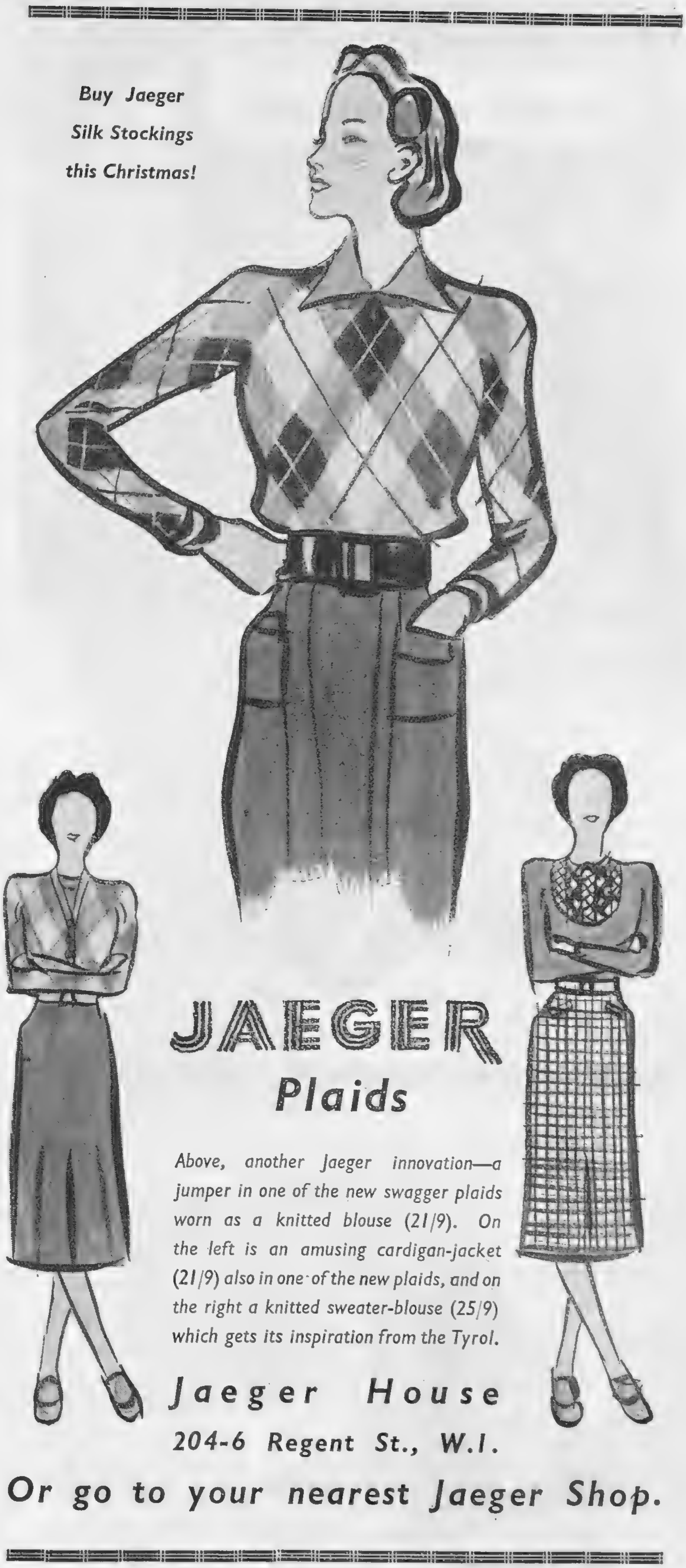
"We must go," she said. "Good-bye, Monsieur le Marquis. Good-bye, you very dear old man."

Then quite suddenly she bent forward and her lips brushed his forehead.

He had no idea how he said good-bye to them. He heard them start the car up, for they had shut the door behind them, and the afternoon sun was golden through the window only. Then the murmuring of the car died away and the only sound in the room was the ticking of the grandfather clock.

He put his hand up to his forehead where her lips had touched his skin. Thus, for some moments he sat, while the warmth of the afternoon flowed like a tide around him. Then quite suddenly he thumped the table, so that the empty glasses and bottles danced. He pushed his chair back and buttoned his coat. As he went to the porch for his hat and stick his walk was determined, almost sprightly. His eyes shone with the light of battle. The clock struck the half-hour.

(*Continued on page* 136)



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He would just have time to do it. He would go down to the bank and tell that scamp Spendle that he was not to be trifled with. He would put the man Spendle in his place and keep him there. He would keep them all there, where they should be kept, where he had always kept them. He was the Marquis de Falleroy Montignac-Caston. His castle had been seen at Carcassonne by two beautiful American ladies. They had seen him on his white Arab, and thought he'd looked like a king. It was real. It was real. What foolery had been this, to think one word could daunt him, destroy him!

"How!" said the Marquis aloud. "Pah!"

HE thought of them once again that evening. He thought of them with tenderness and pride. They were like an overture to all his other thoughts, since it had been quite a momentous end to the afternoon. The creature Spendle had been put in his place and old Sam Squiller had parted very cheerfully with a temporary loan of a pound. So it would go on—now. His little world was his again.

Miss Wynter was changing the number plate of the car, with the assistance of a heavy-jowled gentleman in an oversize travelling coat. She called the gentleman Sike, and he rather looked like it. Mrs. van Huyt watched from the back seat. It was evening, and the side road was quite deserted.

"You got all the stuff?" asked Mr. Sike.

"Okeydoke," said Mrs. van Huyt. "I guess the sparklers alone will fetch forty grand."

"Any news of the busies?"

"We gave them the slip," said Miss Wynter. "I heard them hooting and I said to Daisy. "That's police chasing us. But we dropped into an old guy's cottage and let 'em pass. We heard 'em go back again."

"Gave them the slip?" said Sike. "Pretty good. Who was the old guy?"

Miss Wynter laughed.

"Oh, boy! you should have been there. His boots were cracked, and I think his head was too. He said he was a marquis. You never heard such a liar. Well, we played up to that; we had to. I nearly went too far once. But we're clear now."

They climbed into the car.

"A good day's work," said Sike. He slewed round in his seat and grinned at Mrs. van Huyt.

Mrs. van Huyt nodded. Her dark eyes seemed darker than ever.

"What's eating you."

"I was just thinking," said Mrs. van Huyt, "that it probably has been a very good day's work."

"Well, don't go holy," said Sike. "It pains me." He thrust in the clutch.

"I never could keep holy for long," said Mrs. van Huyt. "Still I have my moments and I like to think of them. Drive on, you crooks."

END

## These Creams Suit Every Skin

(*Continued from page* 55)

and curing roughness and chap. There remains Pond's Extract.

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The Extract is a refining complexion lotion—but as it is slightly drying, it should not be used too frequently by those with fine, dry skins—a magic cure-all and potent beautifier.

# The Man Who Knew Shanghai

*(Continued from page 29)*

from the rear, shutting off all escape. He forced himself to look straight at the old man. The latter spoke with a cold menace.

"Let that be your last word on this matter, brother. You have shown that you do not understand the cause of China or the Chinese. It is necessary to prove to you at once that we have all information necessary for success, and that what we lack we shall obtain very soon."

At a signal two Chinese began rolling up one of the palm-leaf mats that covered the floor. Beneath it was a trap-door. Seizing an iron ring, they pulled the door open, revealing a gaping square black hole, with a flight of steps leading downwards.

At another signal one of the men picked up the lamp and started down the steps. The old Chinese looked straight at Angers and spoke softly in a tone of command:

"You will be pleased to follow, brother."

Angers stepped forward boldly, and commenced to climb down the steps. The lantern beneath him swayed dizzily, throwing great circles of light from side to side. After he had counted thirteen steps, he felt his foot touch solid ground. He turned around and found himself in a narrow passage. Stooping slightly, he followed the man with the lamp along the passage for about fifteen or twenty feet, and entered what appeared to be a fairly large subterranean chamber.

The flickering lamp threw huge shadows against the rock wall, and cast a shifting circle of light as Angers picked his way carefully over the uneven floor in the wake of his guide. Suddenly its beams fell on the figures of two men, lying supine on a sort of iron grating raised a few inches above the floor.

For a few moments Angers could see only that they were a white man and a native. Then, with a thrill of horror, he recognised Gerald Campbell. He was clad only in a shirt, trousers, shoes and socks. He had been bound so tightly to the metal framework that the ropes had sunk deeply into the flesh of his arms and legs, and, beneath a heavy growth of beard, his face showed green with terror. But it was the sight of the second figure that almost caused Angers' heart to stop beating, and induced a feeling of nausea so acute that he came near vomiting. The Chinaman had been stripped of all clothing and bound in the same manner as Campbell, and was now quite dead; but the extremity of torture he had undergone had contorted his body until the cords that bound him had cut the flesh of his arms and legs down to the bone.

Angers did not need to see the small, splintered bamboo shoots, sharp as knives, which pierced the flesh in a score of bloodstained places, to realise that he was viewing a victim of the most inhuman torture known to the East—that of causing the quick-growing shoots of the young bamboo to grow into the vitals of a man to produce a slow and lingering agony, ending in insanity and death.

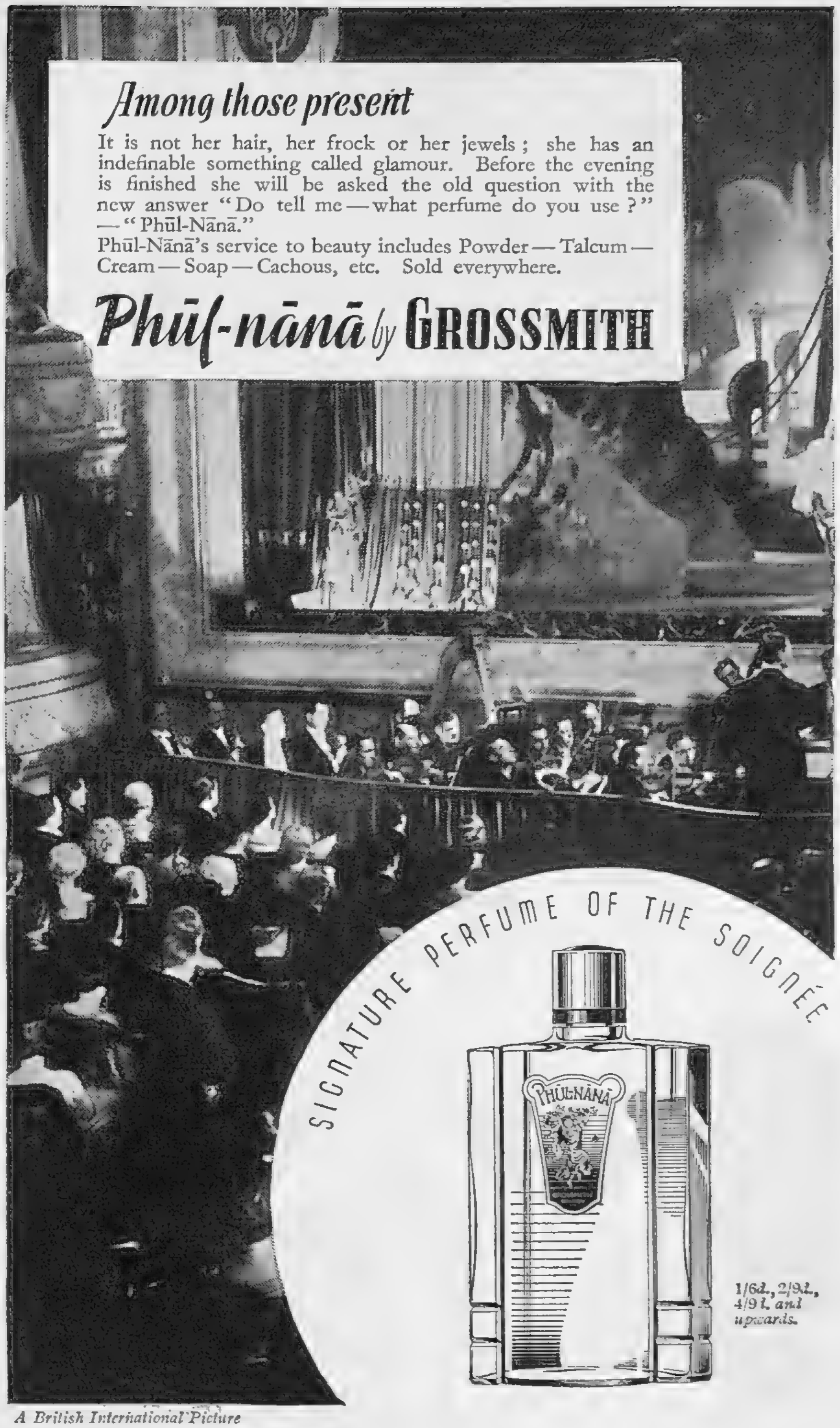
The sound of laboured breathing drew his attention back to Campbell. The Englishman was breathing in short, quick gasps. Great beads of perspiration showed on his brow, and his eyes shone with terror. From time to time he passed a dry tongue over his parched lips in an effort to moisten them.

The cave was now nearly filled with Chinese. They crowded around the iron torture frame, impassive and silent. Angers could feel their hot breath against the back of his neck as they pressed close around him, and he knew that they were watching his every move.

The Chinese leader indicated the dead native and addressed Angers in silken tones:

"Behold, brother, one who would have betrayed our plans to the Europeans: one who knew much and could not be trusted." He gestured towards the bound Englishman and continued: "And the Honourable Gerald Campbell, secretary of the Council of the International

*(Continued on page 138)*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*Among those present*

It is not her hair, her frock or her jewels; she has an indefinable something called glamour. Before the evening is finished she will be asked the old question with the new answer "Do tell me—what perfume do you use?"—"Phūl-Nānā."

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POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

Concessions, who has thus far declined to give us some information concerning the plans of the concessions for defence in case of attack."

His lips curved into a smile of cruelty as he looked down at Campbell and went on in English:

"It is such necessary information that we shall be compelled to secure it at all costs, as I'm sure Mr. Campbell understands."

Angers' brain worked like lightning. He realised not only that he was in deadly peril, but also that he must act decisively and at once if anything was to be gained from his discovery of Campbell. He immediately decided to risk detection in a desperate effort to reveal his identity to the Englishman. He stooped down, picked up a lamp, and, holding it so that the light would shine clearly on to his face, he bent forward over the prostrate man.

"I know Gerald Campbell very well, and I think he will recognise me," he said. "Ah Sung, Mr. Campbell, in case your memory is not good enough. Perhaps you can still remember Nanking?"

For a few seconds after he began speaking, Angers could see nothing but doubt and fear in Campbell's eyes. But just before he finished this was suddenly replaced by a flash of startled semi-recognition. He replaced the lamp and turned quickly to the Chinese leader, hoping that the change had not been noticed.

"Two years ago in Nanking," he said, "I had the honour to be a personal servant to Mr. Campbell—on behalf of the party."

He stared straight into the eyes of the old Chinese leader as he spoke. The latter returned his gaze steadily for several seconds before speaking.

"Indeed, brother. I had not understood that Mr. Campbell was in Nanking two years ago."

Angers felt his heart leap into his throat. He was perfectly aware that his next words might very well be his last. He forced himself to remain outwardly unperturbed and lied boldly.

"Mr. Campbell visited Nanking for several weeks," he said.

Once again there was silence for a few seconds. The old Chinese held Angers with a look of piercing intensity. Then his eyes dropped to the bound Englishman.

"In that case, perhaps you can persuade Mr. Campbell to be less stubborn," he said.

The Englishman lay motionless on the iron grill, his eyes nearly closed, apparently oblivious to his surroundings. A sudden spasm of rage contorted the features of the old Chinese. He raised his foot, clad in a sandal, and kicked the bound man viciously on the side of the head.

"Speak, you dog! How did you enjoy listening to the agonies of the bamboo torture?" Campbell remained silent. "So? Then we shall see if we cannot find a means to loosen your tongue."

He gave a slight gesture, and, before Angers realised what was happening, four Chinese had slashed Campbell's bonds, picked him up by the arms and legs and carried him out of the circle of lamplight. In a second he was hidden from view by a dozen yellow bodies, pressing close behind. Angers started to push his way through the crowd of Chinese in front of him, and realised suddenly that they seemed to be disappearing into the solid wall. A moment later he noticed a small, narrow doorway through which they were slipping in single file. When his turn came Angers followed the man in front of him through about four feet of solid rock wall into another subterranean chamber.

As he entered, the first thing he saw was Campbell, surrounded by a group of Chinese. They had thrown him into a heavy wooden chair, and two of them had taken hold of his arms and pulled them backward so that he was quite helpless. A short distance further on three or four Chinese were busying themselves with some objects that were lying on the floor. In a moment one of them picked one of these up and brought it to the chair. Angers felt a sudden, sickening sensation at the pit of his stomach as he recognised the Spanish Boot, a clumsy metal torture device, by which, through a screw adjustment at the front, the victim's foot could be slowly crushed to a bloody pulp. The Chinese opened it in readiness for immediate application, and then squatted silently at the foot of Campbell's chair.

The torture chamber filled rapidly with Chinese. Angers, though realising that he must act quickly if he was to save a fellow white man from hideous torture, had no idea what to do. Though thoroughly familiar with the tortuous maze of rooms and connecting passages that formed the opium den above, he had never before even suspected the existence of subterranean chambers. And he was not even sure that he could find his way back in the dark.

The Chinese leader took a position in front of Campbell and spoke slowly and in excellent English. They had no time to waste. They wanted to know how many rifles had recently been shipped into the concessions and the amount and location of the supposedly large supplies of ammunition. Campbell remained silent, although drops of perspiration glistening on his forehead and the sickly pallor of his face testified to the extremity of his fear.

At a signal from his master, the Chinese torturer grabbed Campbell's foot and pushed it roughly into the shapeless metal boot.

Angers felt himself reel. The tumult of his sensations behind a mask of Oriental impassibility was such that he felt he could not stand it. But suddenly he became conscious of the voice of the old Chinese. He pulled himself together with a great effort and forced a smile. He was being addressed:

"Before we go any further, perhaps you will try to persuade Mr. Campbell to change his mind, brother?"

Angers stared desperately at the speaker's merciless, imperturbable face, and, as he did so, he suddenly became conscious of a very strange happening. The man directly behind the old Chinese, who was half a head taller, appeared to be extremely nervous. He kept looking at Angers and then lowering his eyes, in the manner of a bashful schoolgirl. After a few seconds of complete bewilderment, Angers dropped his own eyes to a point where a lean, brown hand showed between the bodies of two Chinese. As he looked the forefinger of the hand became rigid, pointing in a straight line towards the lamp, which stood next to the chair. The finger circled and grew limp. It became rigid again, pointing to the left. Angers' mind, keyed to the highest possible pitch, comprehended the signal instantly. He was to pick up the lamp, smash it, and move to the left. He had no idea why he was to do this nor who the signaller might be; but he realised instantly that he was being offered a chance to escape.

"I shall be happy to try to persuade Mr. Campbell that it will be most unwise to keep silence any longer," he said in English.

He turned towards Campbell as he spoke, and at the same time glanced casually at the waist-lines of the Chinese standing near by. Four of them, he saw at once, had knives; the others showed no obvious sign of being armed. He turned again to the Chinese leader, and indicated the Spanish Boot.

"I want that thing taken off."

"What for?"

"So that I can approach the Englishman as a friend."

"It is not necessary."

"It will make my task a great deal easier, and if I am not successful, it is always simple to replace the boot."

"Very well."

The old Chinese made a sign, and the heavy metal boot was removed from Campbell's foot.

Angers turned back to the Englishman, leaned forward a little, and looked him straight in the eyes. As he turned, his left eyelid flicked shut and open again in the fraction of a second. It was a desperate risk, but it succeeded. Without moving a muscle of his face, Campbell allowed his own left eyelid to (*Continued on page 140*)

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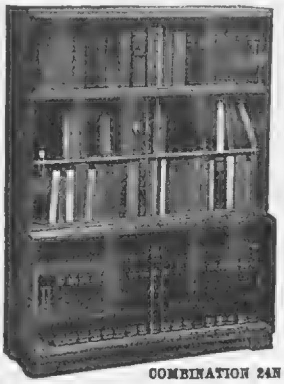

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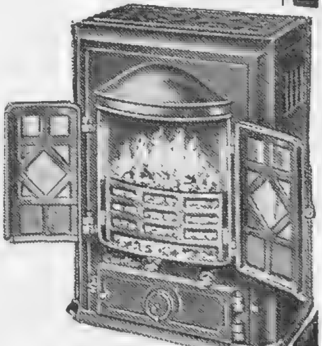

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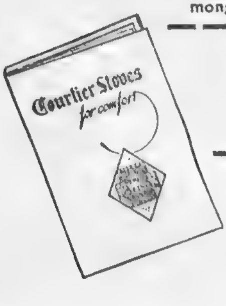

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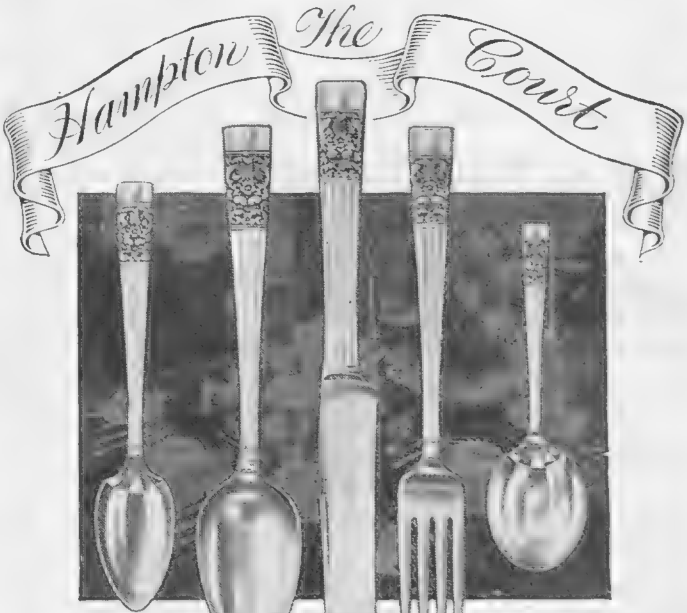

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droop slightly in response. It was a movement so very nearly imperceptible that to anyone not expecting a signal it would have seemed purely fortuitous. But it caused Angers' heart to leap for joy. He was quite certain now that, whether Campbell recognised him or not, he was at least aware of the presence of a friend and would act accordingly. Angers decided to try to give him some further information.

"Mr. Campbell, I wish to impress upon you that this is your one and only chance. If you are unwilling to follow the suggestions which I am about to make, you will suffer very unpleasant consequences. Believe me, whatever I say or do is only for your own good."

The next instant, and before anyone could guess his intention, he stooped, picked up the lamp, and smashed it full in the face of the Chinese leader. Then, without pausing, he whirled and reached out in the darkness. His left hand encountered a naked body, and the fingers of his right hand closed around the handle of a knife. He drew it and struck instantly. A second later his left hand had found another knife.

Mad panic ensued. The Chinese, thrown into hopeless confusion by the unexpected turn of events, slashed by unseen knives, rushed madly in all directions. Angers leaped towards the men who had been holding Campbell's arms. A pair of naked bodies crashed into him. He struck the knives deeply into them, and felt the hot blood spurt over his wrist. He reached out and caught hold of an arm wearing a shirt.

"Campbell?"

"Yes."

"Quick. Follow!"

At almost the same instant he felt his left wrist caught in a firm grip and a voice hissed in his ear:

"This way."

He clutched wildly at Campbell's sleeve as he felt himself jerked forward.

The uproar was now terrific. Madly terrified Chinese charged into him from all sides, screaming, cursing, yelling, falling over one another, and striking out wildly on all sides with knives, fists, or anything that came handy. Angers tripped over a prostrate body, and a bare elbow smashed hard against his mouth. Three or four Chinese fell over him, kicking, cursing, and struggling. He was pulled to his feet and almost instantly knocked down again. Naked, sweating bodies plunged over him in a human avalanche. A sudden sharp pain seared his left shoulder and the breath was almost knocked out of his body as he struggled to his feet again. He struck out with both hands and felt his fists land on human flesh. Somebody started pushing him from behind. A blow landed on his ear, and an upthrust knee caught him in the groin. He bent double with the pain of it. Suddenly his arm was seized at the elbow and he was dragged forcibly over to the left. He stumbled forward blindly through a human shambles.

A moment later he found himself in a narrow passage. His clothes had been practically torn off him, and he was breathless, sore, and very tired. Behind him he could hear the raucous din of the milling Chinese, the angry shouts and yells, and the groans of the dying. Suddenly a door opened in front of him and he was pushed forward into what appeared to be a small room. A Chinese, who had taken his arm, spoke rapidly:

"Quick! Up those steps. It is the best I could do for you. Hurry!"

"But the Englishman? Campbell?" Angers gasped.

"He will follow."

"Where is he?"

"He is coming at once."

"Then I shall wait for him."

But, even as he spoke, the small door in the side of the wall opened again and Campbell appeared. He was pushed into the room by a Chinese, who instantly slammed the door shut behind him and bolted it. He was only just in time. As the bolt shot home the thud of a human body striking the door on the other side was clearly audible.

Angers turned to the Chinese who had guided him.

"What is at the top of the steps?" he asked.

"The opium den," the man answered in Chinese. "Turn to the left and you will come to the section of private rooms. You know the way?"

"From there, yes," Angers replied. "And you?"

"Have no fear. We shall return downstairs by another way."

"Who are you and your friend and why have you aided us?"

"Our names do not matter. Let it suffice that we care nothing for bloodshed and torture, and that, and that alone, must follow an attempt to throw the Europeans out of Shanghai. If it could be accomplished, it would be a different matter. But it cannot be, as you so bravely pointed out. And now hurry!" he added, as a series of blows crashed against the door from the passage beyond.

Angers gripped the man's hand.

"If ever the day should come when you need help from the Europeans," he said, "send the word 'Freedom' to the Secretary of the International Concessions."

Then he turned to Campbell and spoke in English:

"Come quickly."

A moment later he had mounted the stairs and passed through, followed by Campbell. They found themselves in a narrow passage, the floor of which was covered with bamboo matting. Turning to the left, they moved cautiously down it for about twenty feet and then turned a right-angled corner to the right. After going a short distance down this passage, they came to the series of private rooms, which, as Angers knew, were used by the wealthier element in Shanghai for the smoking of forbidden opium.

Here, for a moment, Angers paused in doubt. He had been quite certain, as he said, that he knew the way out of the opium den perfectly from the private rooms; but now that he found himself in that section, the sure knowledge of his earlier years resolved itself into a haze of uncertainty. They turned a corner and darted across another passage. As they turned a second corner, they found their way blocked by the portly Chinese to whom Angers had given the password earlier in the evening. Without a second's hesitation, Angers drew back his fist and struck with all his force. The blow landed squarely on the man's jaw. He crumpled to the floor and lay still. They jumped across his prostrate form and rushed on.

As he ran Angers realised he was lost. The years since he had visited the opium den as a youthful adventurer had almost obliterated from his memory the intricate maze of rooms and passages that formed the most nefarious and probably least known smoking den in Shanghai. He turned a pair of corners at random, and suddenly found himself in a section of the main opium den itself. It was a fairly large room, and reeked with the heavy sweet odour of the drug. A long wooden table ran down the centre of the room, and similar tables stood against the walls. The tables were divided into sections by raised wooden partitions three or four inches high. In the different sections men were lying, singly or in pairs, their heads resting on oblong supports made of china. Each section contained an oil lamp for cooking the drug, and one or two opium pipes. It was all very familiar to Angers. His glance swept the room rapidly. He noticed that practically all the occupants were already completely under the influence of the drug. He turned and signalled to Campbell to keep well back in the shadows of the passageway while he investigated more closely.

But, on a sudden, they heard voices. Instantly Angers threw himself on to an unoccupied section of the table and placed Campbell opposite him. He closed his eyes and commenced to breathe deeply. Campbell followed his example. (*Continued on page 142*)

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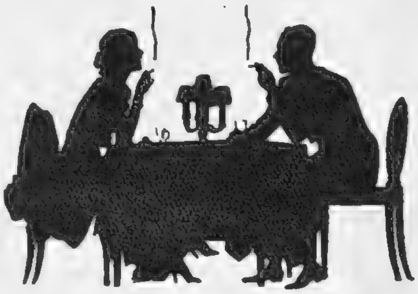

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Angers' mind worked rapidly. He knew now exactly where he was, and he realised that it was simply a question of time before they would have to make a break for liberty by one of three ways out of this underground catacomb. He noticed, also, that only one of the Chinese was coming towards him, and that this man was approaching in such a way that he would be almost on top of Campbell before he recognised him as a European. He moved his arm very slightly, and his fingers closed around the thick stem of an opium pipe lying near him. As the man bent over Campbell Angers turned, at the same time swinging his arm across his body and downwards with terrific force. The heavy wooden pipe caught the Chinese at the base of the skull. He fell without even uttering a groan. In a flash Angers had jumped from the table and darted out of the door. Campbell followed. They ran through a labyrinth of passages, but this time with a definite sense of direction. A knowledge of the opium den, which had escaped his memory a few minutes before, returned now with full force.

With the opium pipe still clutched in his right hand Angers threaded his way through the underground passages without difficulty. At the end of a narrow passage he found a flight of steps leading upwards. He leapt up them two at a time, with Campbell close behind him. Angers turned and wrenched open a door. A moment later he had pulled Campbell up to the street. Then they turned and ran.

They reached Angers' flat in half an hour. Campbell went at once to the bedroom and threw himself on the bed in a state of utter exhaustion. He had had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, and this, together with the mental and physical strain he had undergone, had brought him to a state bordering on physical collapse. Angers had been stabbed in the left shoulder and the wound had bled profusely. He was covered with dust and streaked with perspiration. He felt faint and ill. He went to the sideboard, poured himself a neat brandy and drank it. Then he took one in to Campbell, who drank it and fell almost at once into sound sleep.

An hour later he ate breakfast. After that he called up one of the most important Englishmen in Shanghai and secured an immediate appointment. As a result of the conference there was a meeting of the International Council. As a result of the council a large number of arrests were made, and a large number of telegrams were sent throughout China in code. Nothing ostentatious happened; nothing of importance appeared in the papers.

When he got back to his flat at two o'clock in the afternoon, Campbell was still sleeping. Angers did not awaken him. At half-past four he jumped in a rickshaw and told the boy to take him to the Hotel Cathay. When he got there he found Raines and Ellen Hull already in the bar. He sat down with them and ordered a cocktail. They chatted aimlessly on a variety of topics, and after a while Raines mentioned Gerald Campbell.

"I understand he's finally turned up safe and sound after all," he said; "Price called up just before I left to say that he'd reappeared after a couple of days' absence without any very good explanation of where he'd been or why"; he paused and then added, smiling, "which means, I'm afraid, that the Honourable Gerald has been misbehaving himself."

"Sounds like it," said Angers.

Ellen Hull smiled brightly.

"After all, what did you expect?" she said. "I told you that white men being kidnapped in Shanghai only happened in story books. That's why I thought it was so silly of your Mr. Price to get excited. The Chinese are perfectly peaceful. All they want is to be let alone and allowed to wash laundry. I've known hundreds of them in America and they're all the same."

END

# Up the Mountain —and Down

(*Continued from page* 47)

and they responded gravely, "Praises!" Mammy paid over the cash and Jonadab could hardly don his robes for his trembling hands. She aided him, then dressed seriously in her own, frowning at Rissa, who minced and posed with hers pulled brazenly about her. Both the Angel Warden and the Angel Storeman had eyes for no one but Rissa, and well she knew it. Matt stood curling his toes in the dirt morosely, forgotten by all.

Arrayed in all their new splendour, they went past the church unnoticed by the worshippers to where a spectacled negro sat at a table in a clearing. Fronting him the crowd sang and vacillated below the Lord's Anointed Bedward sitting nude on his church top in the sedan chair, but the man read and wrote peacefully intent only on his papers. While Old Jonadab stood trembling before this imposing inquisitor Mammy whispered with the Angel Warden.

"Dat ol' man, what's he do up dere on dat church?"

"Ssh! It am Lawd Gawd's Anointed Bedward."

"Why he don' wear no clothes?"

"Dem Archangels brin's Glorious Garments down wit' 'em fo' our Anointed to wear afo' de Lawd."

"Archangels?" Mammy queried in awe.

"Anointed has message las' night an' reckons as Gawd is gwine sen' two Archangels down to carry 'm way up to heaven to speak wit' Gawd 'bout us Angels down in dis place."

Old Jonadab had finished his business at the table and stood listening. "Message from Lawd Gawd Jehovah, 'bout us Angels?" he throated huskily, and glanced triumphantly at Mammy. "I says I be right fo' us to come way up to dis holy place. Miracles is here."

"But Gawd aint sent no Archangels down fo' Massa Bedward," Mammy doubted.

"Dat suah aint Massa Bedward's fault," the Angel Warden flared.

"Taint neider," Jonadab said, and turned away from Mammy. "Suh, I be old an' near ready fo' m' time. I guesses from what peoples tells m' 'bout Massa Bedward I gets m' a good chance o' Salvation come I climbs up in de mountains an' meets him."

"Yo' suah does," the Angel Warden chanted solemnly, "Bedward, Lawd Gawd's Anointed, we is yo' Angels."

"Amen to dat," Old Jonadab said, and glanced down reassured at the robes he wore.

"I aint sayin', min' yo'," the Angel Warden said. "I is guessin' Gawd has udder business. Maybe our Anointed won' seen Him dis day."

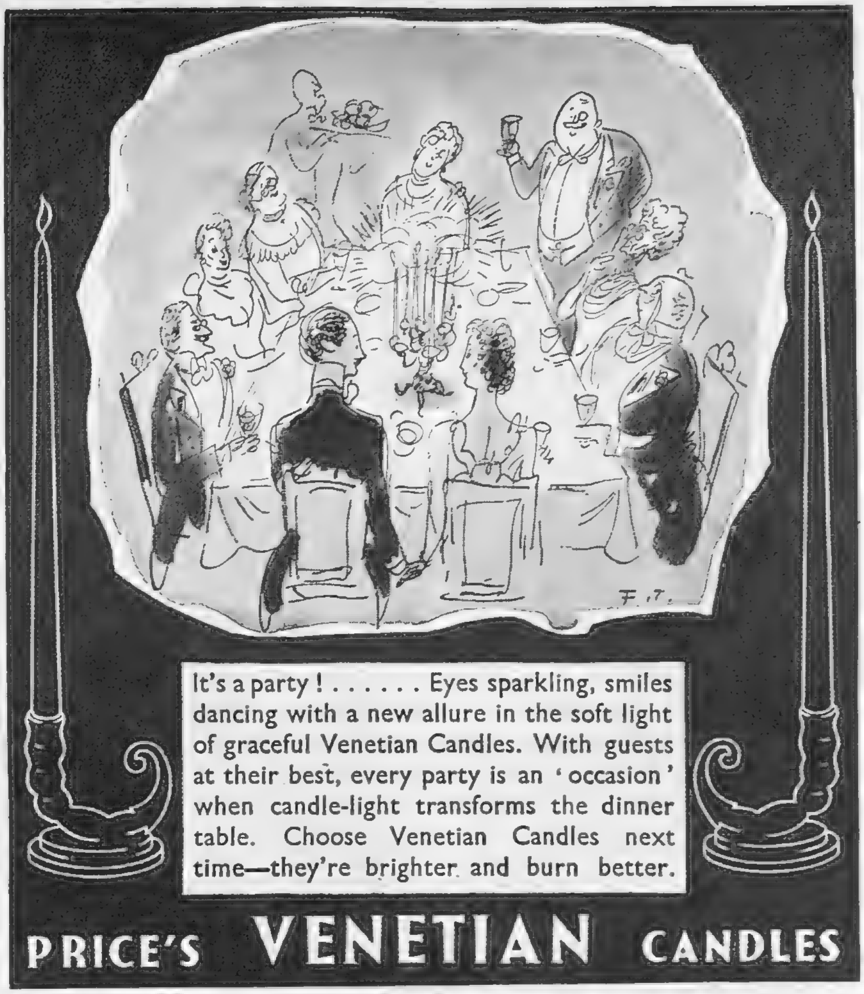
"Ah!" Old Jonadab sighed regretfully. "Udderwise we suah would a' seen Massa Bedward's chair carried up, up, up in a blaze of glory to speak wit' Gawd 'bout us Angels."

Rissa tittered. Despite the solemnity of the occasion, that naked old man squatting on his roof top tickled her humour. "Aint taken yo' long to be no Angel," she giggled.

"Aint I got Angel's robes on?" her grandfather asked indignantly.

Rissa moved out of range of Mammy's threatening hand and then their attention was distracted.

The people's staccato wavering was quietening. No heavenly Archangels apparently were to float down to carry the Anointed Master away this day. Bedward himself had moved and was slackening his cramped muscles. Since eight in the morning he had sat there and he was cold in the wind which always lingered about the mountains. He signalled and a black curly pate appeared from a trapdoor in the roof. Then another. Two men climbed the roof and helped their Master from his sedan chair. They wrapped a cloak of purple about him. It was the only coloured robe in the camp. With much heavy breathing and loss of dignity the three slithered down to the trapdoor and disappeared. (*Continued on page* 144)



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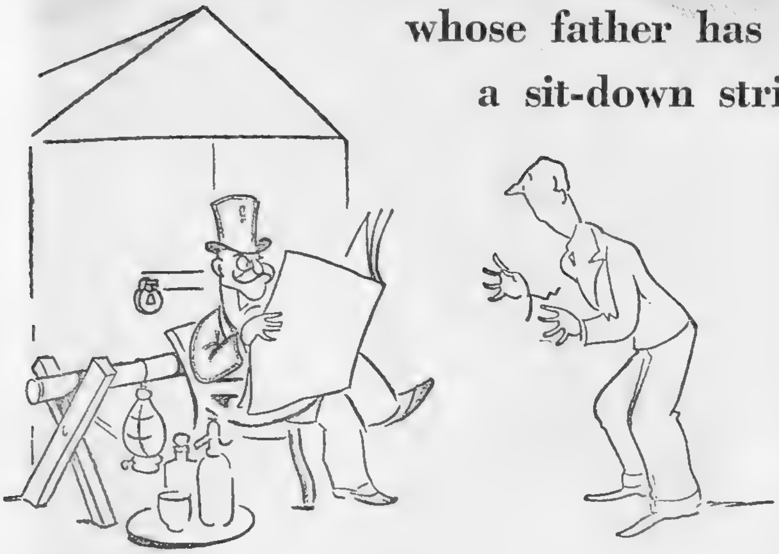

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## Up the Mountain—and Down

The crowd waited and a tall negro appeared on the church steps, sounded a fanfare on a silver trumpet, and stood aside. Then a tremendous voice spoke. It was the Lord's Anointed, Bedward, shouting through a megaphone. The unseen presence chanted a prayer, rambled into exalted fervent phrases to which the people replied with deep responses and then . . . explained :—

"—an' so, my Angels. . . I hears a Voice awhispering , . . an' dat Voice tells me not to wait on dem Archangels no mo.' . . . Gawd am busy some place else in Heaven . . . an' hopes to see me some other time. . . So, Angels . . . yo' goes now from dis tabernacle . . . to yo' tents an' has food an' drink . . . dis night I orders music an' says yo' is to sing Praises o' de Lawd Gawd Jehovah . . . an' Bedward, yo' Anointed Master. . . ."

The crowd dispersed and the sound of their tongues was like rushing waters.

"I seen yo' all right," the Angel Warden told Mammy. "Like I always seen to new Angels. Now yo' follows me." He led them towards the street of shacks and halted at the door of one. "Demetrious, he jest left dis one an' goes down to be Workin' Angel in Kingston. Yo' lives here—comes yo' pays yo' rent," he added.

"Rent!" Mammy said. "Angels has to pay rent?"

"Suah!"

"How much is dis rent?"

"One shillin' a night fo' each Angel."

"But us is four," Mammy expostulated.

"Aw, I reckons dat boy don' has to be paid fo'."

"An' Rissa?" Old Jonadab asked.

"She am Angel, aint she?" the Warden said. "I guess she has to be paid fo'."

MAMMY did frenzied mental arithmetic until she was able to smile reassuringly at her father and agreed. They entered the hut. Empty but for a pile of bracken and a table knocked together from pieces of a fruit box, with a floor of beaten earth, it made Mammy remember the comforts of her own little home and for two minutes she was miserable. Then she smiled and bustled about. "Five minutes an' I has dis place fit fo' us to live in," she said.

Rissa and Matt went out to the plateau and stared about with interest. They wandered apart and were not seen again until late. Old Jonadab lifted his beloved Bible on to the table and opened it. The Warden watched. "I guess," he said ingratiatingly, "it am usual to give de Angel Warden a ticky afo' he goes."

"I guesses dat," Mammy said resignedly, and fumbled for the little bundle in which her coins were hidden.

"Yo' can buy food down to de kitchens," he told them, and Mammy and her father were left alone. The old man's face was alight with a great joy.

"Mammy," he told her quietly, "I done right comin' here. I be satisfied I dies in dis place."

Mammy was silent, busily calculating how long her money would last. When it was gone—then what? She shrugged her ample shoulders and returned to the happy present. Later, the children returned. Matt was tired and fell asleep while his mother questioned him, and Rissa was strangely silent, but the scarlet blooming under the copper of her cheeks intrigued Mammy anxiously.

Early next morning they were roused by the sound of singing and went out to see Angels marching and counter-marching. Their white robes flapped grandly and their voices resounded. Jonadab ran forth eagerly to join them. Mammy went to the kitchens and, after breakfast, Rissa, who had discovered some counter-attraction to the camp and its religious ceremonies, disappeared. She told her mother in a voice which held both shyness and boldness: "I guess I aint noways old enough to get religion."

She went lissomely away and Mammy, watching her daughter, was distressed. They had been in the camp for three days and Old Jonadab was (*Continued on page* 146)

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V14A

impassioned with the Anointed's rituals, intent only on the fact that he was an Angel so that Rissa's absences did not cause comment. It was Matt who brought her back to Mammy's mind.

"Soldiery is out dere on de mountain," the boy said at the evening meal, and because his mouth was full it was some moments before the import of his words penetrated Mammy's abstraction. Then she jerked her attention violently from Old Jonadab.

"Soldiers ? What dey do ? "

"I dunno. Dey has machine guns an' jest sits watchin' dis camp."

"Gosh Almighty ! " Mammy ejaculated. "Why ? "

"I guesses," Matt grinned furtively at his grandfather, "ol' Massa Bedward an' all dese Angels aint noways to be trusted. Dey——"

"Stop yo' mouth, boy," Jonadab ordered sternly.

Mammy, aware apprehensively of her father's frailness, dismissed the subject and Old Jonadab was too intent upon mastering the intricacies of Bedward's ceremonies to bother about soldiers. She watched him settling into the life of the camp with earnest joy and was content that neither Rissa nor Matt was on hand all the time to be a nuisance. The boy went rambling about the plateau, was shooed away from the cabins, became a fugitive from the enraged Wardens of the church and once was even ejected forcibly from out the mysteries of Bedward's own bungalow. From out the Master's very bedroom !

On the seventh day an Angel Warden visited Mammy in the shack, endeavoured to investigate her financial estate, failed and came out bluntly with an ultimatum.

"Angels has to have money," he said. "Yo' aint got none. Kingston am de place fo' Angels wit'out no money. Down dere dey earns money, saves, an' comes up here to spend it on bein' proper Angels 'til it am gone. Den, back dey goes to earn mo'."

"I guesses dere is somethin' like dat here," Mammy said despondently. "I guesses Massa Bedward aint got no call to keep Angels what has no money. Suah, I tak's Rissa an' Matt an' goes down to Kingston an' earns money fo' m' father to stop in dis place an' be an Angel."

The Warden pondered this and frowned. "Old Jonadab has to have someone to look after 'm. Wit' no money he don' has dis. Dere aint no one."

"Won't one of dem Angels look to him ? " Mammy pleaded tearfully. "If he has to leave his place an' his white robes an' stop bein' an Angel, he dies—suah ! "

The Warden spoke harshly. "I guess yo' has to tak' yo' father away. Then, come yo' earns plenty money, yo' brings him back, huh ? "

Mammy spent a sleepless night and in the morning went out to find the camp buzzing with excitement. The Lord's Anointed, Bedward, was to emerge from his privacy and preach a sermon, perhaps work another miracle. Jonadab was agitated beyond control. His lean, black hands shook and his eyes flamed with the exultancy of a man who soon is to be privileged to gaze upon one who was in communication with God !

The tiny church held only a tithe of his Faithful and Bedward said a few words to his Elders and Chief Angels therein before emerging, majestic in purple robes with flowing locks framing his black countenance, to appear in the church porch, megaphone to lips.

His deep voice boomed over the plateau and reverberated among the mountains.

WITH one hand cupped to his ear that none of the Master's wisdom might escape, Old Jonadab listened. His weakening heart throbbed and leapt with over-strong emotion. His thin body quivered and rustled his robes. He was lifted dizzily to the heights as the Master spoke and, hearing, he swayed, transported with joy beyond man's (*Continued on page* 148)

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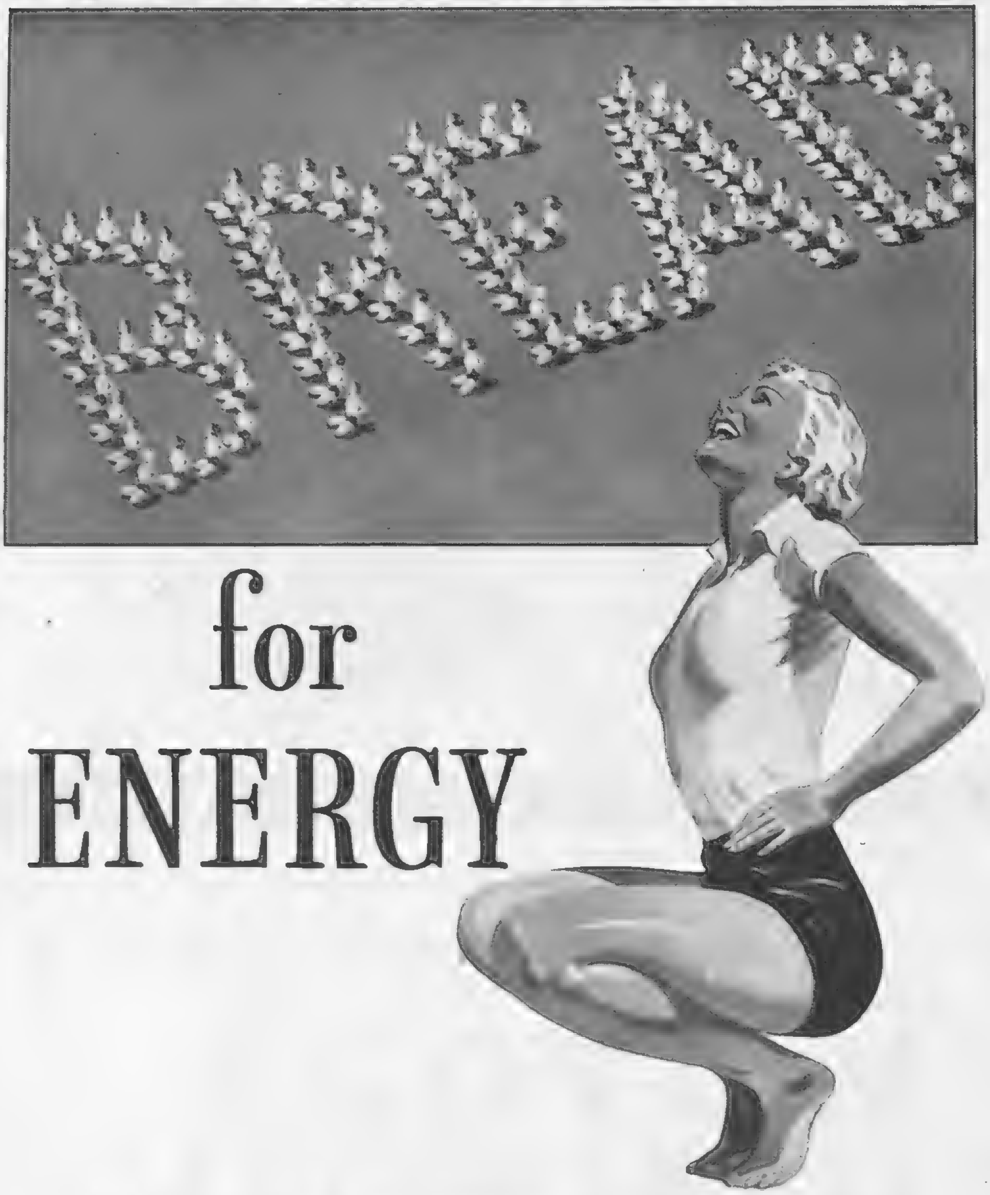

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knowledge. The great ranges rocked about him. The world lifted and dipped.

"Happiness, Angels! Peace, Angels!" Bedward boomed resonantly. "From de Lawd Gawd!" He spread his arms in benediction. "I have prophesied and my prophecies have come to pass. Blessed! Blessed! Blessed! Bedward de Anointed! Here am a man! A man who will soon be called from among us to soar up, up, up on Angel's wings to de verdant Green Pastures . . . to look upon Glorious Visions. To see de Judgment Seat. . . . Angels! Dat man——"

Bedward frowned and his megaphone slid sideways as he asked one of his Elders what had taken the people's attention from his words. One pushed through the crowd and returned.

"An ol' man, Anointed," he explained. "Jes lays down out dere at de back o' de people an' dies."

"Dead?" Bedward whispered.

"Suah!" came the answer and Bedward's megaphone came swiftly into action again.

"List, O Angels!" he cried. "Hearken to m' words! I tells yo' a Messenger am to go from dis Abode of Faithful an' Lo! it am so! An Angel has been plucked from us midst. Even now he goes up, up, up, Bearer o' my Message to Lawd Gawd on High. His soul rises yonder!" Bedward stabbed a finger upwards. "Up yonder he am speedin' on de wings o' de mawnin'. He goes! He goes! Pray ye, m' Angels!"

Three hundred awe-stricken black faces lifted as one. Everyone there saw plainly in his or her imagination a pure white dove in the blue sky, soaring triumphantly, lifting on tremulously beating wings along a thrilling path of song. Black hands clutched after it. The negroes cried, twisted from side to side in rapturous unison, broke into song which swelled into a tremendous organ volume. "Dat man goes," they chorused, "Dat man goes!" And the megaphone led them.

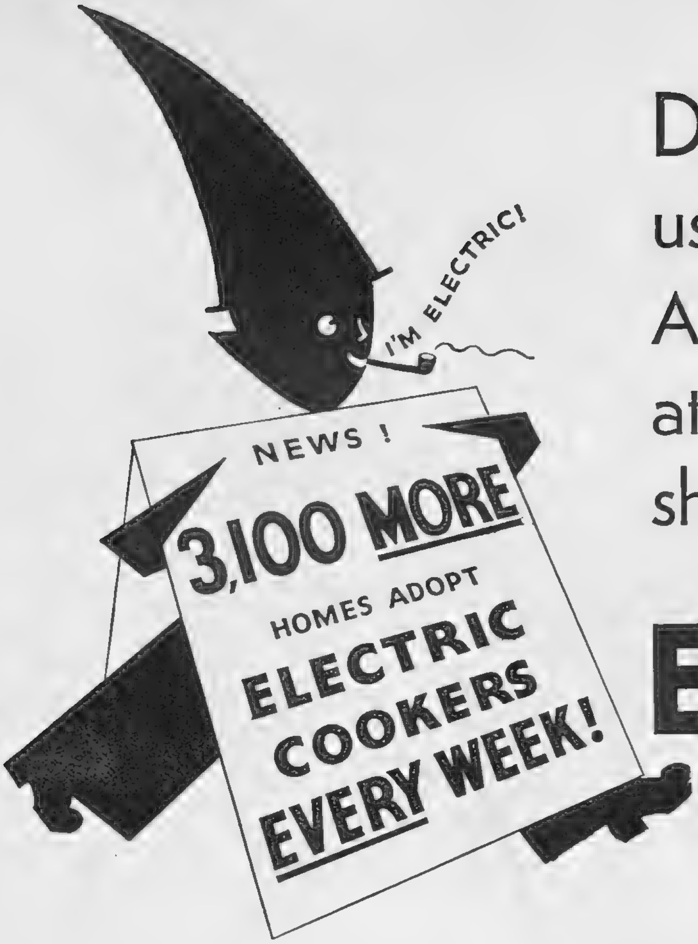
*Lawd—we sends a man,*
*Up, up, up he goes.*
*Welcome 'm Lawd,*
*Give'm shoes an' clothes.*
*See! He flies to dem Green Pastures*
*cool,*
*And tak's wit' him when he rose,*
*All us chillun too.*

But one there was who did not sing. Mammy knelt by Old Jonadab and her tears blinded her to his peacefully joyous countenance. But at last her eyes held no more tears and the singing penetrated her ears. Three hundred voices were chanting a requiem for her dead! And Mammy grew proud. She discerned the happiness on her dead father's brow and was comforted. Then she was pushed aside. Old Jonadab had become the all-being centre of the plateau, ousting even the Lord's Anointed, Bedward! They carried him on a rough bier round the camp and their voices rose harmoniously, lifted and died. Bedward said a blessing and sprinkled Holy Water upon Old Jonadab's white robes. And it seemed from the old man's expression that HE KNEW. They lauded him in procession around the plateau again and Mammy, on her knees by the little church, was infinitely proud. This was the departure her father had dreamed on, leaving the knowledge that he was the Chosen of God. Mammy lifted her voice and sang.

THEY buried Old Jonadab that evening and Mammy heard plans of a monument which would be erected later, an imposing edifice rising over that old black form lying there protected from the cool earth by white robes.

She went back to the hut and returned with the great old Bible and took it to the church. "My pappy," she said, "will be dere in dis place fo' all time. I guess his Book stays too." She placed it in the hands of Bedward himself and then went, proudly erect, back to the seclusion of her hut. Matt was there. He

(*Continued on page 150*)



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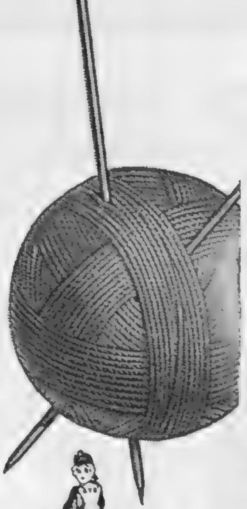

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R. 132

had heard. He caught at his mother weepingly. And Mammy was seized with a sudden desire to go away while yet this Glory was on her.

" Matt," she cried, " get Rissa ! We will leave dis place."

She began to sob. The boy tried to comfort her.

" Get my Rissa," she cried again. " I wan' to go 'way."

" Rissa goes on, Mammy," Matt told her through his tears. " Rissa goes on."

" She don' know her gran'pappy is died. Dat chile don' know. Where she be ? "

Matt flung himself at her in an agony of misery. " I tak's yo' to her," he promised. " I tak's yo'. Please yo' comes."

Sorrow had dulled Mammy's senses. She watched Matt uncover a parcel hidden in his bed incuriously and did not bother about her own few belongings. She let the boy lead her from the plateau. Once she glanced back at the throng gathered about the new grave, then the urgent coaxing of Matt took her on again. They went under the trees down the narrow lane. The white-clad sentinel bade them farewell, but Mammy did not answer and Matt took no notice. But a little way on he called into the shadows beneath a cliff and Mammy, startled, saw a group of khaki-clad soldiers lounging.

" Massa Swarfields dere ? " Matt called.

" Private Swarfields has leave," a corporal said. " He goes down to Kingston." And someone sang irreverently :—

*Slide, mongoose, yo' name gone abroad,*
*Mongoose go in Bedward's kitchen,*
*Mongoose t'ief one righteous chicken,*
*Put her in him waistcoat pocket,*
*Run—gone home.*

Matt and his mother went on down the trail. The night darkened and their feet stumbled but they climbed on down.

" Yo' suah Rissa went dis ways ? "

Matt flung himself down suddenly in a paroxysm of sobbing. Mammy lifted him and sought a resting place. The moon lit her way. A screech owl went overhead on silent pinions and Mammy shivered, moved her lips in prayer. Her grasp on Matt tightened until the boy's tears ceased.

" Tell yo' Mammy, Matt, babby," she urged softly. " Tell yo' Mammy where Rissa am."

" She goes to Kingston," Matt gulped out at last. " Dat gal runs 'way from us. She mak's me promise I won' tell. Den gran'pappy—gran'pappy——Oh, Mammy ! "

" Hush, yo' babby ! Hush, yo' sweet ! Don' yo' cry. Yo' sister goes. Yo' gran'pappy goes. But yo' got yo' Mammy still."

Her voice lowered and swung into a lullaby. Moonbeams reflected from the wings of moths, fireflies flamed and danced about them, the night-lilies' sweet scent bathed them. Matt dropped away into the sleep which youth demands even amid tragedy, and his mother crouched there with her arms tight about all she had left. Her father was gone, and, it seemed, her daughter, and her little cabin in Golden Grove. The world was a great dark, cold, unfriendly place.

It was late in the forenoon when they began their descent again ; for, at dawn, Mammy had dozed and then, worn out by emotional stress, had slept soundly. Matt gathered fruit for their breakfast and they slaked their thirst at a fern-edged pool. Then Mammy smiled. " I guess yo' gran'pappy am happy," she said. " Rissa am in Kingston, she will be happy too. Aint we gwine be happy ? "

The boy's tears flowed again and he rushed at his mother to be comforted.

" We gets down to Kingston 'bout eventide. Den we begs supper offern someone an' seeks out Rissa."

" I aint beggin' no supper," Matt said proudly.

Mammy beamed on him. " I betcha yo' grows into great big man mighty quick an' mak's plenty money fo' to help yo' Mammy, huh ? "

(Continued on page 152)

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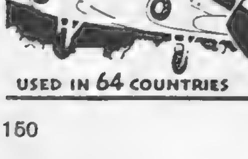

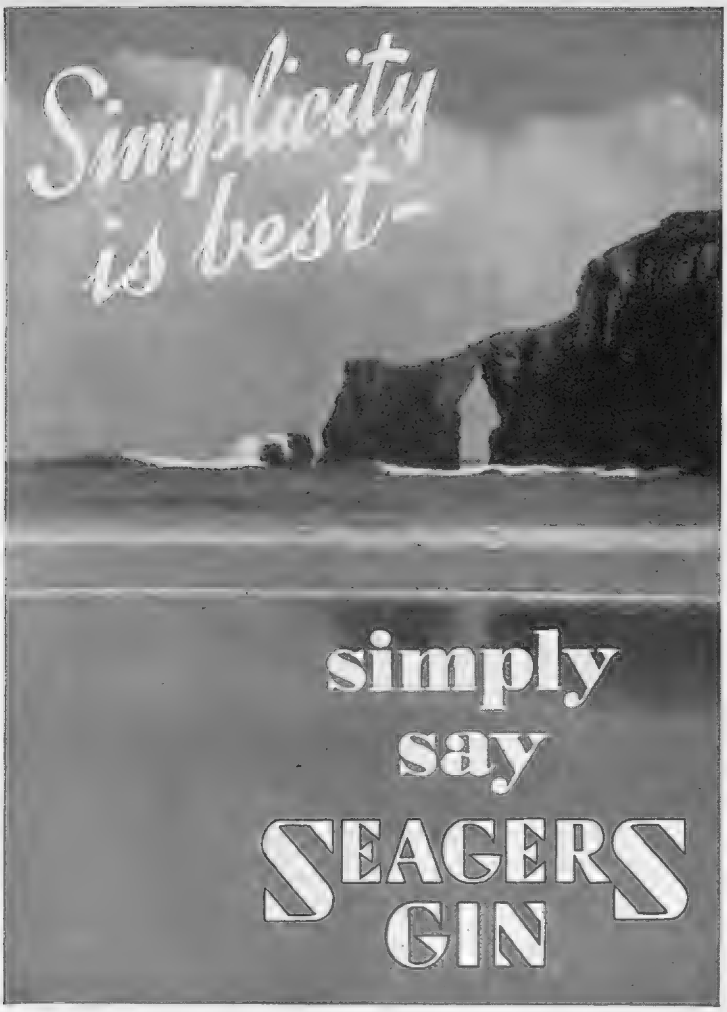

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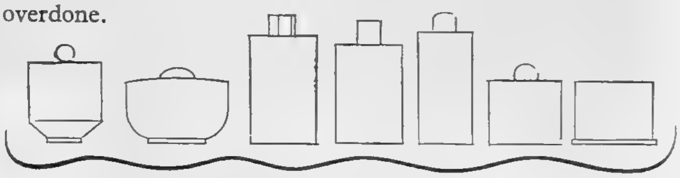

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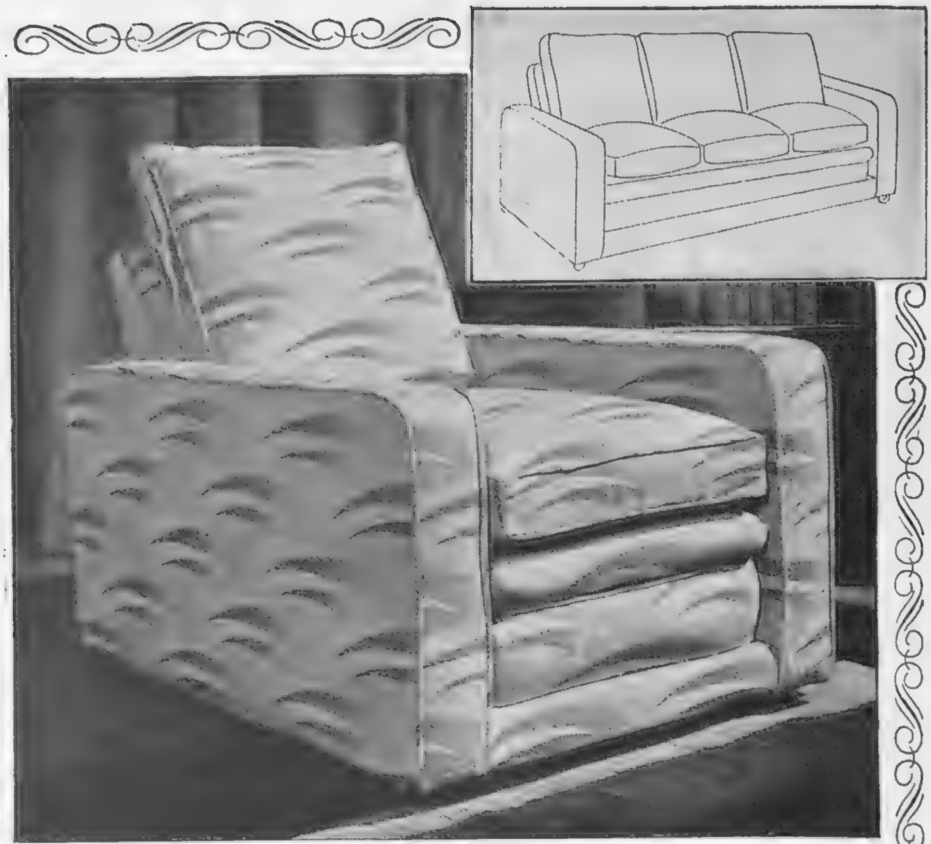

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"Don' yo' worry. When we gets to Golden Grove I gets yo' far better cabin dan we has afore."

Mammy was mildly surprised by this calm assurance but they had descended to the foothills and her thoughts were racing ahead to where they might find Rissa. They trod a wide road now and tramlines told them that they neared the outskirts of the city. Mammy, trudging along with bent head, looked up as Matt yelped suddenly. Rissa was running towards them. She had a fine new frock of blue and Mammy saw with astonishment that she wore shoes and stockings. Following her sheepishly was a soldier of the West India Regiment. He marched proudly but with the abashed, self-conscious manner of a newly married youth. The women collapsed into each other's arms and wept loudly. Matt conversed manfully with the soldier.

"Suah was good job de Government sent yo' soldiers to watch ol' Massa Bedward an' see he don' start no tricks," he said.

The soldier grinned. "Suah was good fo' Rissa. I hears ol' Bedward am very partial to pretty gals like Rissa."

At length Mammy tore herself away from Rissa. "Come, Matt," she cried. "I guess we is goin' spoil Rissa's honeymoon. We suah don' wanna do dat."

"Where yo' goes, Mammy ?" Rissa asked. "We 'spects yo' comes to us hotel."

"We couldn't do dat," Mammy wept. "Where we goes but back to Golden Grove ? Den, when we gets us cabin, yo' visits us, huh ?"

"'Cause we will, Mammy. But how yo'——"

Matt interrupted impatiently. "Mammy ! A tram comes. Shall us catch it ?"

"Aint got no——" Mammy began tearfully and subsided and allowed Matt to lead her across the road.

"I guess I gotta few tickies fo' a tram ride," he said grandly.

Completely overawed and amazed, Mammy found herself being lifted and shoved into the tram. She leant out screaming farewells so long as Rissa and her soldier were in sight, then she collapsed against Matt and sighed.

"Well, I guess dat am dat !" she said. "Gran'pappy Jonadab done well fo' himself wit' dat fine funeral an' dyin' a Saint. An' Rissa done gran' fo' herself wit' dat soldier. Why, y'know, a gal marries a soldier o' de West India Regiment an' she gets 'lowance an' a bungalow in Up Park Camp. Lives just like grand white lady."

"Wit' shoes an' stockin's," Matt chortled joyfully. "An' shee-shees in dem soldiers' dance-hall. I betcha Rissa likes dat."

"Yes. Rissa likes dat suah ! She gets what she wan's. Everybody gets what dey wan's but us," Mammy sighed. "But we—we jest aint got nuthin'."

"We soon has all we wan's," Matt said serenely. "We soon has fine new cabin in Golden Grove fo' Rissa to come an' visit us."

He untied the bundle he carried so carefully beneath his coat and laid it on his mother's lap. She was astounded by the weight. It jingled musically. Matt grinned and primped himself.

"Went in Ol' Massa Bedward's room," he told her. "An' unner de bed is a great box filled with money. I jest natcherally helps m'self." He jerked a thumb at the bundle. "Aint nuthin' but silver in dere, an' hardly any tickies ! It buys us de finest cabin in Golden Grove, I betcha !"

"Dis aint noways right," Mammy began nervously. "We must not take dis——"

But Matt halted her indignantly. "Didn't Gran'pappy Jonadab tell us Gawd called him up to de mountains ? Didn't he ? Suah he did. An' He called me into dat room wit' dat great box full o' money. An' dat Voice what tells Gran'pappy Jonadab all de time to climb de mountains, tells me to help m'self. 'Go on,' it says, 'Help yo' self, Massa Matt.' Dat is what it says. I hears it."

Mammy caught him to her and the tram jangled and screeched towards Golden Grove.

END

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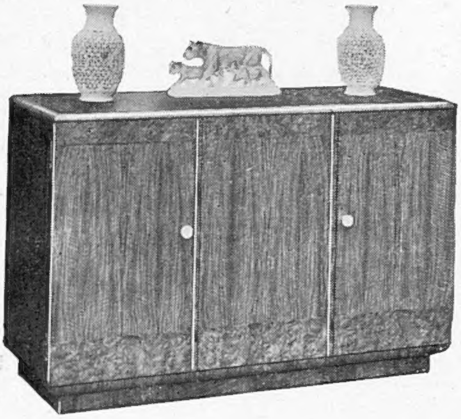

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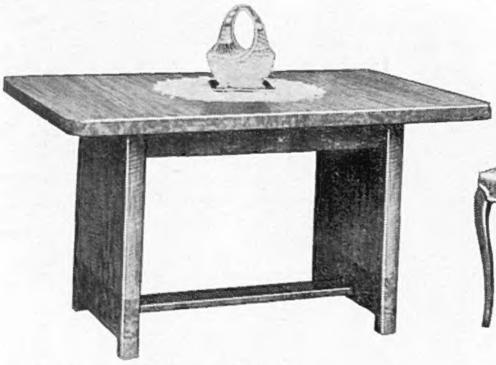

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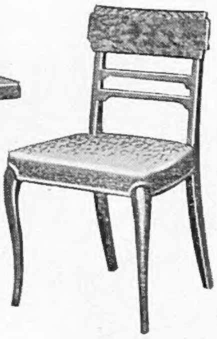

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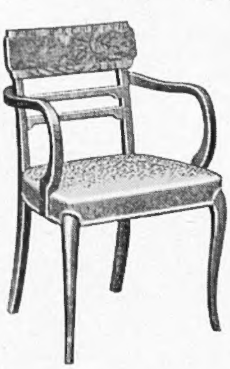

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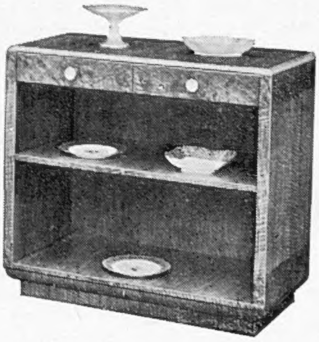

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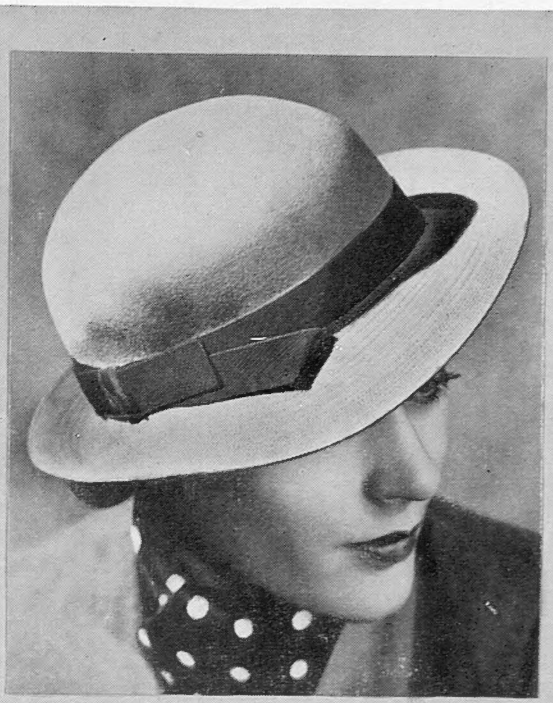

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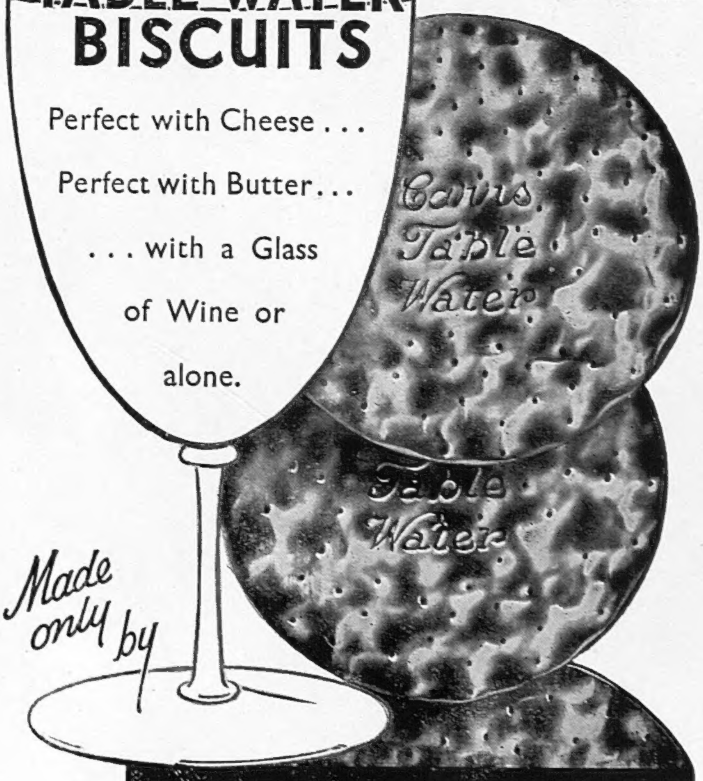

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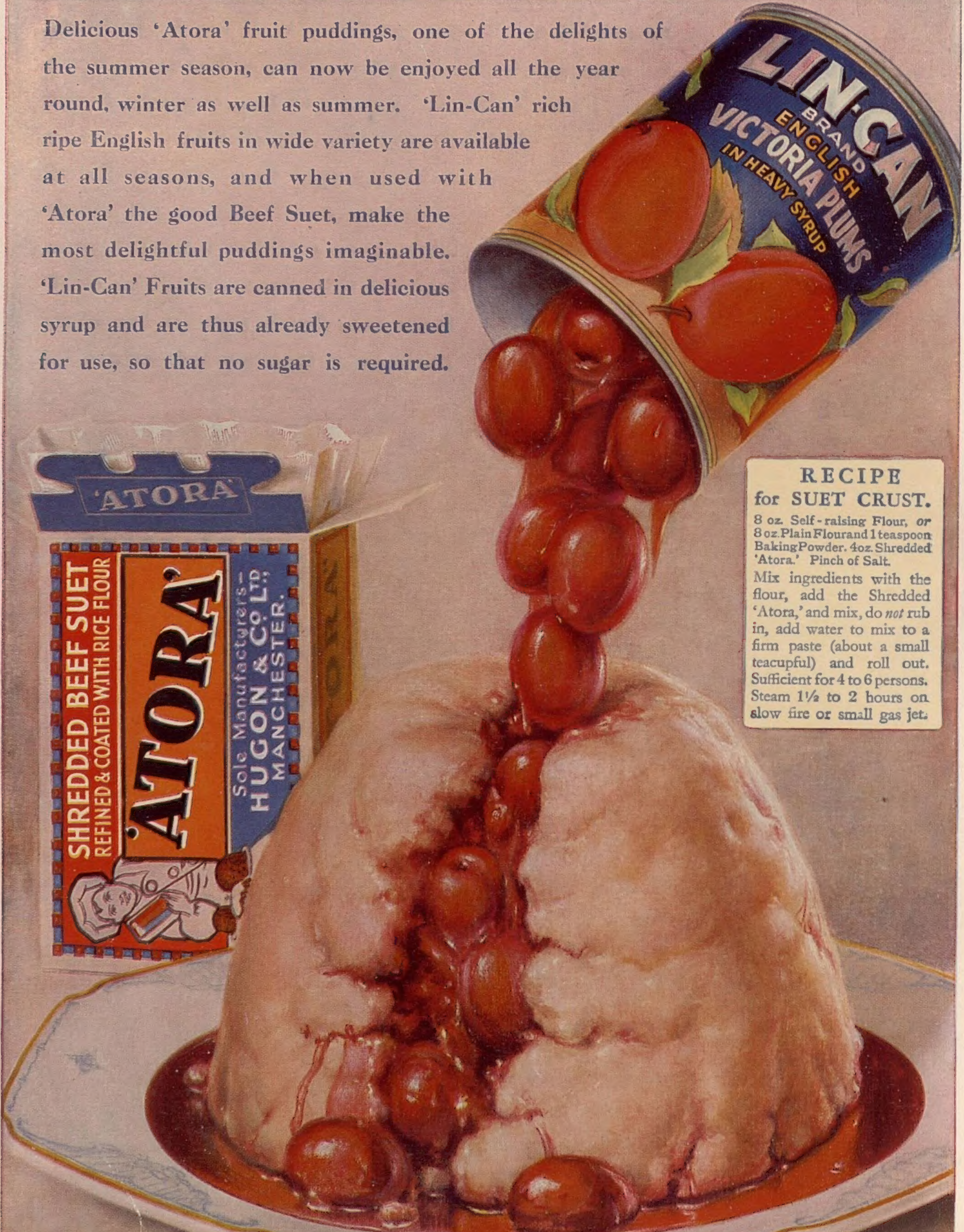
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